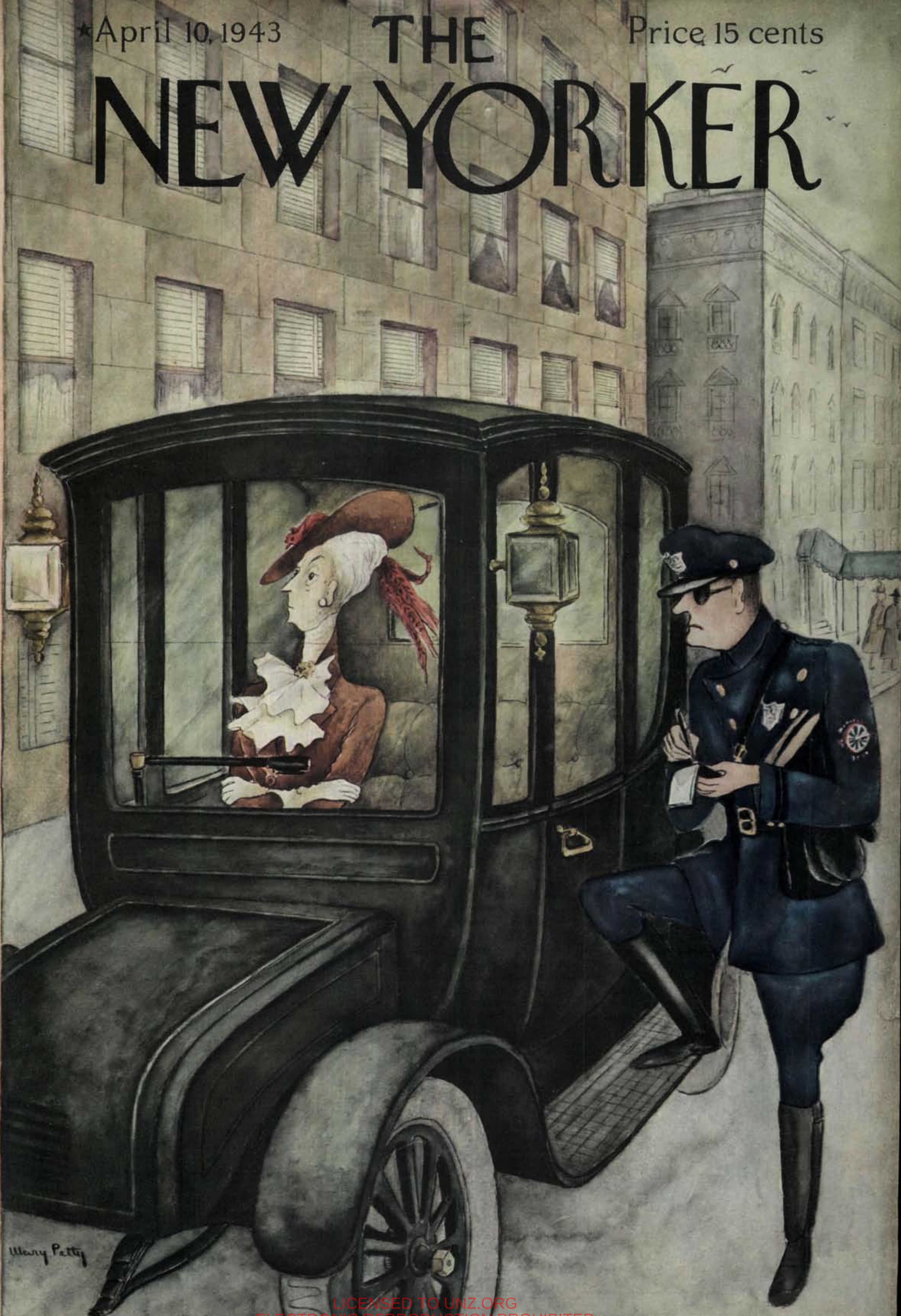
★April 10, 1943

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents



PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE

"The Blend of Experience"

P&T
FOUNDED
1840
P&T
PARK & TILFORD
RESERVE
WHISKEY
A BLEND
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC.
NEW YORK, N.Y.
Highball
Manhattan
Straight
Old Fashioned

WHEREVER
FINE WHISKIES
ARE SOLD

FLAVOR-FULL
any way you serve it

—because it is the finest-tasting Whiskey of its type in America!

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. · 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS · 86.8 PROOF

A.
5220
A.
220
H.
BD
5220
BODY

O. K.

You'll find no simple "O. K." stamped on a Boeing Flying Fortress.*

Nine thick volumes — hundreds of pages of individual O.K.'s—are accumulated during the manufacture of a Fortress. All are part of the inspection data on each plane. It's in the record.

Every one of two hundred fifty thousand-odd rivets has been individually O.K.'d. Every single part has been inspected. Every operating part and system has been functional-tested. Nothing is taken for granted—nothing is taken on faith—by these highly trained inspectors.

And when the huge Boeing bomber is rolled out onto the flight-apron, ready to take off for distant fighting fronts, the nine thick volumes are recorded on micro-film and carefully stored: a permanent history of a B-17, and a guarantee that the airplane is flawless in every detail.

This Boeing-developed inspection system is so organized as to be rigidly, painstakingly thorough without slowing up the ever-accelerating flow of production . . . and to compensate, where necessary, for shortages of skilled labor. It is another evidence of the manufacturing know-how which made possible, on desperately short notice, volume production of America's first four-engine bomber.

And when peace returns, and Boeing-designed-and-built Flying Fortresses, Stratoliners* and transoceanic Clippers have completed their last wartime mission, then Boeing's talent for manufacturing — plus equal talent for design, research and many varied fields of engineering—will serve you for *better living.*

Then the phrase "Built by Boeing" will mean greater convenience, greater safety, greater economy.

DESIGNERS OF THE FLYING FORTRESS • THE STRATOLINER • PAN AMERICAN CLIPPERS **BOEING**

*THE TERMS "FLYING FORTRESS" AND "STRATOLINER" ARE REGISTERED BOEING TRADE-MARKS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. Effie Shannon heads the cast of this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy, which is now in its third year. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's remarkable comedy about a man whose wives come back to haunt him. Splendid performances by Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick make everything practically perfect. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Counselor-at-Law—Paul Muni in a revival of Elmer Rice's 1931 success. Not as topical as it once was, but still good enough entertainment. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Counterattack—A melodrama involving two Red soldiers and their Nazi prisoners in the cellar of a ruined building. Not too exciting, in spite of the vigorous efforts of Morris Carnovsky, Sam Wanamaker, Barbara O'Neil, and quite a few others. (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Dark Eyes—Very funny piece about the invasion of a Long Island household by three spirited Russians. Eugenie Leontovich and Elena Miramova wrote it, and play in it, too. Jed Harris is the director. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—All about how three sporty girls are turned loose in wartime Washington and nearly wreck it. Joseph Fields is the author, and the cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, Doris Nolan, and Arlene Francis. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Eve of St. Mark—Maxwell Anderson follows his hero from his home on a farm to his death on Corregidor. Interesting, but probably more effective as a recruiting poster than a play. Aline MacMahon, William Prince, and Mary Rolfe have leading rôles. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harriet—Thirty-three years in the life of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who, unfortunately, doesn't seem to have been a very fascinating woman. Helen Hayes, however, is magnificent. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Janie—A comedy about adolescent and military life in the suburbs which may easily appeal to suburban adolescents. Brock Pemberton has employed, among others, Gwen Anderson and Linda Watkins. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Junior Miss—An industrious thirteen-year-old tries to make her family behave like people in the movies. An excellent dramatization of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories, made almost irresistible by the acting of Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan as two little girls. (Majestic, 44, W CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Kiss and Tell—A typical, though rather frail, George Abbott comedy about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Jessie Royce Landis heads a pleasant, competent cast. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's rich and affectionate biography of his family, is well over three years old. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney continue to play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Patriots—A lucid if not very inspiring account of Thomas Jefferson's feud with Alexander Hamilton. The statesmen involved are Raymond Edward Johnson and House Jameson. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Pirate—S. N. Behrman being who he is, this costume piece about the West Indies in 1800 has its bright moments, but there are leisurely ones, too. The Lunts, of course, are in charge most of the time. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 8, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 17.

The Skin of Our Teeth—Thornton Wilder's superb fantasy, dealing with the survival of the human race through glaciers and floods and wars. Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, and Tallulah Bankhead are among the indestructible people in the cast. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Uncle Harry—A pretty melodrama about a murderer who tries to confess but can't get anybody to believe him. Eva Le Gallienne, Joseph Schildkraut, and A. P. Kaye may possibly convince you against your better judgment. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

WITH MUSIC

By Jupiter—"The Warrior's Husband" set to music. Richard Rodgers, Lorenz Hart, Ray Bolger, and many other talented people have collaborated on this first-rate musical. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Lady in the Dark—Gertrude Lawrence back again with a considerably revised cast in Moss Hart's fantasy about a young woman who tried to combine love and the magazine business. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Oklahoma!—Splendid musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," contrived by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II and presented by the Theatre Guild. Alfred Drake, Joseph Buloff, Joan Roberts, and Celeste Holm are among those who sing and dance their way through this American folk play. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Something for the Boys—Ethel Merman singing Cole Porter songs in a comedy that is about Army life as much as anything else. With Allen Jenkins, Paula Laurence, and Betty Bruce. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35; special performance Sun., April 11, at 8:40, for the Actors' Fund.)

Sons o' Fun—This Olsen and Johnson brainstorm, which also includes Frank Libuse and Joe Besser, is strictly for those who admired "Hellz-a-Poppin." (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Star and Garter—Burlesque finally comes into its own in this rough, funny, and occasionally handsome show, with Bobby Clark and Gypsy Rose Lee. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Not the "Follies" as the Master used to turn them out, but still big and occasionally funny. Milton Berle is in charge of a cast that includes Ilona Massey, Arthur Treacher, and Nadine Gae. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Wed., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

Page
THE ART GALLERIES 40
BOOKS 72
THE CURRENT CINEMA 49
MUSICAL EVENTS 68
POPULAR RECORDS 69
NOTES ON SPORTS 66
OF ALL THINGS 38
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:
FEMININE FASHIONS 56
MARKETS AND MENUS 59
THE THEATRE 34

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Tomorrow the World—Shirley Booth and Ralph Bellamy in a play by James Gow and Arnaud d'Usseau. Staged by Elliott Nugent and produced by Theron Bamberger. Opens Wed., April 14. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Russian Benefit—Entertainment, mostly jazz, by Hazel Scott, Ammons and Johnson, Teddy Wilson's band, and several others, with Clifton Fadiman as master of ceremonies; for the Ambijan Committee for Emergency Aid to the Soviet Union, Sun., April 11, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall. For tickets, call MU 3-1948.)

Stars on Ice—A skating spectacle produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Children's Entertainment—Sue Hastings' Marionettes in "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Sat., April 10; "Peter Rabbit in Mr. McGregor's Garden," Sat., April 17; at 11 A.M. and 3 P.M. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200, Ext. 543.) . . . The Children's Zoo in Bronx Park has reopened for the season. Daily 10 A.M. to 6:30 P.M.

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet Theatre—"Billy the Kid," "Petrouchka," and "Princess Aurora," Sat. Aft., April 10; "Billy the Kid," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Helen of Troy" (with Zorina), Sat. Eve., April 10; "Three-Cornered Hat" (with Argentinita), "Pillar of Fire," and "Bluebeard," Sun. Eve., April 11; "Les Sylphides," "Petrouchka" (Stravinsky conducting), and "Princess Aurora," Mon. Eve., April 12; "Romeo and Juliet," "Three Virgins and a Devil" (with Agnes de Mille), "Dark Elegies," and "Helen of Troy" (with Zorina), Tues. Eve., April 13; "The Romantic Age," "Fantastic Toy Shop," "Pas de Quatre," and "Helen of Troy" (with Zorina), Wed. Eve., April 14; "Les Sylphides," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Fantastic Toy Shop," Thurs. Aft., April 15; "Les Sylphides," "Pillar of Fire," "Pas de Quatre," and "Capriccio Espagnol" (with Argentinita), Thurs. Eve., April 15; "Russian Soldier," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Bluebeard," Fri. Eve., April 16; "Princess Aurora," "Russian Soldier," "Pas de Quatre," "Helen of Troy" (with Zorina), Sat. Eve., April 17. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

Dance Recitals—At the STUDIO THEATRE, 108 W. 16 (CH 2-9819): Charles Weidman, with Florence Lessing and Peter Hamilton, Fri., April 9 and 16, at 8:45 P.M. . . . CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL, 225 W. 24 (for tickets, call ST 9-1391): Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman, with their company, Sat., April 10, at 8:30 P.M. . . . KAUFMANN AUDITORIUM, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92 (AT 9-2400): Martha Graham and her company, Sun., April 11, at 3:30 P.M.

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room is pleasant and decorous, and a fine place for serious dancing. Jules Lande's orchestra.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Hazel Franklin heads the ice show in the Bowman Room. Music by Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Music, which is the thing here, by Hazel Scott, the

---

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; R. H. Truax, treasurer; C. L. Cornell, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XIX, No. 8, April 10, 1943. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1943, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $6.00; Pan-America and Spain, $6.50; Canada, $7.00; Other Foreign, $8.00.

Breathless...

the way you look on Easter morning
. . . fresh and lovely as spring itself

Breathless...

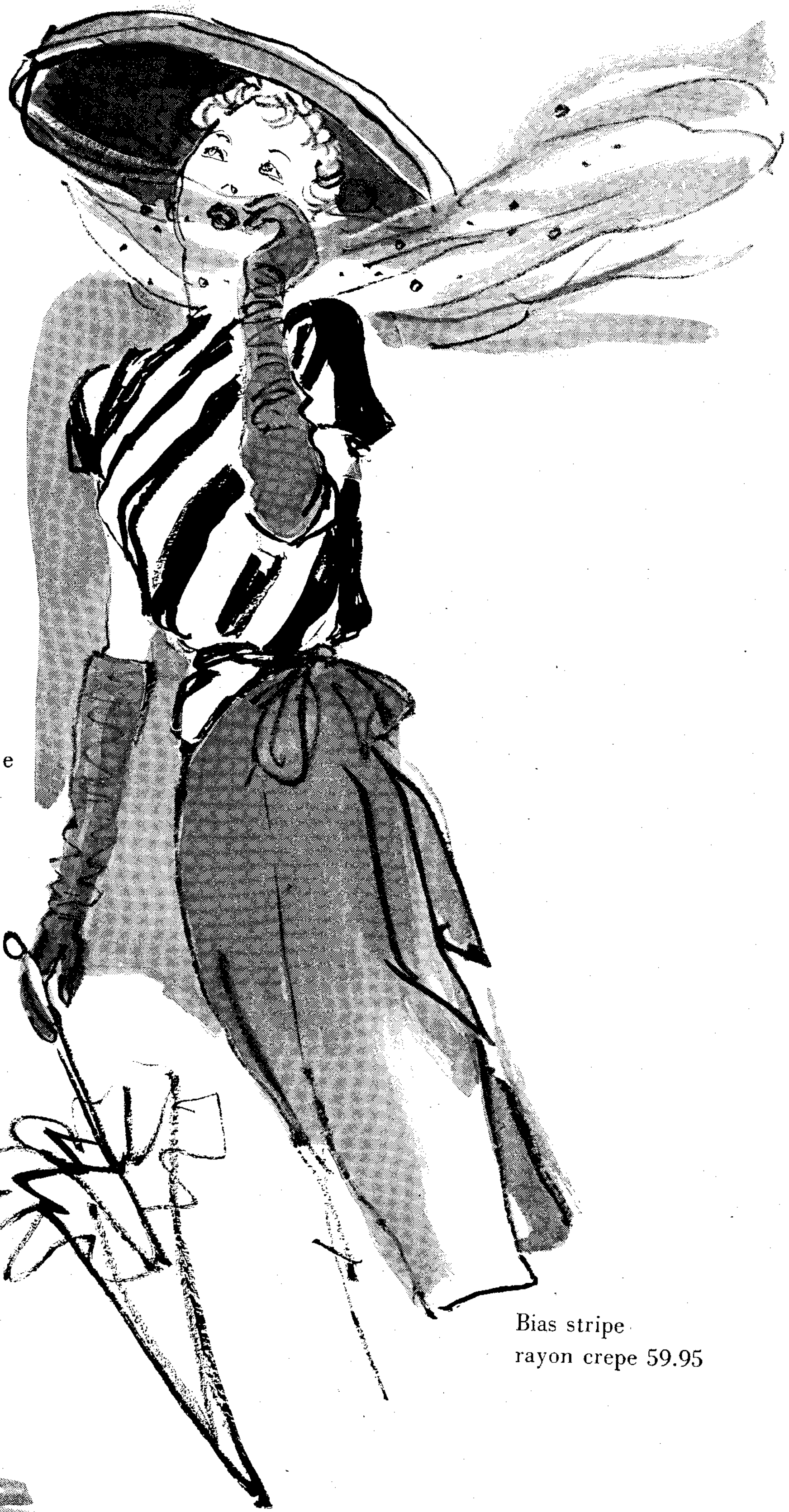
the enchanting, memorable perfume
you wear . . . to bring you every day the
special delight and joy of April.

by Charbert

3.50, 6.75, 12.75, 24.00

Street Floor

Mail and phone orders
Subject to 10% federal excise tax



Bias stripe
rayon crepe 59.95

Breathless
CHARBERT

Saks Fifth Avenue

NEW YORK CHICAGO BEVERLY HILLS DETROIT

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 8, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 17.

Golden Gate Quartet, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—A tropical retreat, with a fairly elaborate show headed by Jimmy Durante. Ted Straeter's orchestra and Frank Marti's samba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still popular with refugees from Hollywood. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—A popular spot among people who regard dancing as a pastime rather than an obligation. Eddie Davis's and Michael Lo Scalvo's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Sonny Kendis's orchestra supplies the dance music in this decorative spot, at least through Sat., April 10. There's also a small show.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room is fine for your more lofty moments. Stanley Melba's orchestra is there, as well as a dance team. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde's songs, accent, and personality are on display in the Persian Room, where the music is by Bob Grant's orchestra. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Larry Keyes' orchestra is playing in the Iridium Room. . . . You'll find Bob Simone's and Freddy Miller's orchestras downstairs in the Maisonette, where there's a good deal of emphasis on Viennese waltzes.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Marthe Errolle sings (through Wed., April 14) and Russ Smith's orchestra plays for dancing in the Café Lounge. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Charles Baum's orchestra and Fausto Curbello's rumba band. Ray Benson's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Alec Templeton is in the Wedgwood Room at the supper hour and Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra plays there all evening. Mischa Borr's orchestra helps entertain the after-theatre trade. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is on hand in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a dimly lit little place, with Maxine Sullivan and a number of other competent performers. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself sings those hearty songs of hers, and there are other entertainers as well. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): there's a small show, in addition to the Lamotte murals you may have heard about. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano and the customers just relax in this large, softly lighted room. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): candlelight, a view of the Park, and musicians, strolling and stationary.

Miscellaneous—The **VERSAILLES**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Dwight Fiske is up to his old antics at this blend of Broadway and the East Side; Val Olman's orchestra, Panchito's rumba band, and a show. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a small spot with more charm for its size, or perhaps because of it, than most; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): one of the tiniest dance floors yet, with Jane Manners and George Morris's orchestra. . . . **CASBAH**, 112 Central Pk S. (CI 7-2236): a fairly fancy one, with Don Maya's orchestra and a not too large show. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a cheerful place, with Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and a show. . . . **RIOBAMBA**, 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): pink-and-blue ceilings and white palm trees, and a show headed by Frank Sinatra; Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and Chavez's rumba band. . . . **CASINO RUSSE**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): handy to Carnegie Hall, for one thing; Kris Kay's and Cornelius Codolban's orchestras and a Russian show. . . . **COMMODORE**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Nick D'Amico's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra will be replaced on Mon., April 12, by Jerry Wald's; the ice show will stay on. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): noisy, but all right if you feel like community singing; no dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a low-ceilinged cellar spot, with Richard Dyer-Bennett singing folk songs. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rough-and-tumble carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

•

Broadway Atmosphere—At the **HURRICANE**, B'way at 49 (CO 5-1995): Duke Ellington and his band should be enough for you, but there's also a show. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Harriet Hoctor and W. C. Handy heading a Billy Rose show. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): modelled after the old Left Bank, with cancans and all that. . . . **LA CONGA**, 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a Latin-American place, with a show headed by Diosa Costello; Machito's rumba band. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly Latin, with a rumba band and a show. . . . **18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Frankie Hyers and Pat Harrington aren't any too squeamish about their quips, but that doesn't seem to bother anyone much.

Mostly for Music—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village favorite, with Ammons and Johnson and Frankie Newton's orchestra. . . . **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another downtown landmark, this one with Brad Gowans' orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE**, 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): nothing elaborate about the setting, but there's the Clarence Profit Trio and Coleman Hawkins. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a small place, with Bill Davison's band.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA**, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-6444). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

ART

Abstract—Seventh annual show of the American Abstract Artists: Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through April 25.

American Scene—Forty paintings on American subjects, from the middle of the last century up to the present: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 10.

Art of This Century, 30 W. 57—Georges Braque, Salvador Dali, Paul Klee, and other moderns showing two paintings apiece—one early, the other recent. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 10.

Darrel Austin—Retrospective show of oils and drawings: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 8.

Braque and Picasso—Fourteen paintings by these two famous moderns: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 1.

Jimmy Ernst—The son of Max Ernst has his first one-man show: Norlyst, 59 W. 56. Tues., 11 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Wed., April 14.

French—Oils and prints by Max Ernst, André Masson, Joan Miró, and others: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 10.

Jesús Guerrero Galván—Water colors and drawings by a modern Mexican artist: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 4.

Groups—At the **DOWNTOWN**, 43 E. 51: spring exhibition of paintings by artists associated with this gallery. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 24. . . . **MORTIMER BRANDT**, 50 E. 57: seven painters and one sculptor, members of a new group. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 17. . . . **ANDRE SELIGMANN**, 15 E. 57: paintings and some sculptures by Isabel Bate, Harry Hering, Frederic Taubes, Marguerite Zorach, and others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 30. . . . **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER**, 44 W. 56: paintings and sculptures by Amedée Ozenfant, Franz Rederer, Maxim Kopf, and others in a group called New Americans. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 17.

Carl Hofer—Figures, flowers, and landscapes painted before 1939; also, a group show by modern American and European artists: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 17.

Augustus John—A selection of oils and drawings by this British artist: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 17.

Oskar Kokoschka—A showing of oils, lithographs, drawings, and water colors: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 24.

Thomas Lo Medico—Sculptures, mostly recent: Clay Club, 4 W. 8. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through April 30.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—A loan collection of a hundred oils, water colors, and gouaches by contemporary artists (through April 27); also, prints and color reproductions of the work of Pieter Breughel the Elder (through June 30). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

Piet Mondrian and Maria—New paintings by the first; sculptures of South American subjects by the second: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 17.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Big exhibition of Latin-American paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through May 9.

National Academy of Design, 1083 5 Ave., at 89—Seventy-sixth annual of the American Water Color Society. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Wed., April 14.

Nineteenth Century Primitives—Paintings of fruits and flowers by American artists: Harry Stone, 555 Madison, at 55. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 15.

Georgia O'Keeffe—Recent oils in her established style: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through May 22.

Walter Quirt—An American surrealist shows some of his latest paintings: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 17.

Kurt Seligmann—Paintings and drawings by another surrealist: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 10.

Arthur Silz—Landscapes, several of European scenes: Wakefield, 64 E. 55. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 10.

David Smith—One of the younger abstractionists shows recent sculptures and drawings: Willard, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 1.

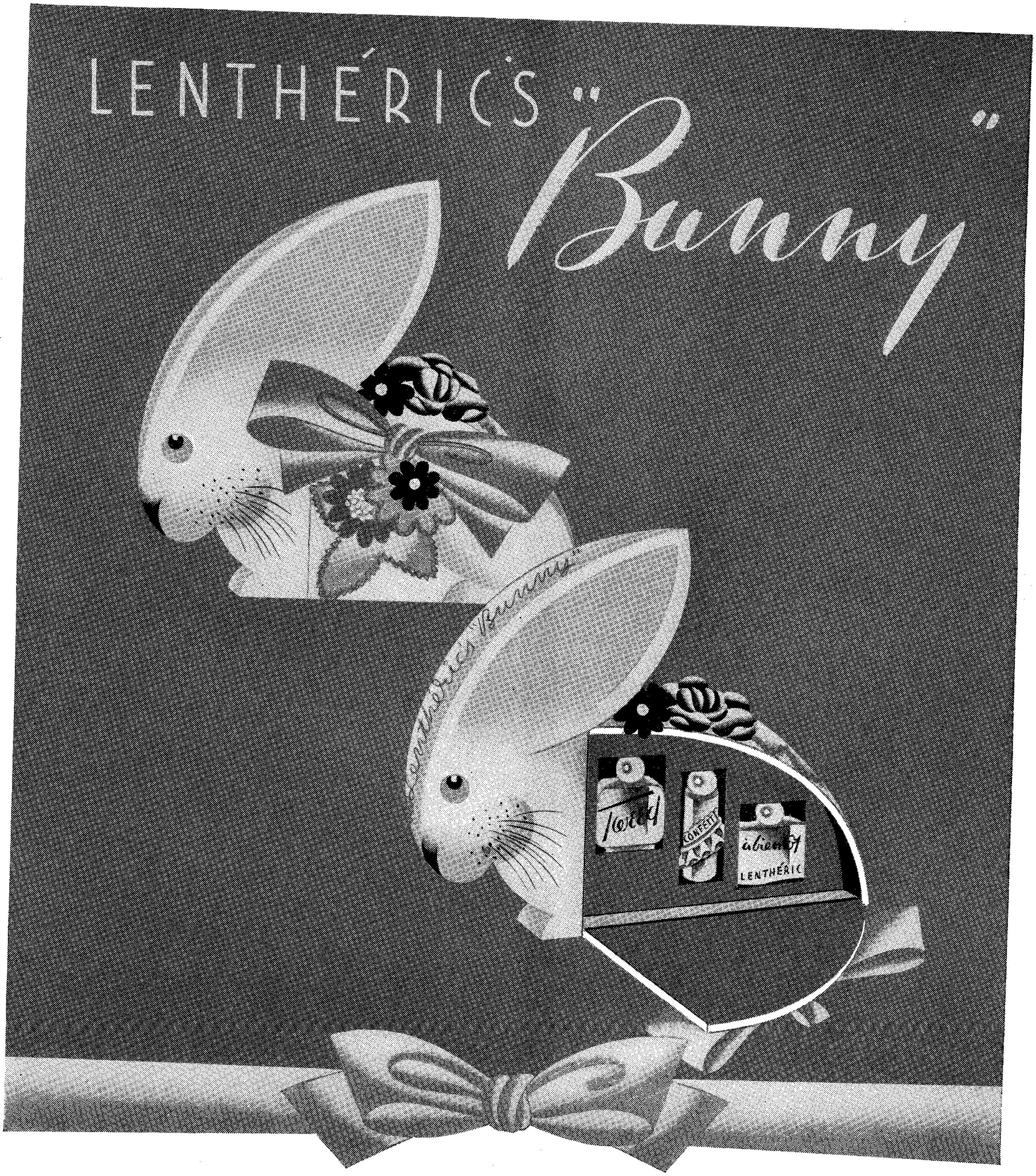
Chaim Soutine—First New York showing in some years by the foremost European Expressionist: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., April 16.

Eugene Speicher—Realistically painted landscapes and flowers: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through April 24.

John Whorf—New water colors of the sea and land: Milch, 108 W. 57. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 24.

Women—Fifty-first annual of the National Association of Women Artists: Fine Arts, 215 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1:30 to 6 P.M.; through April 24.

Here and There—At the **GALLERY OF MODERN ART**, 18 E. 57: Marcel Vertès shows his versatility in various media. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 17. . . . **KLEEMANN**, 65 E. 57: paintings by Albert Sterner. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 10. . . . **FERARGIL**, 63 E. 57: pastels and oils by Gunvor Bull-Teilman, a benefit for the American Friends of Norway. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 10. . . . **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57: paintings by Joseph DeMartini. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 17. . . . **A.C.A.**, 26 W. 8: oils and gouaches by Philip Reisman. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 17. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison, at 58: drawings by Minna Citron. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 17. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 730 5 Ave., at 57: recent landscapes and figure paintings by John Koch. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 17. . . . **MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING**, 24 E. 54: paintings by contemporary Americans, including Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy, Werner Drewes, and Jean Xceron. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through June 15. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 711 5 Ave., at 55: Georges Schreiber shows oils of people and scenes of the South. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 17. . . . **WEYHE**, 794 Lexington, at 61: lithographs, post-


LENTHÉRIC'S "Bunny"
Lenthéric's Bunny
Tweed
Confetti
à bientôt
LENTHÉRIC

NEW PERFUME PRESENTATION . . . Gift flacon each of Perfumes Tweed, A Bientôt and Confetti, $4.40 (plus tax).

Lenthéric *perfumes*

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 8, THROUGH SATURDAY, APRIL 17.

ers, and drawings by Toulouse-Lautrec. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through April 30. . . . **LILIENFELD,** 21 E. 57: oils by Maurice Vlaminck. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M ; through April 24. . . . **PINACOTHECA,** 20 W. 58: first one-man show by Molla. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 17. . . . **SCHONEMAN,** 73 E. 57: works by Emilio Grau-Sala. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 1.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Bruno Walter conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs., April 8, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., April 9, at 2:30 P.M.; Sun., April 11, at 3 P.M.; Thurs., April 15, at 6:30 P.M.; Fri., April 16, at 1:30 P.M. (Highlights: Joseph Schuster, April 11; Bach's St. Matthew Passion, with the Westminster Choir and soloists, April 15-16.) . . . Young People's Concert, Rudolph Ganz conducting, Sat., April 17, at 11 A.M.

BENEFIT CONCERTS—At the **METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE** (for tickets, call EL 5-6800, Ext. 30): a stage version of Bach's St. Matthew Passion, with a cast of mimes headed by Lillian Gish and with Leopold Stokowski conducting the Collegiate Chorale and a student orchestra; a Quaker benefit to provide food and medical aid for children abroad; Fri., April 9, at 8:45 P.M. . . . **HUNTER COLLEGE AUDITORIUM,** Park at 68 (for tickets, call SA 2-4765): Erno Rapee conducting members of the Philharmonic-Symphony, with Joseph Szigeti, Emanuel List, and others as soloists; a Red Cross benefit; Sun., April 11, at 8:30 P.M. . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53 (CI 5-8900): René Le Roy, other soloists, and the Collegiate Chorale in the fourth of a series of concerts of classical and modern compositions, some being performed for the first time; for the Museum's war fund and the American Theatre Wing; Tues., April 13, at 9 P.M.

CHAMBER MUSIC SERIES—Adolf Busch and his Chamber Music Players, assisted by Rudolf Serkin and others: Town Hall, Fri., April 9 and 16, at 8:45 P.M.

BROOKLYN SYMPHONY—Sir Thomas Beecham conducting; soloist, Webster Aitken: Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700), Tues., April 13, at 8:30 P.M.

RECITALS

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—Marian Anderson, Sun., April 11, at 3 P.M. (PE 6-1210.)

TOWN HALL—Jan Peerce, Wed., April 14, at 8:30 P.M.

CARNEGIE CHAMBER MUSIC HALL—Robert Goldsand, Wed., April 14, at 8:30 P.M.; Margaret Speaks and Felix Salmond, Fri., April 16, at 8:30 P.M.

MCMILLIN THEATRE—Alexander Kipnis, Sat., April 10, at 8:30 P.M. (B'way at 116, UN 4-3200, Ext. 543.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Le Nozze di Figaro," Sat., April 17, at 2 P.M. (PE 6-1210.)

ROSALINDA—The Max Reinhardt version of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

SALMAGGI OPERA—"Aïda," Sun., April 11, at 8:30 P.M. (Jolson Theatre, 7 Ave. at 59. CO 5-9177.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Exhibition games—**EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Montreal, Thurs., April 8 and 15, at 3 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Yankees, Fri., April 16, at 3 P.M. and Sat., April 17, at 2:30 P.M. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Dodgers, Fri., April 9, at 3 P.M., Sat., April 10, at 2:30 P.M., and Sun., April 11, at 3 P.M.; Yankees vs. Boston Braves, Mon. and Tues., April 12-13, at 3 P.M.; Yankees vs. Dodgers and the winner playing the Giants (a benefit for the C.D.V.O.), Wed., April 14, at 1 P.M.; Yankees vs. Giants, Thurs., April 15, at 3 P.M. . . . **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Boston Red Sox, Sat., April 10, at 2:30 P.M. and Sun., April 11, at 3 P.M.; Giants vs. Washington, Sat., April 17, at 2:30 P.M.

RACING—The local season opens at Jamaica, Thurs., April 8; races weekdays at 2:10 P.M.; through May 8. (Experimental Free Handicap, April 8; Paumonok Handicap, April 10; Wood Memorial, April 17.) Trains will leave Penn Station frequently between 11:30 A.M. and 1:30 P.M. each day.

OTHER EVENTS

THE CIRCUS—The Ringling show in all its old, plain-sawdust glory, with none of the modernistic frills of recent years; admission on opening night by purchase of War Bonds: Madison Square Garden. Performances daily at 2:15 and 8:30 P.M., starting Fri., April 9.

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the **CHRYSLER BUILDING,** 405 Lexington, at 42: an exhibition, assembled by the Army, of weapons, ranging from pistols to howitzers, of the kinds being used by our forces overseas. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 15. . . . **ROCKEFELLER PLAZA:** the first of a series of outdoor exhibits under the supervision of the Office of War Information, illustrating the accomplishments and aims of the United Nations. Among the features are short recorded addresses, repeated at frequent intervals, by Roosevelt, Churchill, and, in their native tongues, Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek. Daily 8:30 A.M. to dusk; through Sun., April 11.

BENEFITS—At **ST. MARKS IN-THE-BOUWERIE,** 2 Ave. at 10: a loan show of furniture, silver, ceramics, pewter, brass, and historical documents of the Peter Stuyvesant period; also, paintings, sculptures, and etchings by Peggy Bacon, Alexander Brook, Gertrude V. Whitney, and others; for the Dutch, British, and American merchant marines. Daily 1 to 9 P.M.; through Sat., April 10. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL:** Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Kerstin Thorborg, Lauritz Melchior, and others in a varied program commemorating the invasion of Norway; a benefit for Norwegian seamen; Sat., April 10, at 7:30 P.M.

PHOTOGRAPHY—More than eight hundred entries in the Press Photographers' annual exhibit of noteworthy camera shots of the year, mostly of metropolitan scenes: Museum of Science and Industry, R.C.A. Bldg. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through May 2.

PATENT MODELS—An exhibition of working models of trolley cars, printing presses, looms, and all sorts of gadgets registered with the United States Patent Office during the last century: Architectural League, 115 E. 40. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Wed., April 14, through Sat., April 24.

ON THE AIR—Elmer Davis, head of the Office of War Information, in a series of broadcasts, Fri. Eves., at 10:45 P.M., WABC, WEAF, WJZ, and WQXR. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Fri., April 9, at 2:30 P.M., WOR. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., April 10 and 17, at 8:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Bruno Walter conducting, Sun., April 11, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sun., April 11, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Nino Martini, Bidu Sayao, and Ezio Pinza, Sat., April 10; "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Eleanor Steber, John Brownlee, and Ezio Pinza, Sat., April 17; at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . Ambassador Joseph C. Grew and Professor Albert Einstein speaking on a coast-to-coast broadcast on the problem of rehabilitating enemy-occupied countries after the war, Sun., April 11, at 1:30 P.M., WEAF.

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—English eighteenth-century furniture, Chinese carpets of the Ch'ien Lung period, and Chinese objects of art, from the collection of Harris Hammond: Thurs. through Sat., April 8-10, at 2 P.M.

MOTION PICTURES

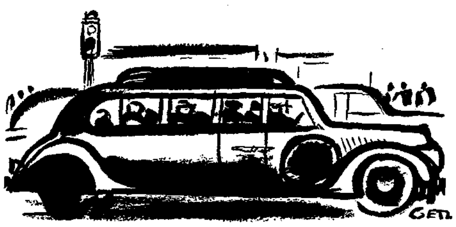
AIR FORCE—Fine, unglamorous story of an American bomber's crew in the Pacific. John Garfield is one of the few members of the cast you've heard of. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

AT THE FRONT—Surprisingly clear and close-up Technicolor shots of tank action in Tunisia. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Thurs., April 8.)

CASABLANCA—There was apparently plenty going on in the town even before the A.E.F. and Mr. Roosevelt had ever seen the place. Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains are surrounded by spies of all nationalities. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., April 9. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison, and Beacon, B'way at 75; through Wed., April 14. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Fri. through Sat., April 9-17. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. through Tues., April 11-13.)

GENTLEMAN JIM—The early life of Corbett, conqueror of Sullivan. Errol Flynn is pretty convincing as Corbett, partly because he looks like him. Should appeal to fight fans, especially very old ones. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., April 14-16.)

THE HEART OF A NATION—Episodic French film about the history of a French family from 1871 on up. The good episodes are good and, besides, there's always the cast, which includes Raimu, Louis Jouvet, and Michèle Morgan. Scraps of spoken narrative by Charles Boyer, and English titles. (Abbey, B'way at 51.)



THE HUMAN COMEDY—Saroyan looks at life and finds it, as usual, irreproachable. Mickey Rooney, Frank Morgan, and an admirable child named Jack Jenkins. (Astor, B'way at 54.)

IMMORTAL SERGEANT—Not York this time, but a certain British sergeant in the Libyan Desert. Henry Fonda, Thomas Mitchell, and Maureen O'Hara. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., April 9. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Sat. through Tues., April 10-13. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Tues. and Wed., April 13-14.)

IN WHICH WE SERVE—Noel Coward's well-executed biography of a British destroyer. The acting is especially fine, although you may not know many of the cast. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Tues., April 10-13. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., April 12-13.)

JOURNEY INTO FEAR—Orson Welles' treatment of the novel about intrigue in Turkey. Welles is in it, too, along with Joseph Cotten and Dolores Del Rio. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Mon., April 12. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Sat. through Mon., April 10-12. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Tues. through Fri., April 13-16.)

KEEPER OF THE FLAME—Story of pretty epic proportions concerning a reporter who finds out the ugly political truth about a dead hero. Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., April 14.)

THE MOON IS DOWN—Nunnally Johnson has done very well by Steinbeck's play, with the help of Henry Travers, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and Dorris Bowden. (Rivoli, B'way at 49.)

SALUDOS AMIGOS—Walt Disney's colorful report on South America, with a cast including Donald Duck, Goofy, and a new parrot. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Tues. through Fri., April 13-16.)

SHADOW OF A DOUBT—Alfred Hitchcock's film about the menace that threatens a family on the West Coast when it is visited by a certain uncle from the East Coast. Joseph Cotten, Teresa Wright, and Henry Travers. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Fri., April 9.)

THEY GOT ME COVERED—Improbable but lively events in Washington, centring around Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour. (Palace, B'way at 47; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; through Wed., April 14.)

WE ARE THE MARINES—The March of Time's almost full-length film about what a marine is made of. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., April 9.)

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY—A grand, big musical show in itself and, incidentally, a bit of the history of the late George M. Cohan, who is impersonated ably by James Cagney. Also with Jeanne Cagney, Joan Leslie, and Walter Huston. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Fri., April 9.)

REVIVALS

ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY (1941)—From Stephen Vincent Benét's "The Devil and Daniel Webster." Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., April 10-13.)

COURRIER DE LYON (1938)—Eighteenth-century highway robbery. In French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Wed. and Thurs., April 14-15.)

FANTASIA (1940)—That Disney film with Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Thurs., April 9-15.)

HOLD BACK THE DAWN (1941)—Immigration problems in a Mexican border town. Olivia de Havilland, Charles Boyer, and Paulette Goddard. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., April 10-12.)

KINGS ROW (1942)—Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Robert Cummings, and Claude Rains in a small town in the nineties. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., April 9.)

LABURNUM GROVE (1941)—Edmund Gwenn as a respectable old London counterfeiter. With Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (Art, 36 E. 8; Tues. and Wed., April 13-14.)

THE LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER (1935)—Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, and Richard Cromwell—all lancers. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., April 8.)

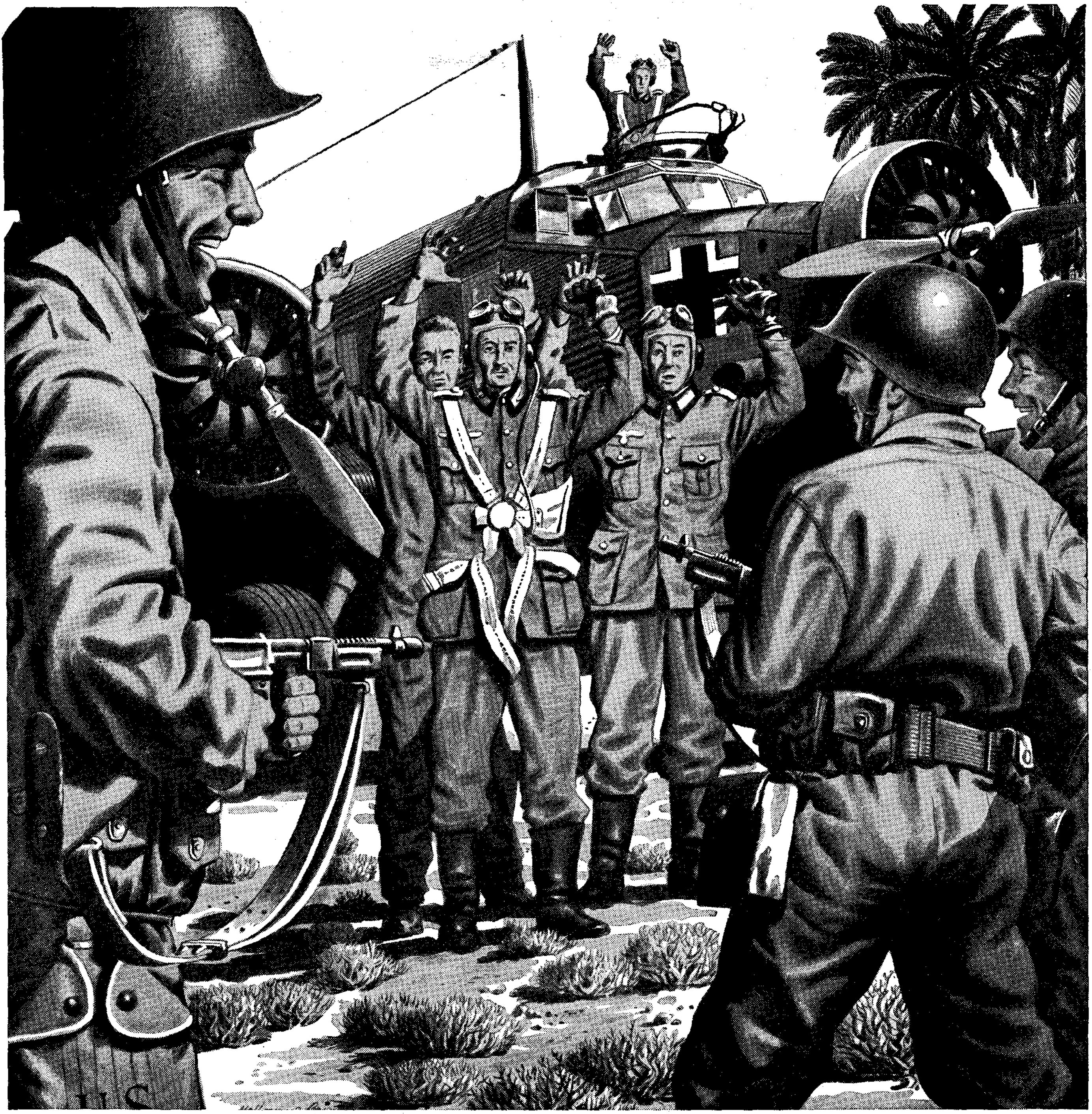
THE MALE ANIMAL (1942)—The Thurber-Nugent comedy, with Olivia de Havilland and Henry Fonda. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., April 14-16.)

PÉPÉ LE MOKO (1941)—The French version of life in the Kasbah. Jean Gabin. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Sat. and Sun., April 10-11.)

STREET SCENE (1931)—The Elmer Rice play, with Sylvia Sydney. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., April 8.)

THE 39 STEPS (1935)—Hitchcock excitement. Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; Thurs., April 8.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.



They trapped a Nazi plane with a few German words!

- It happened in Egypt . . . when a German paratroop plane got lost on a mission and asked for a beam home. Americans intercepted the message and, talking in college German, gave them a beam straight to a U. S. airport.

It was a surprised bunch of krauts that stepped out of that plane only to be met by grinning Yanks with deadly tommy guns!

Today our Signal Corps can send messages with the accuracy of gun fire.

The instruments that make this possible are electrical indicating instruments . . . made with all the precision of a fine watch!

For 69 years our job at Gruen has been making *Precision** watches . . . today we're honored to turn this experience also to the job of making precision instruments for Army, Navy and Air Force.

We say this, not to brag, but only to remind you that this is the reason you may not be able to obtain the particular Gruen you want today. The Gruen Watch Company, Time Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A. In Canada: Toronto, Ontario.

GRUEN
THE PRECISION* WATCH

*REGISTERED TRADE MARK

BUY A GRUEN WATCH...BUT BUY A WAR BOND FIRST

AMERICA'S CHOICE SINCE 1874

GRUEN...MAKERS OF THE PRECISION* WATCH...AND PRECISION INSTRUMENTS FOR WAR

COPYRIGHT 1943, THE GRUEN WATCH COMPANY

it goes to your heart!
Intoxication
the stirring new
perfume by
D'ORSAY
\$18^{50} and \$10 Eau de Toilette \$5
CREATORS OF PERFUMES THAT WHISPER "SOMEONE LOVELY HAS JUST PASSED BY"

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

on the following schedule—THURS. AND FRI., APRIL 8-9: "What! No Beer?" (1933), Buster Keaton, Jimmy Durante. SAT. AND SUN., APRIL 10-11: animated cartoons, 1879-1933. MON. AND TUES., APRIL 12-13 (at 4 P.M. only): "Cavalcade" (1933), Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook. WED. AND THURS., APRIL 14-15: "Bombshell" (1933), Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy, Franchot Tone.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

SALVAGE—The need for kitchen fat, which is wanted for the manufacture of explosives, is growing more acute, and officials say they have reason to believe that many people are being lax about saving it. Your neighborhood butcher has been asked by the government to make his shop a receiving centre for whatever fat you can spare. Strain the fat (both the deep-frying kind and pan or broiler drippings are acceptable) into any clean, wide-mouthed can and keep this in a cool place until you have accumulated at least a pound, the smallest amount butchers can be expected to handle.... Meanwhile, rubber, rags, and tin cans and other scrap metal are as urgently needed as ever. The New York City Salvage Committee, 122 E. 42nd (MU 3-9669), will send a collector for rubber, rags, and scrap metal in amounts of fifty pounds or more and, if you want to dispose of smaller quantities, will give you the address of the collection depot nearest your home.... To prepare tin cans for salvage, remove the labels and cut out both ends; then wash them thoroughly and press them almost flat. Your building superintendent will see that they get into the right hands.

Women who are lucky enough to have any silk or nylon stockings left should remember that worn-out ones are wanted for the manufacture of gunpowder bags and parachutes, among other things. Most department stores have collection depots in their hosiery departments.

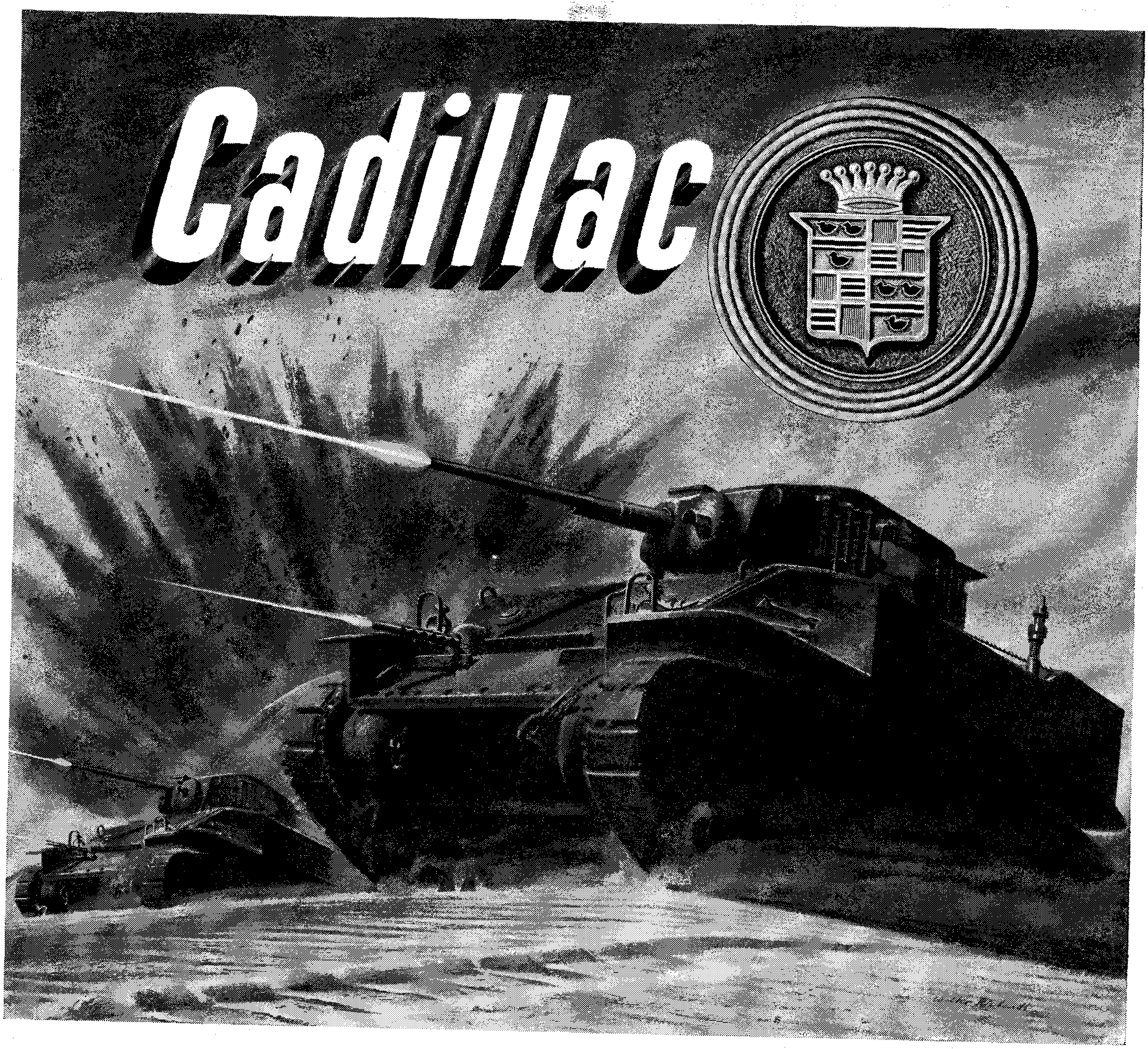
VOLUNTEER WORK—In Manhattan, the agency best prepared to assign volunteers to wartime emergency jobs is the Civilian Defense Volunteer Office, 707 5th Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7301), which is in direct charge of much of the work here and also helps line up civilians who want to serve with the Red Cross and American Women's Voluntary Services. (In the Bronx, the C.D.V.O. telephone number is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.)

Some of the most pressing needs right now, not necessarily in order of importance, are for (1) men not immediately subject to the draft to train one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; (2) anyone over sixteen who, after taking a two-month part-time course, will do vocational and recreational work with children on a regular schedule; (3) women to take a seven-week Red Cross part-time course and then work at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (4) women to serve the Army's Auxiliary Aircraft Warning Service by working five and a half hours two or three days a week or one shift a week from 12 to 8 A.M., plotting the courses of planes spotted by observers in this vicinity; (5) women to take a two-week part-time training course and then serve at least nine hours a week as Health Department assistants in city schools, nurseries, and other institutions; (6) men and women to take a short course of instruction and then act as block-service leaders, visiting twenty families in their neighborhoods at least once every fortnight to explain developments in rationing and salvage.

People who can't volunteer on a steady basis are urged to register with the C.D.V.O. to serve as spot workers on short-notice jobs.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—Outside the city, arrangements for volunteering and salvage are not as uniform as they might be; some communities are well organized along these lines and others aren't. The local police should be able to direct you to the proper agency, but if they are no help, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS AND LOANS—The Red Cross is very much in need of donors to contribute blood to send to field and base hospitals. Anyone wishing to coöperate should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment.... The Navy wants to borrow Zeiss, Bausch & Lomb, and Naval Gun Factory binoculars, and the Jockey Club, 250 Park, at 46 (EL 5-6146), is serving as a collection centre for them. If you have some you are willing to lend, call the club to see whether they meet the required specifications.... The A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), will arrange to call for and distribute radios, portable phonographs, records, wooden clothes hangers, and playing cards for Army and Navy recreation centres. If the radios and phonographs are not in good repair, the A.W.V.S. will fix them up. Cigarettes, of course, are always welcome.... Russia is badly in need of watches, old or new, for its Army, as its factories which used to make them have been destroyed. If you have any to contribute, send them to the Ambijan Committee for Emergency Aid to the Soviet Union, 285 Madison, at 40.



Its Performance Is a Peace-Time Triumph!

THE NEW M-5 is believed to be the fastest and one of the hardest hitting light tanks in the world. It was designed by the Cadillac Motor Car Division of General Motors in co-operation with U. S. Army Ordnance engineers. It is built in volume on Cadillac's assembly lines.

The M-5 does things *no other tank will do*—for it possesses two innovations which are wholly new in tank construction.

The enemy is aware of what this tank will do—but we haven't yet told him how or why it does it. We want him to learn the facts the hard way. Consequently, the American public, too, will have to wait awhile for the details.

The Allied armies have a lot of these tanks—and more are arriving at the scenes of combat every day. The M-5 has been in mass production for more than six months. You'll hear a great deal about it as the Victory March rolls on.

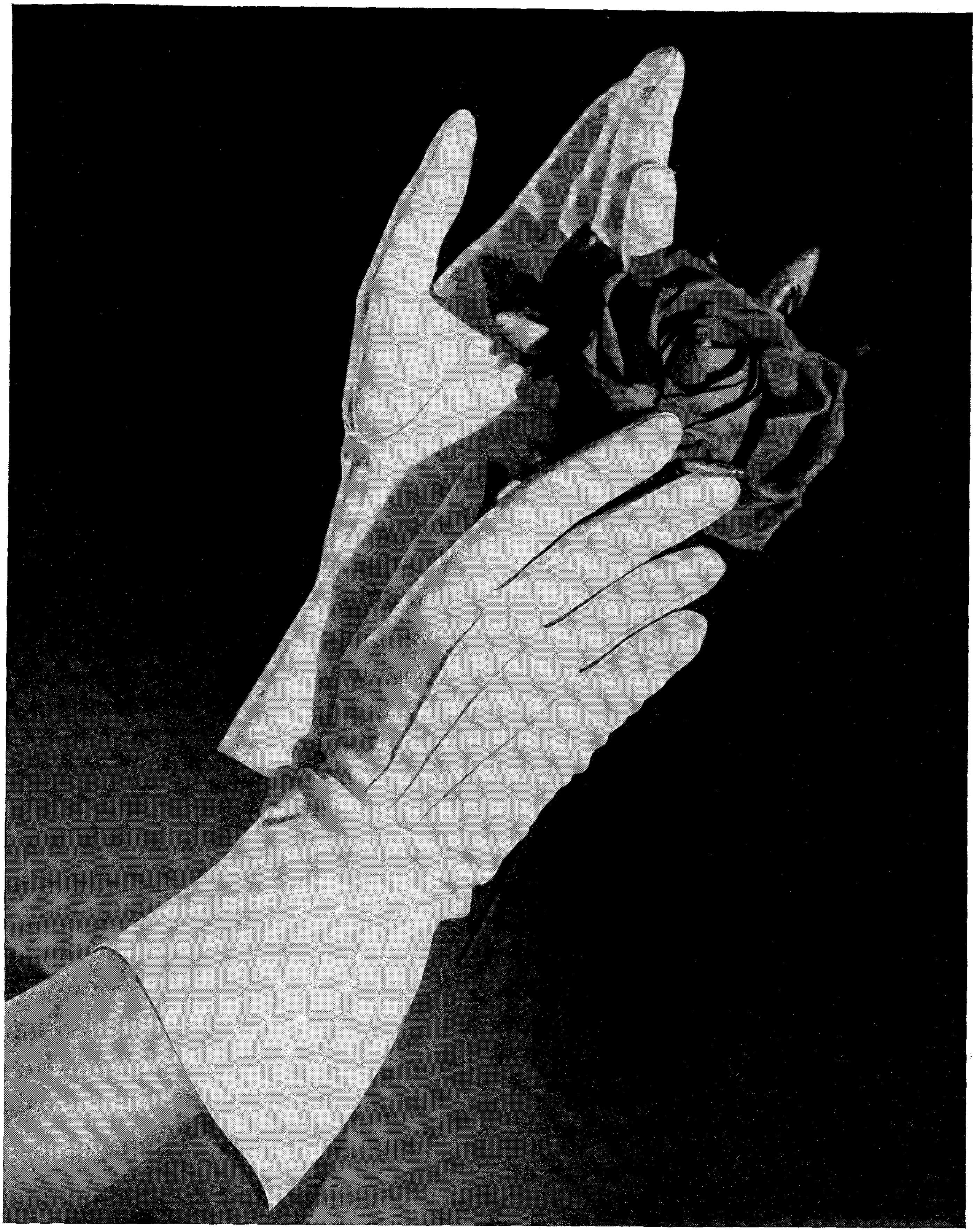
Our tank program, impressive as it is, is only a part of Cadillac's work in arming America. Cadillac is also entrusted with the manufacture of many precision parts for a famous airplane engine—and we have been since this engine went into volume production more than three years ago. We also make precision parts for the U. S. Navy, for use in one of its tools of war.

On all of our work for the Army and Navy, we have held the pace. We have kept our schedule on every assignment made to us.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

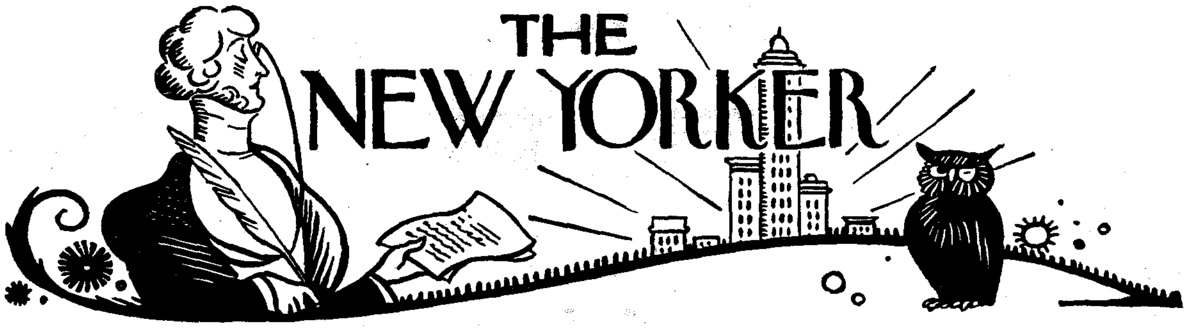
ARMY E NAVY

LET YOUR DOLLARS WORK, TOO—
BUY
WAR BONDS AND STAMPS



"glove masterpiece" by Altman. Our famous, washable Balta-lav gloves to accent your Easter costume. Fine doeskin-finished lambskin; expertly cut, beautifully finished, long-wearing. White, black, navy, brown, beige. Sizes 6 to 7½. 6.50 pr. Altman gloves, main floor

FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK



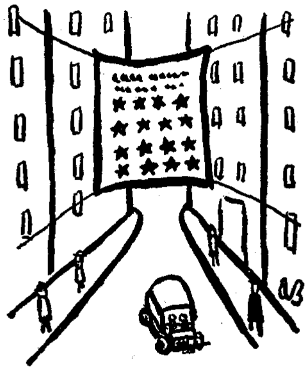
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

NOW that our globular little Mayor is about to become global, we sense in our fellow-townsmen a deep and unaffected regret at his going—a regret overlaid, however, with bright, irrepressible gleams of anticipation. For nine years we citizens have walked the thorny path of municipal rectitude while Fiorello bustled along ahead of us with his eyes fixed on distant peaks, allowing the twigs he pushed aside to snap back in our faces. Ever since it leaked out that he had accepted the relatively modest assignment of running Italy after we invade, the atmosphere of New York has carried a heavy charge of that electric restlessness which we all remember feeling in the schoolroom during the last hour of the last day of school, when our young soul seemed almost crushed by accumulations of wholesome instruction and benevolent discipline. No sooner will LaGuardia's plane have left LaGuardia Field on the first leg of his flight to Africa than merry hell will break loose. The tinhorn gambler will return to the corner saloon and the elevator boy will seek him out to put a modest buck on Count Fleet in the Derby. The Bingo games will flourish along Ninth Avenue, and there may even be a burlesque show or two. And as we loll about our apartments of a Sunday afternoon, trying to right the physiological imbalance caused by Saturday's excesses, our consciences and stomach nerves will not be queasily stirred by the Mayor's bright voice on the radio, telling us how to make a pudding out of stale bread and raisins. As for the Mayor, he'll be happier governing the Italians than he was trying to make us listen to reason. He'll tell them what's good for them and they'll damn well accept it, and that will be that. No more of this having to butter up the electorate every so often. It will be kind of tough on the Italians, but after all, who started this war, us or them?

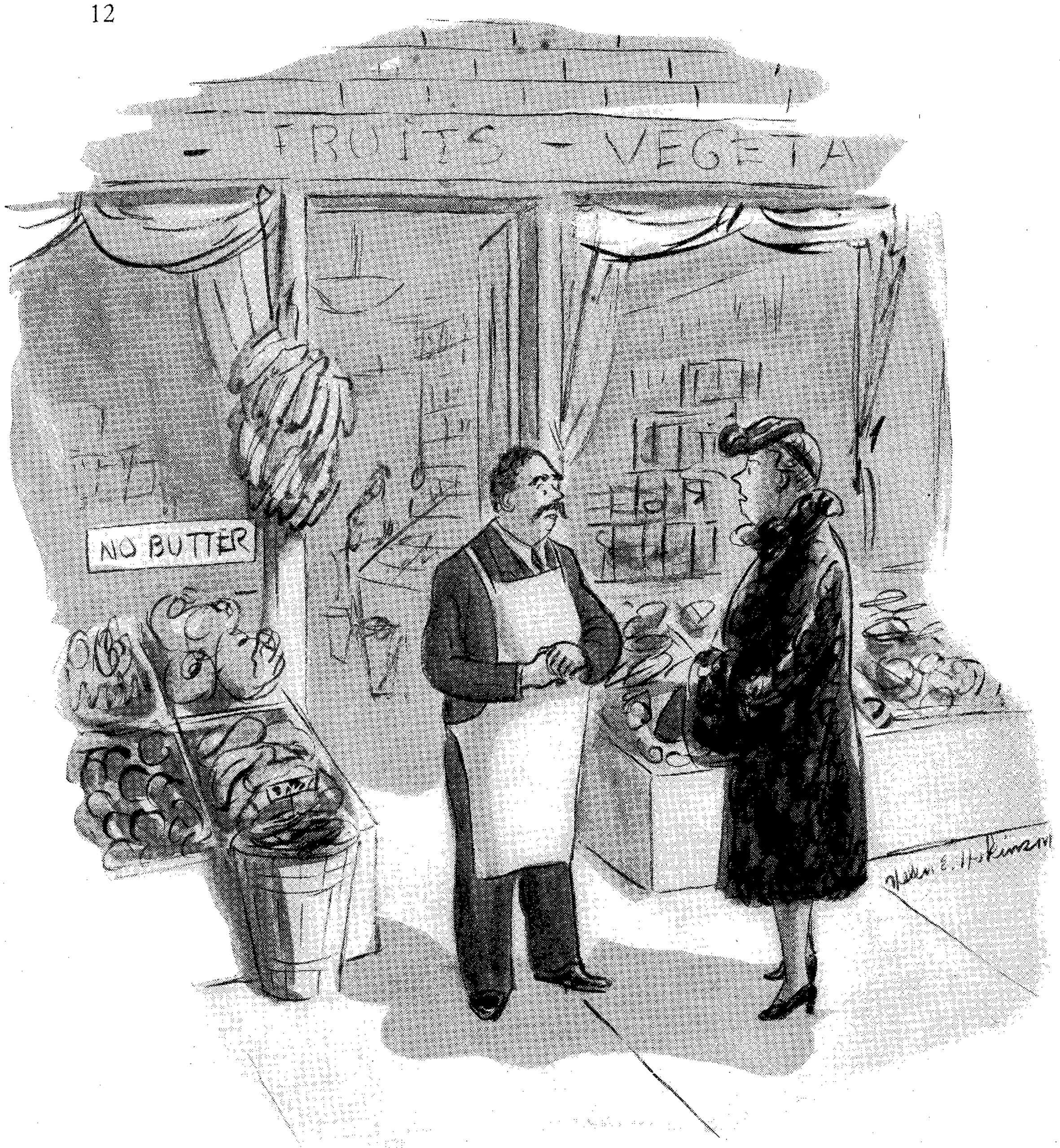
WE have a nudging letter from a reader in Washington which says, "Please, please look at the Tuesday menu sponsored and urged by *Vogue* magazine, issue of March 15th, page 73." We raked around, found yesterday's gardenia, and on page 73 discovered a set of menus for each day of the week. An introductory paragraph proclaimed that menus "should be exciting . . . and original." The menu in question contained an original thought for "Tuesday, a meatless day." It suggested following scallops poulette with a course of "cold loin of pork (roasted on Monday), sliced very thin."

THE time is at hand to revive the discussion of companionate marriage, for it is now apparent that the passion of nations will shortly lead to some sort of connubial relationship, either a companionate one (as in the past) or a lawful one (which would be something new). If you observe closely the courtship among nations, if you read each morning the many protestations of affection and the lively plans for consummation, you will find signs that the drift is still toward an illicit arrangement based on love, respect, and a strong foreign policy. Countries appear to be on the verge of making new and solemn compacts with each other, of renewing old pledges. If it is to be this and no more, we predict that they will lie together in rapture for a while and then bust up as usual. The companionate idea is appealing to nations because it is familiar, because it demands little, and because it is exciting to the blood. The mention of a license and the thought of relinquishing something of one's independence come hard to the sovereign ear and mind. Even at this woebegone time it seems questionable whether the grim institution of marriage will be embraced by the world's states, which have always practiced free love and are used to its excesses and its tragic violence.



Our advice to the nations who call themselves united is to go out and buy rings. If there is to be love-in-bloom at the war's end, we should prefer to see it legal this time, if only for a change. The history of the world is the story of nations having affairs with each other. These affairs have been based on caprice and on ambition; they have been oiled with diplomacy and intrigue and have been unsanctified by law, there having been no law covering the rights and obligations of the contracting parties. The result has been chaotic and there still is no law. We are informed, almost hourly, that a new world order is in the making, yet most of the talk is of policy and almost none of the talk is of law.

America and China are in love. England and Russia are seen frequently together in public. France, Norway, the Netherlands, Greece, Poland, Czechoslovakia—each is groping for the other's hands in the darkness of the newsreel. What is going to come of this romantic and wonderful condition—a few stolen kisses, a key to an apartment somewhere, a renewal of individual vows and general irresponsibility? Considering how eager the nations are to lie down with each other, it seems to us time for a brief notice to be inserted in the world's paper, inviting interested parties to a preliminary meeting, a sociable if you want, to talk over the whole situation and per-



"Really, Mr. Resoro, I think I'm entitled to a little consideration, after the way I introduced zucchini to Englewood."

haps even discuss the end of policy and laxity in their love life and the beginning of law and of force. The notice should be carefully worded and should be at least as honest as those wistful little ads which the lovelorn and the lonely place in the classified columns. It should conclude with that desperate yet somehow very hopeful phrase "Object, matrimony."

Anniversary

Brooks Brothers' one-hundred-and-twenty-fifth anniversary, which comes this week, is being played way down, like a Noel Coward love scene. There will be no employees' banquet, no holiday, no bargain sales (naturally), and no bunting. Brooks is, however, issuing a sixty-four-page souvenir booklet which will be mailed to its paid-up customers after a decent interval. The booklet is, as its title page states, "A Compendium of Historical Facts and Random Reminiscences Abridged to Encompass in the Form of a Hand Book the Course of the Century and a Quarter Which Has Elapsed since the Founding of Brooks Brothers in 1818." It is illustrated with line cuts and photographs touching on such disparate Brooksiana as the founder's spectacles, the sacking of the store during the Civil War draft riots, and the progress of the store uptown from Cherry Street. The text says, with true Brooks Brothers reticence, that if the anniversary had not happened to occur during "a sanguinary conflict," some attempt might have been made to celebrate the occasion with "a certain amount of excusable embellishment." This is typical Brooks luck; the first World War loused up their centenary and their eightieth anniversary came during the Spanish-American War.

All in all, the firm has seen five wars, including the Civil War, during which they outfitted Grant, Sheridan, Sherman, and Hooker. They also fitted President Lincoln for civvies, but that's still a sore spot. Winthrop Brooks, the great-grandson of the founder and the current president of the firm, told us that when Brooks had temporary quarters on Union Square, it always made the incumbent Mr. Brooks shudder to look out the window and catch a glimpse of the Lincoln statue. "He'd see Lincoln standing there in the clothes we made for him and the clothes didn't fit," Mr. Brooks said. It is probably typical of Brooks to take the blame for Abe's baggy pants rather than to try and blame him or the sculptor. In 1918 the uniform-and-accessories trade accounted for seventy-five per cent of Brooks' sales, and it won't be long now before that figure is reached again. Because of Brooks' ironclad policy of never mentioning a customer while he is still breathing, Mr. Brooks would only say, "I've seen plenty of generals in here."

Brooks has five employees who have been there more than fifty years—the Messrs. Gaynor, Guiry, Lyons, McCarthy, and More—and they are naturally exempt from military service, but manpower losses among the young sprigs have been high—eighty-one, as compared to thirty-two in the last war. Five salesladies were taken on temporarily during the Christmas rush and permanent lady clerks are expected soon in boys' furnishings and leather goods. Brooks suffers no more and no less than other stores from wartime restrictions;

for example, the WPB has been a little severe in the matter of materials for tailored uniforms, but to make up for that only three out of several hundred shipments from England have failed to get through. Red Melton cloth, the so-called huntin' pink, is no longer available, however, because the English manufacturers are now making broadcloth for the Royal Navy. Nightshirts, made on this side for Brooks (and for Brooks only, we would guess) are still plentiful but, in accordance with a WPB decree, lack collars. This is distressing enough to Brooks' conservative trade, but still more distressing is the shortage of English nightcaps. Brooks got in a big shipment several months ago, but all the caps were snapped up almost immediately by a small group of steady purchasers of nightcaps—not hoarding, exactly, you understand, but, well . . .

Information

IN the first place, it makes the Telephone Company mad if you forget your address book and have to ask Information for a number, and a little extra irritation is bound to creep in if, like the lady we now speak of, you can't understand the name of the exchange when Information gives it to you. "Nevins, Nevins," Information kept saying, and the lady kept saying "What?" Finally Information said, loud and clear, "Nevins—like in Ethelbert."

Fenard

VICE ADMIRAL RAYMOND A. FENARD, head of the French naval mission which brought the battleship Richelieu, the cruiser Montcalm, and the oversize destroyers Terrible and Fantasque, to this country, is, as many people know by this time, a plump, genial, blue-eyed man of fifty-six. His current headquarters are in Washington, but he gets to various Atlantic ports frequently to keep an eye on his large charges. He told us the other day that they had sailed across the Atlantic all right for ships which had been laid up a very long time. "After two and a half years of war," he said, in English, "our ships, thanks to American help, are again getting ready for the circumstances of a fight." We asked the Admiral how he would translate "Fantasque" and he replied "Unpredictable." We looked at him sharply. "Unpredictable in the sense that it might do even better than expected," he said with a Gallic twinkle.

According to Admiral Fenard, desertions of the French sailors to the Fighting French have not been numerous; the Richelieu, for example, has lost but sixty-one of a crew of fifteen hundred. The reëquipping of the ships presented a serious problem, in that the metric system was used in making everything on them; American manufacturers are solving this resourcefully, however. The Admiral informed us that another of his problems has been getting a supply of red pompons for the sailors' caps. The Procurement Division of the United States Navy has taken over the job and reports progress.

Admiral Fenard was born in the wine region of Burgundy. One of his grandfathers was a sailor on the first French expedition to the Sandwich, or Hawaiian, Islands, and he himself began to take a fisherman's interest in the sea at nine. He entered the French naval college at Brest when he was eighteen and during the last war served on a torpedo boat in the Mediterranean, the Adriatic, and the Dardanelles, starting out a lieutenant and ending up a lieutenant commander. In 1935 he became the first captain of the Dunkerque, the first battleship built by France after the last war and the model, like her sister ship, the Strasbourg, from which the Richelieu was built. He become a vice admiral three years ago. He left Toulon for Africa just before the French armistice, taking with him ammunition stores and a number of specialists in explosives. He himself is the inventor of several secret naval devices, including a gun mount now used on British ships.

"I never believed that the victory would be German," Admiral Fenard told us, "although I have been at times impressed by what they did. I could not believe that the world wanted to be put in the servitude of one country, especially Germany."

It is well known that Fenard, who took over the Admiralty of Algiers, never concealed his feelings while in Africa, and after the American landings he was *persona grata* at Allied conferences. At an early talk, attended, among others, by Darlan, Robert Murphy, General Mark Clark, and himself, everyone's nerves were ragged. Clark suddenly flared up about something and it looked as though nothing was going to be settled. Fenard rose, walked to Clark, put a hand on his shoulder, and said, with a smile, "You have a very bad temper." Clark smiled back. The tension was broken and the meeting continued amicably. "Do you still think I have a bad temper?" Clark inquired anxiously whenever he met Fenard after that.

Admiral Fenard stays at the Ritz on his Manhattan visits. In Washington he lives at the Shoreham with his wife, who is a Frenchwoman brought up in London, and their twenty-one-year-old daughter, Denise. Fenard arrived in this country by air about two weeks ahead of the French flotilla, and his wife and daughter, who had been living with him in Algiers, followed by plane shortly afterward. His acquaintance with his family throughout his career has been cordial but intermittent. "Some time

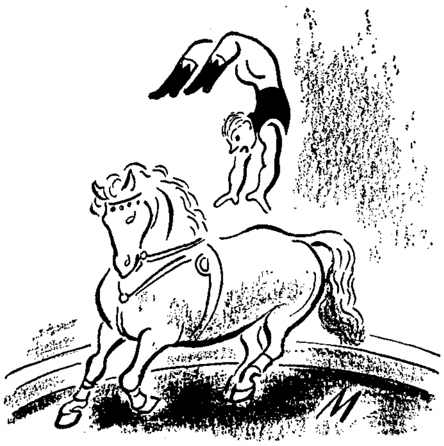
ago I looked at my life," he said, "and I discovered that of twenty-five years of marriage I have only been home a total of three or four years." When the Admiral called on the President a week or so ago and presented him with a model of the Richelieu, it was an all-French conversation. Mr. Roosevelt's French, he said, is excellent: "*Quand on parle au Président, l'idée ne vous vient pas de lui parler en anglais.*"

Good Thoughts

A CONSERVATIVE suburban lady returned home from a spring shopping trip with a print dress of gay design; in fact, as her children pointed out, the design was nothing more or less than cocktail glasses. "Well, maybe they are," the lady said defensively, "but I'm going to think of them as collar buttons."

Watches for Russia

PROBABLY the most specialized of all current civilian war activities in this area is the drive to collect watches for the Russian army and navy. It will come to a climax on the eleventh of this month, when assorted entertainers will present a concert at Carnegie Hall to an audience of people who will have paid for their admission with watches or with money to buy watches. The watches were acceptable at the box office last week only; now it must be cash. Business was brisk in the lobby of Carnegie Hall the day we looked in. There was a tidy queue of watch-donors standing in line to have their watches appraised. Upon the appraisals, we learned, depended the kind of seat they got: a really good watch, one costing, say, thirty-five dollars or more, bought a box in the first tier, while an Ingersoll would put you pretty far back, and up. The watch-appraisers, a Mr. Reiter and a Mr. Ellenbogen, had both volunteered their time. They were full of praise for the ticket-buyers. "People are lovely," Reiter said. "They're giving up their watches like water." "The reason is because Americans know what time means," Ellenbogen added. "They say to themselves, 'O.K., going over the top has to be on the second, or maybe, bingo, the whole going over the top won't work out. What do I care if I'm late for lunch?' " At this point Billie Burke came to the head of the line and handed in a wristwatch. "I wish I had a million of them to give," she said spiritedly. Another face we recognized was that of Miss Betty Comden, of the Revuers. We idly inquired of her what her watch was and she said, "I wouldn't know. It was a gift."



Strangely enough, this watch-collecting project grew out of an association formed in America to send European Jewish refugees to Birobijan, the independent Jewish state in the U.S.S.R. Late last year military conditions made this impossible, so the organization, the Ambijan Committee for Emergency Aid to the Soviet Union, 285 Madison Avenue, being a going concern with nothing to do, put it up to the Soviet consulate to tell them what to do next. Mrs. Dora Volinsky, one of the leaders of the committee, whom we met at Carnegie Hall and who gave us this background dope, said that the people at the Soviet consulate didn't hesitate a minute. "Get us watches, plenty of watches," they said. It seems that the Russian army on the eastern front then had an acute need of a hundred and fifty thousand watches. The committee so far has collected about seventy-five hundred watches, of which forty-five hundred have been shipped to Russia and are now presumably being used to good purpose. Probably it should be explained that the only two watch factories in the U.S.S.R. were on the outskirts of Moscow and are now in ruins.

Mrs. Volinsky explained to us that certain types of watches are especially needed. Seafaring men, for instance, must have non-magnetic watches because of the numerous magnetic pulls operating in a modern ship, and a shockproof watch is desirable at the front. You can't, however, just give a man a shockproof watch and forget about him for the duration. The average useful life of a good shockproof watch is only about three weeks if its wearer is in the artillery, and of course in the artillery a man needs a good watch. It's a real problem, all right. Russia makes room in her transport planes for non-magnetic, shockproof watches, but even your grandfather's chased-silver hunter will get into the war pretty fast and, we gathered, do a lot of good. Mrs. Volinsky would rather have old watches than the money to buy new ones, simply because there's a shortage on the American market, owing to the fierce competition from American officers and civilians. Recently, when she persuaded a manufacturer to sell her four hundred new military-type watches, she felt she'd hit the jack pot. "I want to thank everybody who gave us a watch, and I hope they'll all end up on the Rhine, if you will forgive the pun," Mrs. Volinsky said as we left. We forgave her readily.

Ordeal

WE'VE just heard what happened to Victor Mature in the Coast Guard. Poor Mature went off on patrol duty on a vessel which was outfitted with a movie screen, projector, and nine Victor Mature movies. Every night after dinner there was a Victor Mature movie, with frank, extemporaneous criticisms from the Coast Guard.

Points

AMONG a great many other things, the Civilian Defense Volunteer Office has undertaken to solve the point-rationing problems of the citizenry, both by inviting confused rationees to drop in for advice at scattered posts and by door-to-door missionary work. One day last week we arranged to pay a few calls with a CDVO block leader, Mrs. Sidney Bacharach, who, like all block leaders (who are under district leaders, who are under zone leaders), has twenty families in her bailiwick. Mrs. Bacharach's families are all in her own building, which is 1175 Park Avenue. A comparative cinch.

"I wish," she told us when we called at her apartment, "that Mrs. Sheridan were going to be in this afternoon. She has eleven children and I'm sure I could tell her a lot." Mrs. Bacharach obviously had learned a good deal about her parish on previous rounds. She showed us some of the literature that she was taking along to distribute. It included a booklet put out by the General Electric Consumers Institute, called "How to Get the Most out of the Food You Buy," another, put out by the White Rose Quality Foods people, called "Plan Book for Point System Rationing," and an A.S.P.C.A. leaflet dealing with the wartime feeding of pets. In summation this leaflet said, "Do not become panicky. Those who have the will can properly feed and care for their pets," a message we pass along to dog-owners who may be losing their grip.

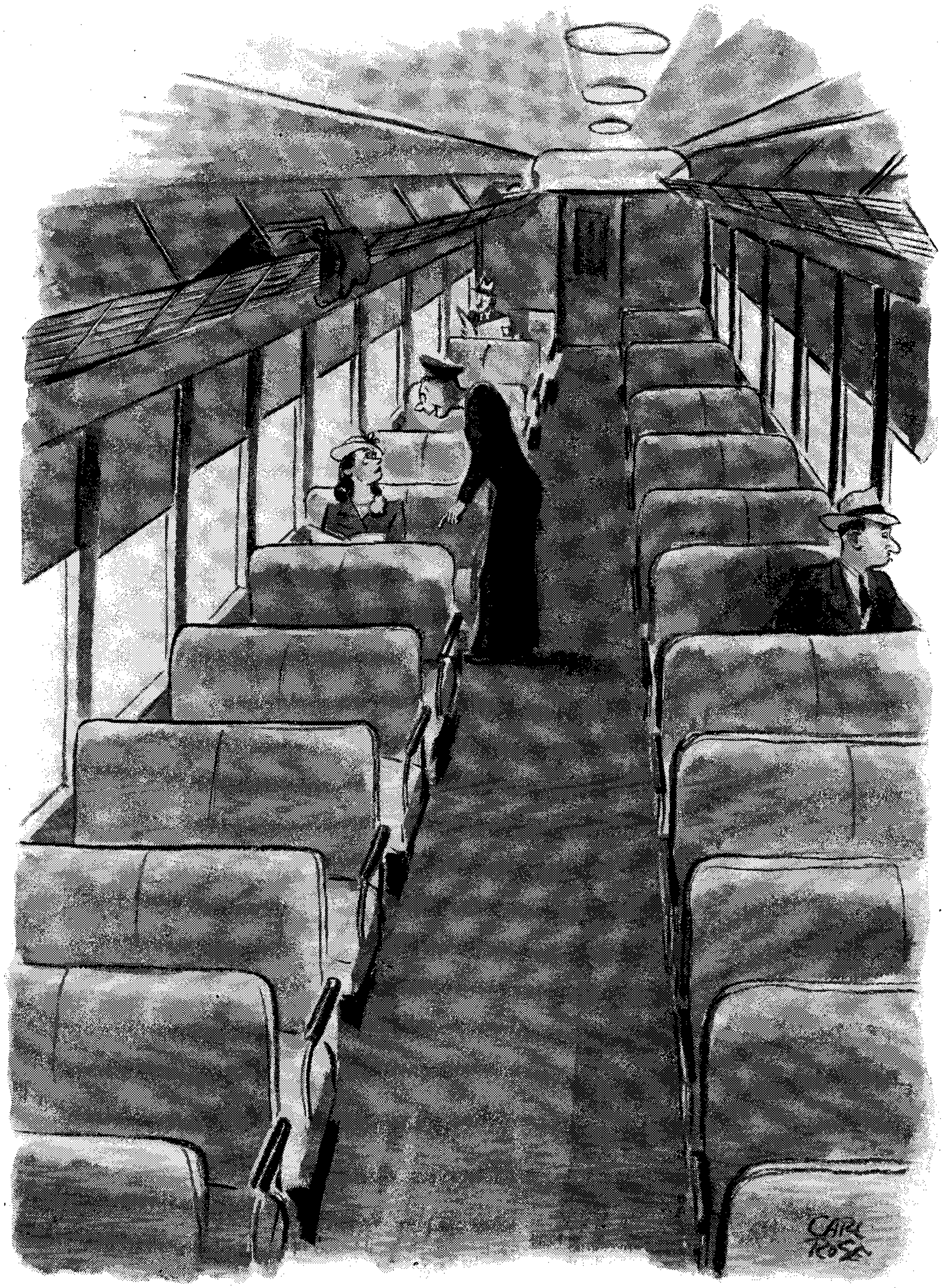
In the absence of Mrs. Sheridan, we dropped in first on a Mrs. Yankauer, who said that she was having no rationing trouble yet but would welcome any helpful pointers. "Have you tried butter-stretching?" Mrs. Bacharach asked her. Mrs. Yankauer said no, she hadn't. Then we both learned, Mrs. Yankauer and us, that if you take a pound of butter and whip it up with a tall can of evaporated milk, a tablespoonful of gelatin, and a quarter of a cup of water, you will wind up with two pounds of butter. No good for cooking, you must understand, but fine on toast. The milk and the butter should be at room temperature for best results. "Are you interested in soybeans?" Mrs. Bacharach asked. "Oh, I don't think we've come to *that* yet," said Mrs. Yankauer. "Perhaps you're right," said Mrs. Bacharach. "Do you have a dog?" "No dogs, cats, or birds," said Mrs. Yankauer. "Anybody sick in the family?" asked Mrs. Bacharach. "Nothing serious," said Mrs. Yankauer. Mrs. Bacharach then thanked Mrs. Yankauer, who thanked Mrs. Bacharach, and we pushed on.

At our next stop, the apartment of a Mrs. Fox, our ring was answered by a maid and a cocker spaniel. When Mrs. Fox joined us in the drawing room, Mrs. Bacharach asked her if the dog offered any difficulties. "Oh no, he never could," said Mrs. Fox. "I'd simply give up points for him." Mrs. Bacharach handed her one of the A.S.P.C.A. leaflets anyhow. "I do have another problem, though," said Mrs. Fox. "My maid. She's allergic. She has a feeling that the only diet for her is plenty of good red meat." Mrs. Bacharach told her that the best thing to do was to have her maid get a statement from her doctor and go down to OPA headquarters, where they might give her an extra allowance. "I don't think she'd do that," Mrs. Fox said. "I'm afraid that would exasperate her." She said she thought she would just turn her maid's ration book over to her to keep and let her do her own shopping. Mrs. Bacharach agreed that that was probably wisest and we said goodbye.

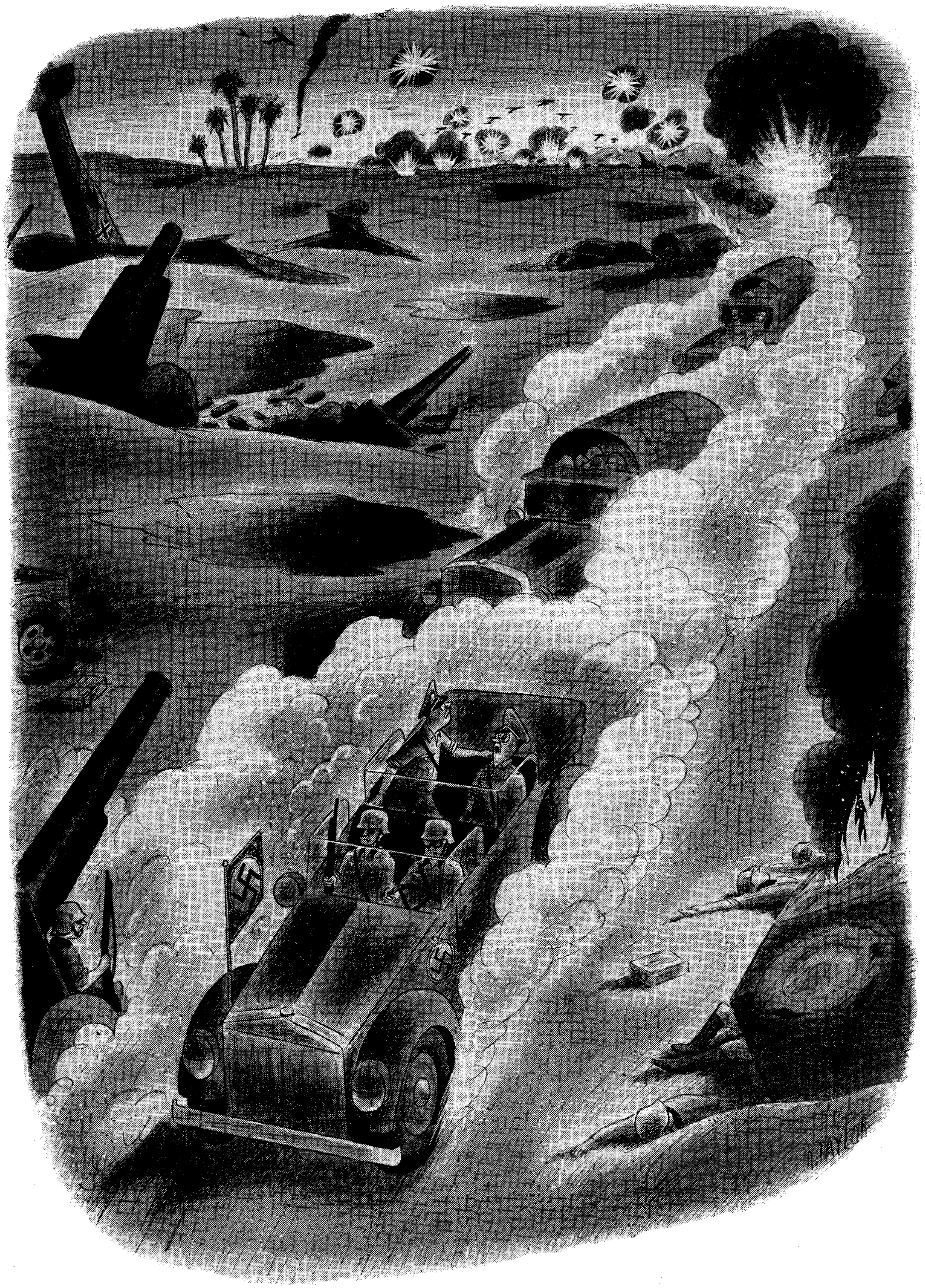
We called next on a Mrs. Blum, who lived right across the hall. "Are you collecting?" Mrs. Blum asked when she saw the CDVO badge which Mrs. Bacharach carried in her hand. Mrs. Bacharach explained her errand. Mrs. Blum said that so far her family was getting along fine. "Are you using your drippings?" asked Mrs. Bacharach. Mrs. Blum said she was. "Are you clarifying your fats?" asked Mrs. Bacharach. Mrs. Blum said she was doing that, too. "Do you know about using Quaker Oats in meat loaf?" Mrs. Bacharach asked. Mrs. Blum said she wasn't sure about that, but her cook knew most of the tricks, having gone through the last war. There didn't seem to be any special problems in the Blum household, so Mrs. Bacharach merely gave her an assortment of literature and we left. "It really is too bad Mrs. Sheridan isn't at home," Mrs. Bacharach said as we parted from her in the lobby. "There's so much you can do with someone who has eleven children in the family."

Chez Walter

A HARD-PRESSED Washington colonel was the inadvertent cause of some confusion in the War Department the other day when he dusted out of his office in a rush, pausing only to leave word with his secretary about his plans. She made a little memo in her notebook: "Will be in New York Wednesday. Can be reached at Walter Festoria's if anything important comes up."



"Is this seat taken?"



"We damn well better get our stories straight now. This is going to be hard to explain to das Hauptquartier."

THEY SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH

Frederick Wilcox made the last leg of the tiresome, all-day journey on a local that stank of tobacco and coal smoke and sounded its plaintive whistle at all the many Vermont grade crossings. He held his briefcase on his knees and tried to work on some correspondence, even though the train swerved and shook so that it was nearly impossible to read or write. It was late in the afternoon and growing dark when he closed his briefcase, took his bag down from the rack, and went out to the platform. From there he saw the Howells' barn go by, and the block of stores, and the waterfall with the mill behind it. He thought he recognized several of the people who got off at his stop, but none of them seemed to recognize him.

As he crossed the square he noticed that the basement windows of the courthouse were sandbagged and that soldiers were patrolling the bridge above town. Armed soldiers passed along the street in pairs, walking toward the Grange Hall, where they were billeted. He cut across the green, past the Civil War cannon, to the house of his parents. The windows were dark. He rang the bell four times before he heard his father's heavy step. "Home from the Indies, home from the ocean," the old man said as he opened the door. They shook hands and Mr. Wilcox took his son's bag.

When Frederick stepped into the house, he noticed, as always, how bad the air was and how crowded the living room was with furniture. His mother was waiting for him there and he embraced her. "We got your wire yesterday. I'm so glad you could find the time to come and see us," she said. "We were expecting you and Lois last summer—" She seemed to catch herself complaining and asked in a lighter voice, "Did you have a nice trip, Frederick?"

"Yes," he said.

"Turn on the light, Benjamin," she told her husband. "Did you have a nice trip?" she asked again.

"Yes," Frederick repeated.

"Was the train crowded?"

"No."

"Which will you have, tea or whiskey?" his mother asked.

"Whiskey," he said, "and I'll fix it myself."

"Hannah Saville was in New York last month," his mother said, "and she wanted to see you. Lois answered the telephone and said you were busy."

"Oh, I'm sorry," Frederick said. "Lois didn't tell me."

"Hannah stayed at one of the big hotels," his mother said, "and they charged her eight dollars a day for a room that was so small she had to close the bureau drawer before she could open the bathroom door."

"Hannah told me," his father said, "that they have a place in New York for ice-skating, right in the middle of the city, and that it costs eighty-eight cents to skate. Now, is that right, Frederick?"

"Yes," he said, "that's right."

"Stoddard Eaton would make a lot of money," his father said, "if he charged eighty-eight cents to skate on the ice pond."

"They wouldn't skate on the ice pond if Stoddard charged them eighty-eight cents," his mother said seriously. "They'd skate on Jacob's Pond."

There was nothing to say; there never had been. Frederick went to the sideboard and mixed himself a drink. He tried to recall some part of his life that might interest them. "I went to Washington the week before last to see Phil Abbott," he said. "I stayed in Alexandria with the Folsoms, and you ought to see the traffic going into Washington in the morning. I had to wait three hours to see Phil, and Harry Hopkins called him up while I was in his office."

"What time is it, Benjamin?" his mother interrupted.

"Quarter after six," Mr. Wilcox said.

"You think he'll come?" she asked.

"Well, it's hard to be sure," Mr. Wilcox said. "He said that he'd come if he could get a pass."

She turned to Frederick. "We're talking about Stevie. When the soldiers were first stationed here, we were asked to invite one of them for Sunday dinner. There are five hundred of them, you know. They sent us a nice young man from Virginia."

"About your age," his father said.

"Of course, he speaks with that Southern accent," his mother said, "but we're getting used to it. We like him so much that we tell him to come here whenever he wants to. He spends the night here sometimes and sometimes he takes a bath here, because they have to take their baths at the high school and the water isn't very hot."

"He hasn't been in the Army a year," his father said, "but he's a corporal."

"He plays checkers with your father and brings me candy. Oh, he's very attentive. He sent me that cyclamen on the table."

"It's a beautiful plant," Frederick said.

"Yes, isn't it?" his mother said. "I'm going to set it out pretty soon."

"He said that he might stop by tonight," Mr. Wilcox said, "but you can't tell. Soldiering isn't like business. It's a twenty-four-hour job. He said that he wanted to meet you and that he'd come if he could, but we try not to hold him down. I told him, 'Now, look here, Stevie, you come here when you want to and you'll always be welcome, but we won't ever expect you or make plans for you, because we understand that your time is not your own.' "

"There's always plenty to eat in this house," Mrs. Wilcox said, "and if there isn't anyone around to wait on him he can go to the icebox and help himself. He doesn't drink. He has a glass of beer with your father now and then, but he doesn't drink much."

"He doesn't drink much," Mr. Wilcox repeated.

"Well, it must have created a lot of excitement," Frederick said, "having five hundred soldiers land in a town this size. I don't know how many there are in Washington, but you see plenty of uniforms. The war is certainly changing the way we live. We can't sell steel furniture to people who aren't on the priorities list and we can't get steel furniture to sell to people who *are* on the priorities list. When I was in New Orleans last month—"

"Stevie has been to New Orleans," his mother said.

"It wasn't New Orleans," his father said. "It was Baton Rouge."

"Baton Rouge, New Orleans," she said. "I don't see what difference it makes." Then she turned to her son. "I think dinner will be ready in a few minutes, and if you want to wash, you had better go upstairs."

"I'll go up in a minute," Frederick said. He went to the sideboard to fix himself another drink.

"I think I hear Mrs. Munson putting the things on the table," his mother said. "I think you had better go upstairs and wash now."

When Frederick came down, his mother and father were already in the dining room. Mrs. Munson, the housekeeper, brought in the dishes and sat down between Frederick and his father. She was a stout native in her forties and was treated as a member of the family. The presence of the only son, from New York City, kept her quiet until Mr. Wilcox drew her into the conversation by remarking that she had a son in the Army.

"He's in a camp in Tacoma now," Mrs. Munson said. "It's in Washington, Tacoma is—the State of Washington—and near to the Pacific Ocean."

"Mrs. Munson's son is a first-class private, Frederick," Mr. Wilcox said.

"He enlisted," Mrs. Wilcox said, "so they let him choose what branch of the service he wanted to be in."

"Ah, that's the life for a man!" Mr. Wilcox exclaimed, and fell back in his chair and sighed, as though he were faced with one of those vast and tranquil mountain views that gave him so much comfort. "They get plenty of exercise and sleep and fresh air. I've never seen a finer-looking bunch of boys than the ones they've stationed here. They're tall and strong, and Stevie says there isn't a bad soldier in the lot. They'll rule the world someday, these soldiers will, and God be with them!" He struck the table with his hand. "They'll elect the next President. They'll run the government. They'll inherit the earth."

"There's plenty more gravy in the kitchen if anyone wants it on their potatoes," Mrs. Munson said quietly. She had taken all of what Mr. Wilcox said as a compliment and she was blushing with pride.

IT was his parents' custom, Frederick knew, to go to bed very soon after dinner, but when he was there they sat up with him. He was surprised when his mother went upstairs after they had been in the living room for only a few minutes. He started to talk about Washington again to his father. The old man listened impatiently and then began to read the evening paper. Frederick went upstairs, where his mother was in bed, reading.

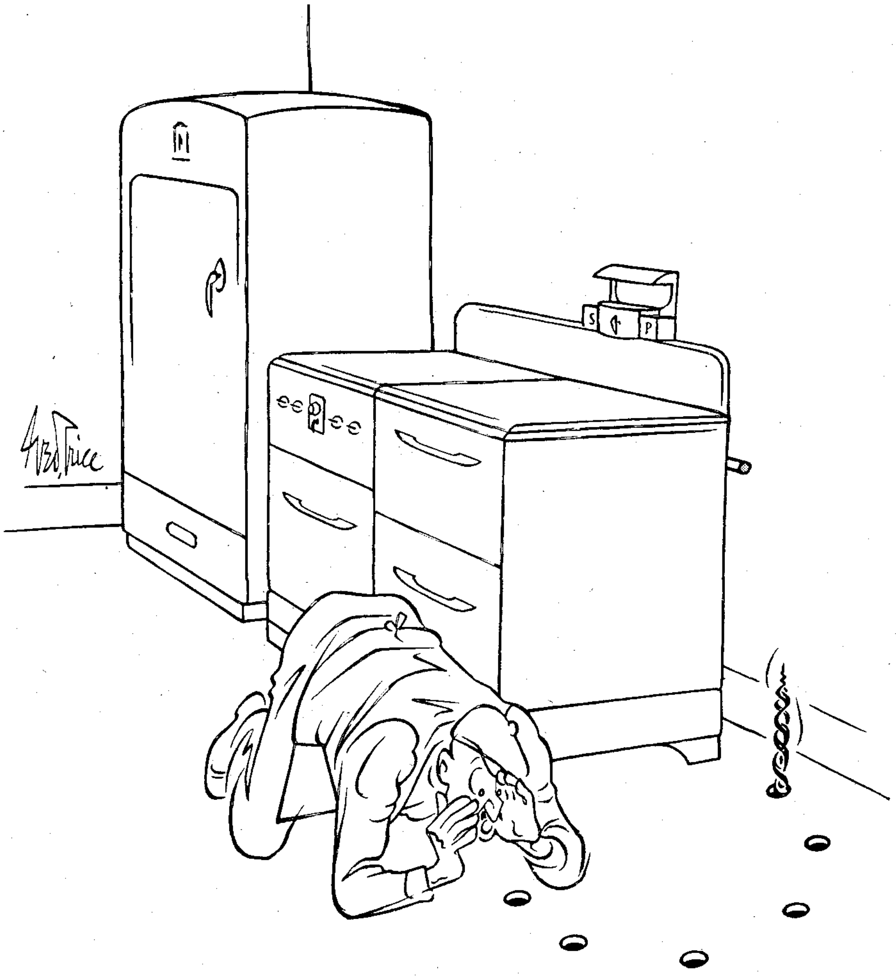
"Have you read this novel?" she asked.

"No. I don't have much time for reading," he said. "Lois does the reading for our family."

"It's very interesting. Stevie lent it to me. His friends sent him a lot of books for Christmas and he's been lending them to me." She laid the book down on the bed. "When do you have to go back?" she asked.

"Tomorrow," Frederick said.

"I'm so sorry you can't stay longer. I'm sorry you're not going to meet Stevie. There's a picture of him on the mantel. Don't you want to see a picture of him?"



"No, Otto—still quite a bit more to the south."

"Yes, I'd like to," Frederick said. He brought the picture from the mantel over to the bed, where the light was better. It was a snapshot of a good-looking young man in khaki. He stood freely and he had faced the shutter of the camera with an earnest and pleasant look.

"He's taller than he seems in the picture," Mrs. Wilcox said. "It's not a very good picture. Your father took it one Sunday afternoon. Your father has never learned how to work a camera." Frederick returned the picture to the mantel and she went on reading. Frederick decided to go to bed. What troubled him was not jealousy—it couldn't be that—but he was annoyed at their unenthusiastic reception after he had travelled so far.

When he stepped into his room he saw that he had lost possession there too. It smelled of pipe tobacco. There was a pipe rack on the bureau, and beside the pipe rack, in a silver frame, a photograph of a strange woman and two girls. On top of the bookcase, between two new bronze bookends, were a Spanish grammar, a book on naval warfare, Kipling's "Barrack-Room Ballads," and a copy of the Bible. Frederick opened the Bible. It was inscribed to "Steven Wilson Langely on his sixteenth birthday, from his loving mother."

He sat down on the edge of the bed. He felt like a ghost. On the table beside the bed there were a jackknife, a police whistle, a pipe-cleaner, and the beginnings of a collection of match folders. None of these belonged to him. He looked for some pajamas in his bureau and found another man's tan shirts. He started down the hall to ask where his pajamas had been put, but his mother's room was already dark, so he went downstairs to ask his father.

"I don't know where your mother put your things," Mr. Wilcox said. "I hope you don't mind that Stevie uses that room occasionally." Frederick shook his head. "I guess he isn't going to come," the old man said. He looked at his watch. "I guess he couldn't get a pass. It's too bad. He wanted to meet you."

There were footsteps on the gravel road outside and Mr. Wilcox went to the window. "This may be him. It looks a little like him. No, no. I guess it's the Blaisey boy going home from the mill. The mill's working three shifts now. Yes, that's the Blaisey boy, all right. I don't know why I ever thought it was Stevie. That Blaisey boy isn't anything like Stevie." —JOHN CHEEVER

BOOGIE-WOOGIE BALLADS

THE TOUCHIN' CASE OF MR. AND MRS. MASSA

Oh, let's fix us a julep and kick us a houn'
(Sing "Yassah! Yassah! Yassah!")
And let's dig a place in de col', col' groun'
For Mr. and Mrs. Massa!

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, this Mr. and Mrs. Massa have always lived in old Virginia and old North Carolina and old South Carolina and old Alabama and old Kentucky and old So Forth and old So On and nobody has ever understood the colored people the way they do because down in old So Forth and old So On is where the white folks understand the colored folks like no other white folks on earth understand colored folks. Yassah, Massa! Yassah!

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, before the war and for some time afterward Mr. and Mrs. Massa understood the colored folks so well that they had a washerwoman they paid $1.50 a week and a cook they paid $1.75 a week and a butler they paid $2.25 a week and it was mighty lucky for these colored folks that the washerwoman was the cook's mother and the butler was the cook's husband because this enabled the three of them to live cozily in the fifth one-room shack from the left on the other side of the railroad tracks and thus pay $0.85 less a week for rent than the total of their combined salaries.

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, and over and above the total of their combined salaries Mrs. Massa every other week gave the cook a ham bone outright and Mr. Massa every other month gave the butler a whole quarter of a dollar extra right out of a clear sky. It was manna, Mammy! Manna!

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, but after the war had been going along for a while the butler, whose name was Charles F. Parker, came to Mr. Massa and told him he was going to quit because he had been offered a job as a counterman in the cafeteria of a defense plant at a salary of $15 a week plus three meals a day and Mr. Massa understood the colored folks so well he told Charles F. Parker that up to then he (Mr. Massa) had been able through influence to persuade the local draft board not to draft him (Charles F. Parker) but that if he (Charles F. Parker) quit his job as butler he (Mr. Massa) would have to persuade the draft board to go ahead and draft him (Charles F. Parker). Swing low, sweet Lincoln!

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, but then Charles F. Parker told Mr. Massa that as he (Charles F. Parker) understood the situation after conversations with the draft board he (Charles F. Parker) had already been classed as 4-F owing to a number of physical disabilities, including chronic hoecake poisoning, and that therefore he thought he would take the job at the defense-plant cafeteria but with all due respect to Mr. Massa, etc. and etc. Hit that hoecake, boys! Hit it!

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, so Mr. and Mrs. Massa saw the straws in the wind, saw which way the wind was blowing, and also recognized the trend of the time, so they took another tack, changed face, turned over new leaves, and each gave Charles F. Parker fifteen cents as a bonus and wished him success in his new job and raised the washerwoman (Esther G. Henderson) from $1.50 a week to $1.75 a week and raised the cook (Mrs. Charles F. Parker) from $1.75 a week to $1.85 a week with the understanding that Mrs. Esther G. Henderson would help out Mrs. Charles F. Parker in the kitchen and that Mrs. Charles F. Parker would wait on the table. Pass the hominy grits, boys! Pass it!

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, but at the end of the first week under the new arrangement Mrs. Charles F. Parker came to Mrs. Massa and said she was going to quit because she had been offered a job as cook at the defense-plant cafeteria at a salary of $22.50 per week plus three meals a day and Mrs. Massa jus' had to cry. Weep some mo', my lady, oh, weep some mo'!

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, and then the washerwoman (Esther G. Henderson) came to Mrs. Massa and said she was going to quit because she was eighty-two years old and her back ached and her daughter and son-in-law were going to support her for nothing, and Mrs. Massa jus' had to cry some mo'!

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, and then one day a week after that Mr. and Mrs. Massa were walking back home after a dinner at the Old Southern Greek Chophouse and they saw Charles F. Parker and Mrs. Charles F. Parker and Esther G. Henderson coming out of the colored section of a movie house after having seen a Technicolored feature featuring Jack Benny and Mr. and Mrs. Massa noticed that Charles F. Parker had on a new suit and looked happy and that Mrs. Charles F. Parker had on a new dress and looked happy and that Esther G. Henderson had on a new shawl and looked happy and moreover was still laughing at the jokes Jack Benny had made inside the movie house and Mr. and Mrs. Massa saw the three of them go into a three-room stucco bungalow where Esther G. Henderson had a room all to herself and Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Parker had a room all to themselves and then Mr. and Mrs. Massa looked at each other understandingly and tears came into the eyes of Mrs. Massa and Mr. Massa put his hand on her shoulder and said to her softly, "Nevah you mind, there'll be a reckonin' one of these days!"

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, and so Mr. and Mrs. Massa finally closed up the house in old So Forth and old So On and came to New York and leased a suite at the Savoy-Plaza and the Savoy-Netherlands and the Savoy-So Forth and the Savoy-So On and any time you want to listen day or night as well as any time you don't want to listen day or night they will tell you for hours without stopping how they understand the colored people like no other white folks on earth understand colored folks and how the war and high wages are jus' ruinin' everything down in old So Forth and old So On and how never you mind there's goin' to be a reckonin' one of these days. Reckon twice and hit it again, boys! Hit it!

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Oh, and the bones of Mr. and Mrs. Massa are not growing cold and their heads are not bending low and no angel voices are calling to them and if nobody will carry them back to old So Forth and old So On, oh, then . . .

[*Boogie-woogie*]

Let's fix us a julep and kick us a houn'
(Sing "Yassah! Yassah! Yassah!")
And let's dig a place in de col', col' groun'
For Mr. and Mrs. Massa!

—S. M.

• •

MOTHER AND THE KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS

MY sister, June, was two and a half years old when Mother and Father were divorced; I was older. We had been going to dancing school for six months. June could dance on her toes, like a ballet dancer, even before we went to dancing school. Father, who was a reporter on a Los Angeles paper, didn't approve of dancing lessons, perhaps because of the expense, but Mother believed in starting things early. After the divorce we went to live with Grandpa. He had built a little house in Seattle and there was an extra room for just such an emergency. The house was near a dancing school, too, but Grandpa was sorry about that, for he didn't believe in theatricals, as he put it. Piano lessons, yes. And singing lessons. Those were accomplishments a young lady could display in her own parlor. But not toe-dancing. "It's a waste of good money," he would say to Mother. "Wait until the girls are older, then have them trained for a decent livelihood. Like schoolteaching or—"

"But, Papa," Mother would tell him impatiently, "Professor Ballard says June is a natural-born dancer. Why, she's double-jointed in every bone in her body."

"He's a natural-born liar," Grandpa would say. "Always has been. All he wants is that dollar an hour. Double-jointed! Poppycock! And what if she is? Is that any reason to capitalize on the child's deformity?"

My sister wasn't deformed. She wasn't even double-jointed, although in those days any child who could do the splits or stand on her toes was thought to be. It seemed an easy way to explain such unnatural performances.

June looked as though she belonged in the theatre. Her eyes were large and very blue, with deep circles under them. Even before Mother touched June's hair up with peroxide, it was bright yellow. Her legs were long and wiry, with bumpy knees. Mother massaged the bumps every night with cold cream, but they never went away. Even if this had been serious it wouldn't have mattered, because Mother's mind was made up. Her daughters were going to have a theatrical career.

We made our début, with Grandpa's halfhearted permission and his money for costumes, at one of his lodges. It was a Knights of Pythias celebration following the installation of officers, and Grandpa played piano for us. He played for the installation of officers, too; it was because of his connection with the lodge that Mother managed to book our act.

I sang "I'm a Hard-Boiled Rose" in a "tough" costume—a sweater and skirt, a feathered hat, and striped stockings—but the evening belonged to my sister. From the moment she stepped on the stage in her pink tarlatan ballet dress, with a butterfly in her hair, the audience was hers.

Mother stood in the wings and prompted June as she danced. "The rose step," Mother said, her voice carrying to the back of the lodge hall. "Smile, dear, smile. That's right. Now, arabesque. Arabesque."

June smiled and did the arabesque. Grandpa followed her steps carefully on the piano. He played by ear, so he didn't have to keep his eyes on the score, but he never once glanced up at June. It was the only way he had left to express his disapproval. The audience applauded wildly and June took bow after bow and said "Fank you" in a clear, high-pitched voice. "Fank all of you."

The next day my sister's picture was in the paper, under the caption "Knight's Granddaughter Danced." Grandpa bought ten copies of the paper and clipped this notice from each of them. He pasted one in his scrapbook, next to a clipping on the perils of drink, and sent the others to friends and relatives.

"You may be right at that about June," he said to Mother later. "She might do pretty well in theatricals. I still don't think it's the life for Plug, though."

Plug was my nickname, and I lived up to it. I was big for my age and more than just chubby. My hair was cut short in a Dutch bob, with bangs, and my teeth came to a peculiar point in front. They were going to be straightened when I was nine years old. That was the plan, and Grandpa put away a little money each month to pay the dentist. But by the time I was nine, we had been in show business, off and on, for five years and there was no longer any time for teeth-straightening. Besides, Mother had spent the dentist money.

"Shoes are more important at the moment," she said when she drew the money from the bank. "We'll fix the teeth later." Then, because Mother liked to justify everything twice, she added, "The braces would show from the audience, anyway."

The braces might have shown, but I don't think the audiences we played to would have cared. All I did in the act was sing "I'm a Hard-Boiled Rose," and for that I didn't need teeth, and Mother knew it.

JUNE's talent carried the act—June's talent and Mother's courage. Mother had more than just courage; she had energy, resourcefulness, and ambition. Also, she was, in a ladylike way, ruthless.

Mother wasn't surprised to find show business competitive. She had expected that and was prepared for it. From the first, Grandpa's lodges were a great help. Besides the Knights of Pythias, Grandpa belonged to seven others. He played the piano free for all those lodges, and Mother thought that when they had an entertainment the very least they could do was to engage his grandchildren. We played all eight lodges many, many times.

When we played on the same bill with another kiddie act, things always seemed to go wrong for them. Pieces of their wardrobe would be missing. A toe shoe would get burned. A blond wig would disappear. The act's music would be lost. Mother was always very sympathetic when these misfortunes happened and would join in the search for the missing articles, and sometimes she was the one to find them—always too late. The show would be over and the other act would have been a dismal failure. Later Mother would say to us, "They shouldn't have left the things lying around so carelessly."

Mother was not above teaching June a routine she had seen another child perform. She would elaborate on the original and in time convince herself that it had been her idea in the first place. If anybody criticized her for doing this, she would shrug her shoulders and say, "That's show business." In her more dramatic moods she would add, "I'm a woman alone in the world with two babies to support." She said this years after June and I were out of the baby stage, and even after there were three ex-husbands contributing to our support, but that was a detail Mother always chose to forget until the alimony checks were past due. Mother didn't call it alimony. If it was mentioned at all, it was "a financial settlement."

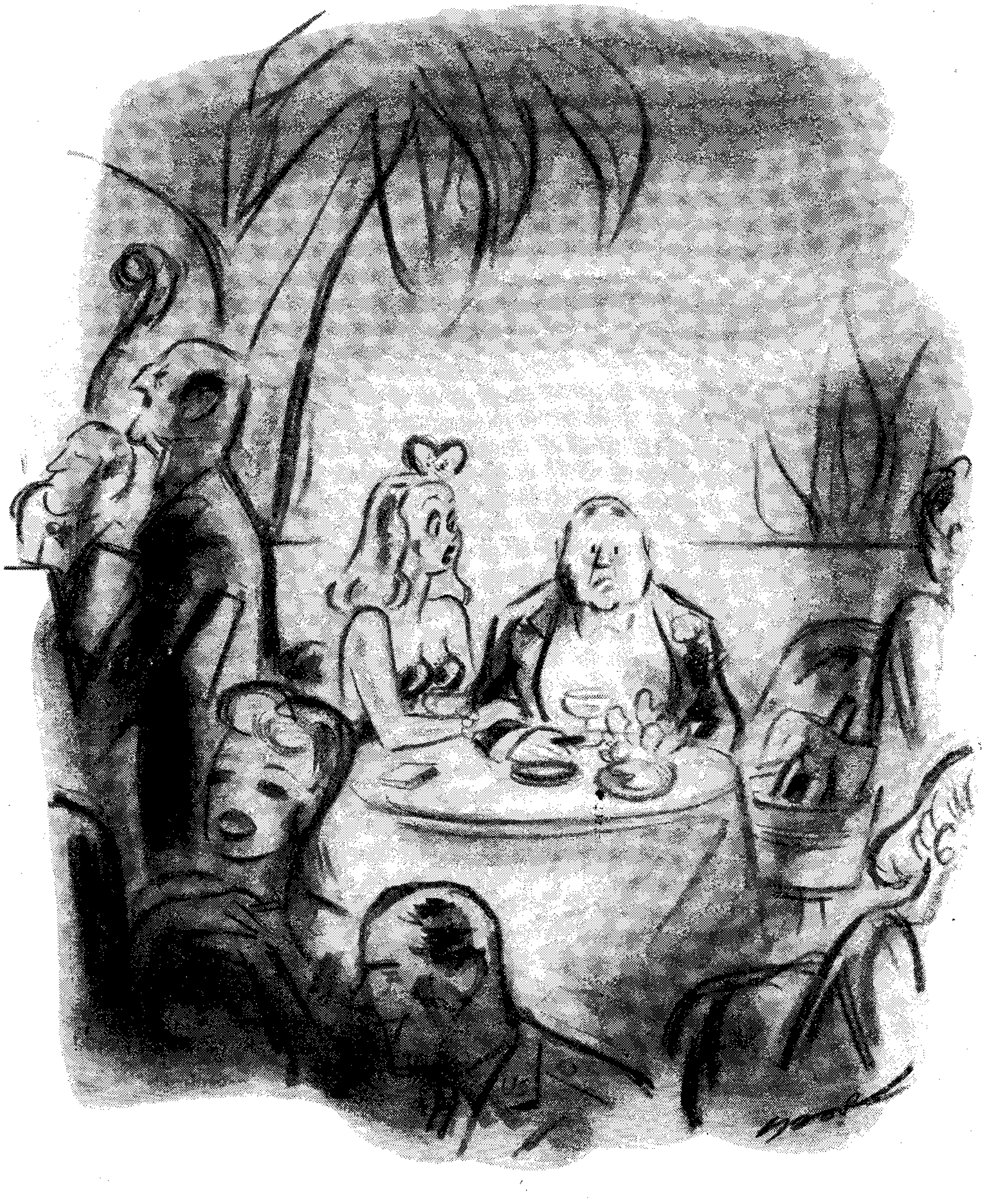
Besides our real father, who lived in Los Angeles, we had two other fathers. June and I never got to know them very well. They weren't around long enough. One was a chiropodist. I know that because I heard Mother and a friend of hers talking about him one day. The friend called him a corn doctor, and Mother was always sensitive about things like that. "Corn doctor," she repeated slowly and thoughtfully. Within a month she had divorced him and we were back in show business.

Whenever Mother was married we didn't work; we trouped only between marriages. One of our fathers was a wholesale grocery salesman, whom Mother called Bubs. He used to bring home samples to June and me, and I think we liked him very much, but I'm not sure. Mother divorced him because he was cruel. Cruel and inhuman, Mother charged in her complaint. He wanted to send us to school—not dancing school but a public school. He also tried to make us go to Sunday school. Mother explained to him that June was too high-strung for Sunday school, but he insisted and so we went. My sister became hysterical when they told us the story of Moses in the bulrushes and had to be carried out of the room screaming. She cried all the way home and cried for three days whenever she thought about the sad story. "He might have got dwowned," she kept saying between spasms.

Bubs said she was a spoiled brat and that we were both heathens. He accused Mother of not raising us properly. Mother cried and held us both close and defied Bubs to lay a hand on us. "If the story of Moses does *this* to the child," she said, "can you imagine what would happen if she heard about the Crucifixion?" We never had to go to Sunday school again.

As soon as Mother divorced Bubs we went back on the stage, this time for good. Mother decided she would never marry again. "It isn't fair to the children's career," she said.

Wherever we trouped, Mother carried several lodge buttons with her. She had a right to carry eight because of Grandpa, but with the exception of the Shriners and the Knights of Pythias, Grandpa's lodges were fairly unimportant organizations. It was all right to play them in Seattle, where we could live with Grandpa, but on the road their halls were too small to make an appearance profitable. Of all the lodge insignia, Mother's favorite was an Elk's tooth. Every town has an Elks' Club, but aside



"Don't take it so hard, Mr. Horton—I'm only enlisting for the duration."

from that she really liked the tooth. She wasn't exactly an Eastern Star, but she carried that pin, too. Bubs had been a Mason.

Mother called the pins her money in the bank. She also called them her nest egg and her railroad fare home. They were very useful. Once, I remember, we ran out of money in Bend, Oregon. Mother looked over the town carefully. The largest lodge hall settled the question of which pin she would wear for the day. The largest hall in Bend was discouragingly small and needed paint and the green shades hanging on the dusty windows were torn and shabby. Mother wasn't discouraged. She dressed carefully and pinned the button suiting the occasion to the collar of her knitted dress. There was a trace of dead-white powder on her face. With June on one arm and me on the other, Mother called on the head man of the lodge.

The Mogul was very polite to Mother—they always were—and nervous, too. "Sit down, sit down," he said, and pulled a leather chair up for Mother. "And what," he said expansively, "can I do for a charming lady and two lovely little girls?"

Mother smiled at the Mogul, a wan, sad smile with a hint of bravery underneath. She held June and me closely. "My babies!" she said.

June dipped into her little curtsy. I was too frightened to do anything but grin at the man, and he frightened me by grinning back.

"They are little show kiddies," Mother said. "I thought we were supposed to play your lovely town, but it seems that I got my engagements mixed up again. I'm not much of a businesswoman and I—we were really due in Prineville but I bought the wrong tickets. I used our last cent in the world to get to the wrong town." She laughed bravely, but her eyes were filled with tears, and she reached into her purse for a handkerchief. She looked quite faint. The Mogul was alarmed. He jumped to his feet to assist her, but Mother begged him not to bother.

"Please," she said. "I'll be all right. Really I will. As soon as I have a little hot soup."

June snuggled closer and began to whimper. "I'm hungry, too, Mommie." We had rehearsed the scene.

"Don't cry, angel," Mother said softly. "Mother knows."

I was supposed to cry, too, on such occasions, but I never could. That day it was worse. I had just eaten three hot dogs and I was afraid that somehow the man would find it out.

"We aren't asking for charity," Mother went on. "All we ask is a chance to *earn* a little money. Just enough to get us on to the next town."

The sympathetic Mogul's eyes strayed to Mother's left hand. She was fingering the lodge button, not too obviously but just in case it had been overlooked.

"What about your husband?" the Mogul asked.

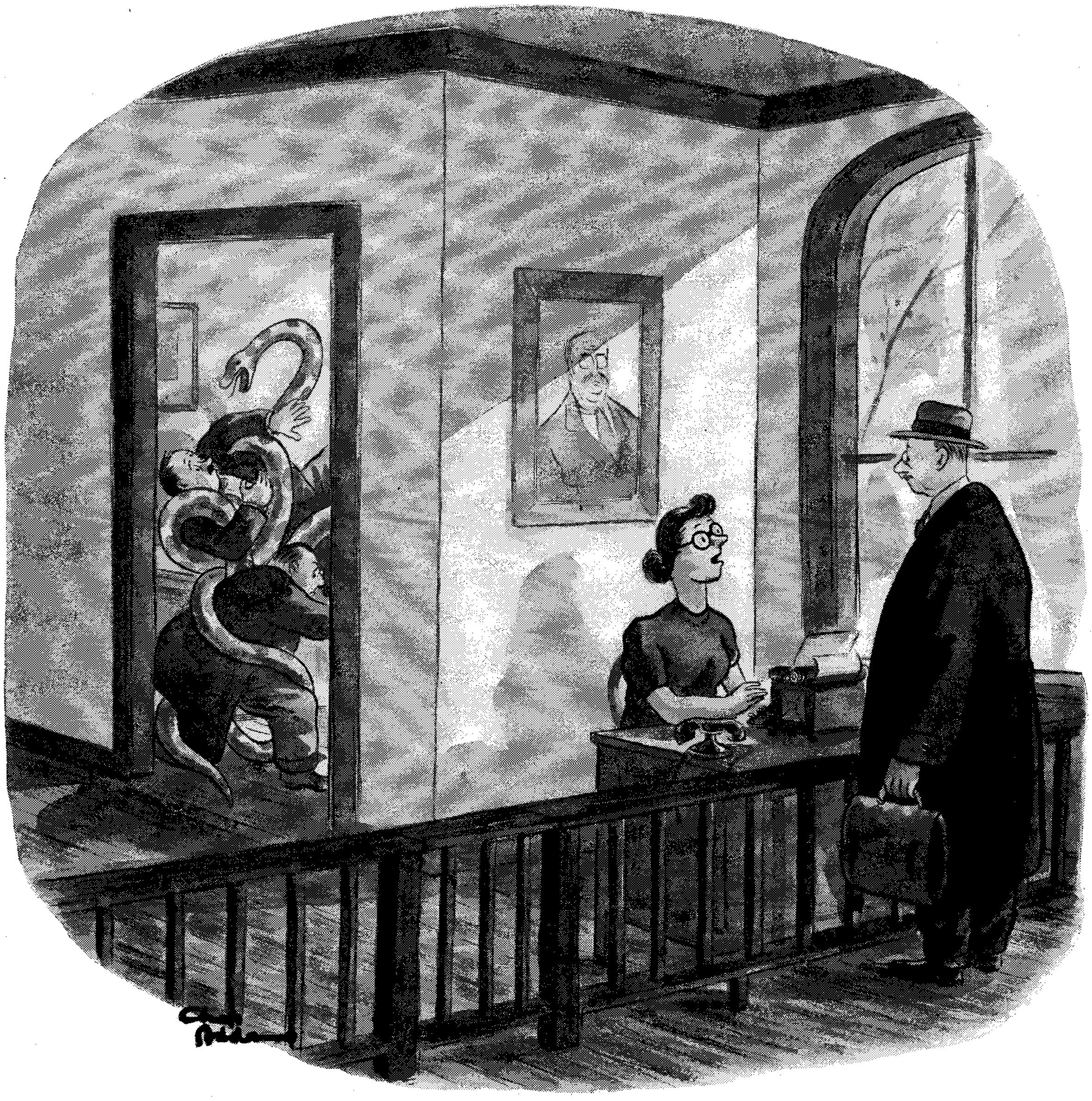
"He deserted us a year ago," Mother whispered.

The expression on the Mogul's face hardened. "A lodge brother!" he said. "To think a lodge brother would do a thing like this! Let his wife and two babies go out into the world alone!"

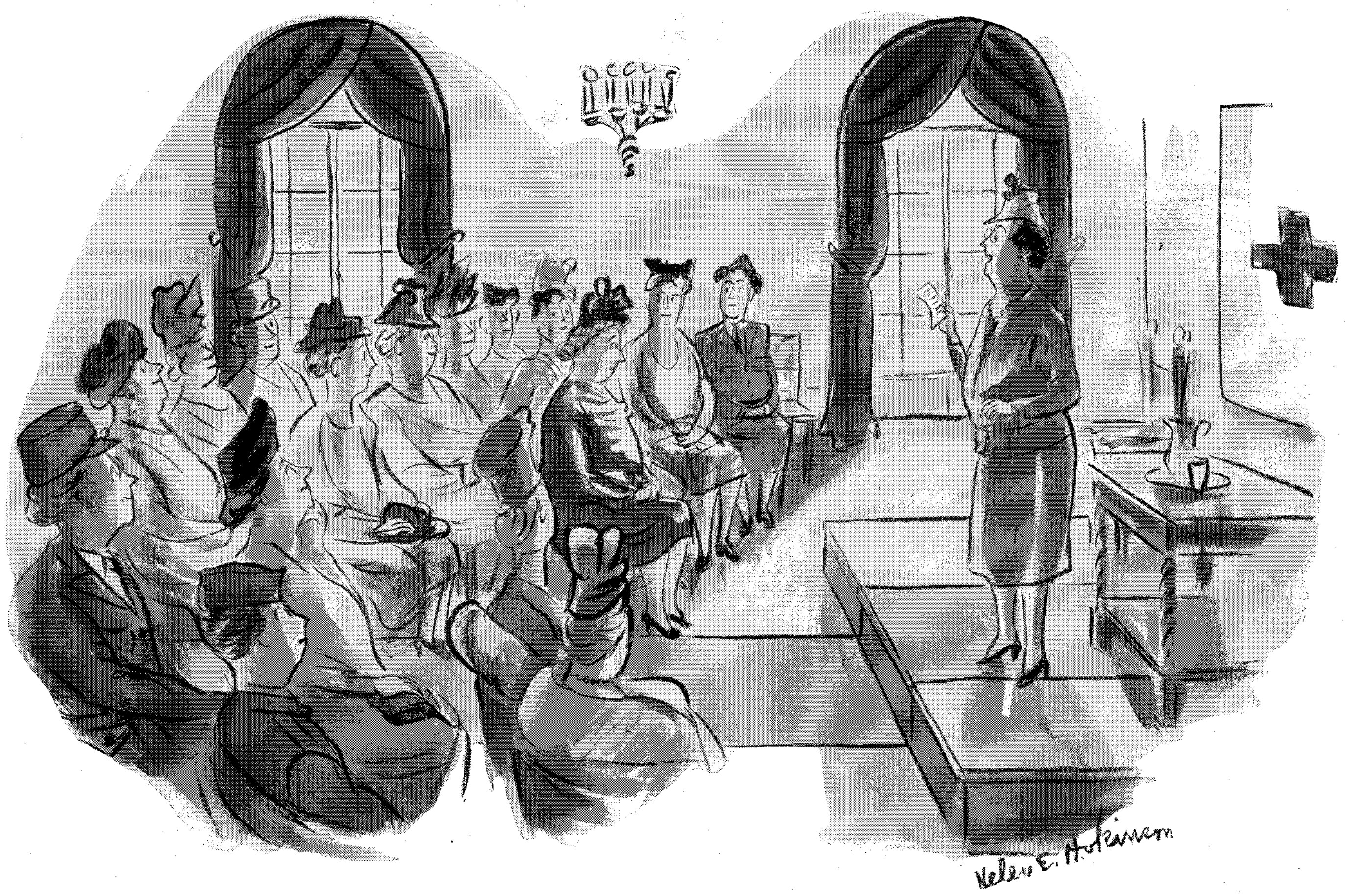
Mother stared at her lap. She swallowed painfully, but when she faced the Mogul her eyes were dry. She was the picture of a mighty brave little woman. "Please don't blame him too much," she said. "He—he tried."

"I want my daddy," June said. "Mommie, where is my daddy?"

Mother closed her eyes to shut in the tears. "You see," she explained, "I never told them."



"Won't you take a seat? The curator is engaged just now."



"Mrs. Wilmer C. Norton has asked me to announce that she will exchange a pair of black kid pumps, size 5-A, for almost anything in 5½-B."

• •

The Mogul was a man who made his decisions quickly. He reached for the telephone and asked for a number. "I'm calling a lodge brother," he said to Mother as he waited for the connection. "He manages a local theatre. Our lodge hall is too small for an act like this, but I know Mr. Willis will be happy to let you perform in his theatre after the movie." The Mogul cupped his hand around the mouthpiece as he talked to Mr. Willis, but even so I could hear every word. So could Mother. She waited until the Mogul mentioned money, then she interrupted. "Perhaps I should see Mr. Willis myself," she said. "He'll want to know about publicity and music—you know, all the little details. . . ." The Mogul wrote a note and handed it to Mother, June dipped into her little curtsy, and we were on our way to see the manager of the theatre.

Mr. Willis wasn't as sympathetic as the Mogul. He didn't like Mother's proposition of playing the house on a fifty-fifty basis, and agreed to it reluctantly only after Mother reminded him that she was a lodge brother's wife and alone in the world with two babies to support and that the Mogul was our friend. "And naturally," Mother added, "you pay for the exploitation—the window cards and throwaways."

THAT night we played to a full house, mostly lodge brothers and their families. Mother accompanied us on the piano and prompted June from the orchestra pit. "Smile, dear, smile. Now the rose step." We took eight bows and three encores. As Mother said later, there wasn't a dry eye in the house.

After the show the Mogul brought our share of the proceeds backstage to our dressing room. Mr. Willis, he said, was not feeling well. "How unfortunate," Mother murmured. We packed our costumes and the Mogul and his wife drove us to the station. They gave June and me a bag of oranges and a box of gum drops. As the train pulled out, Mother nudged June. "Wave to the nice man and lady," she said. "Wave and throw them a big kiss."

June kept waving and throwing kisses until the Mogul and his wife were out of sight; then we began to divide the oranges while Mother counted the money. "Seventy-one, seventy-two, seventy-three . . ." She spread the bills out on her lap, carefully sorting the fives from the tens. Then she counted the change. "Seventy-seven fifty, seventy-seven ninety . . ." When she had finished, she put the money in a chamois bag and pinned it to her underwear; then she leaned back comfortably in the plush seat.

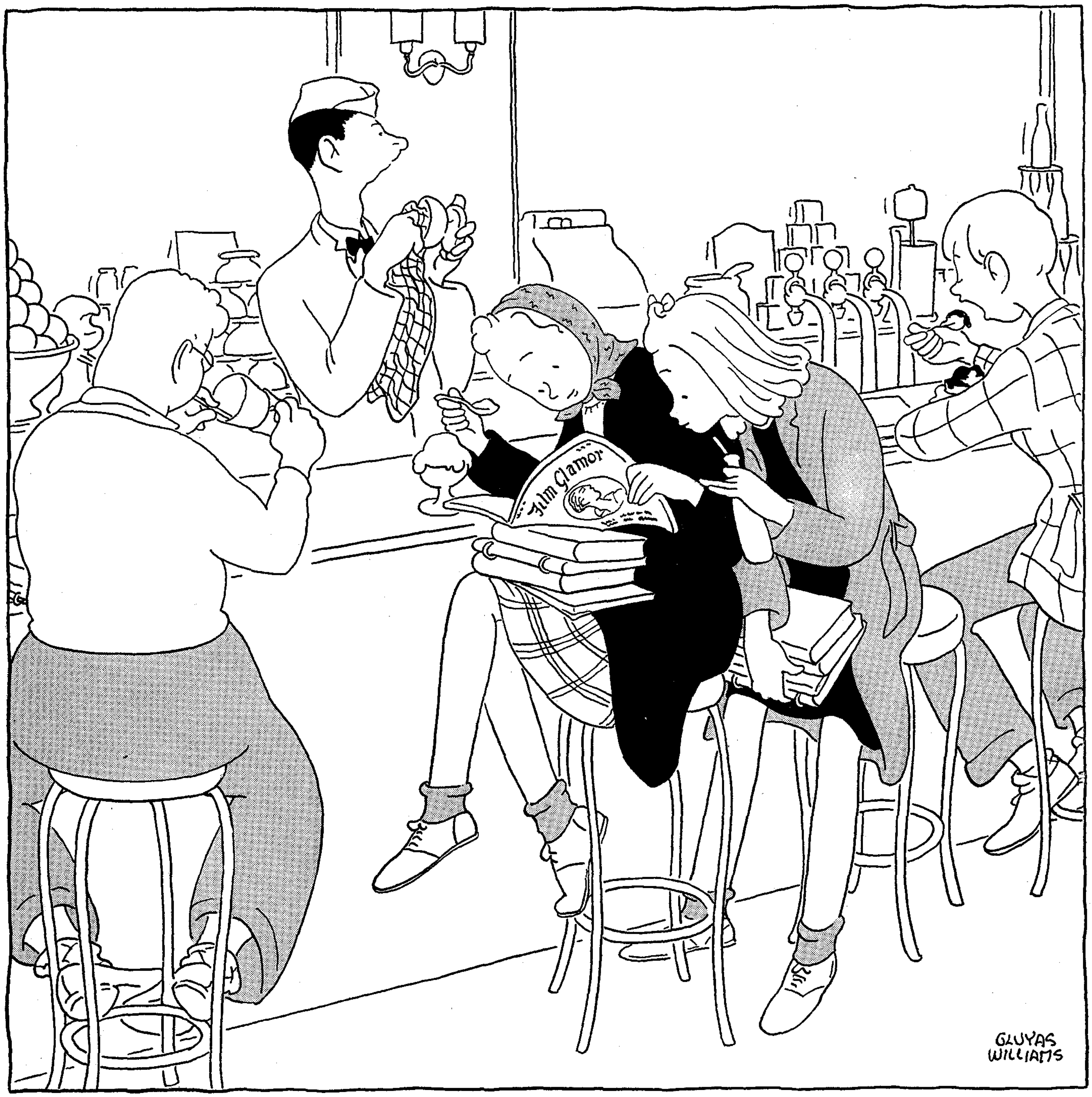
"Not bad," she said. "Not bad at all—considering the size of the town."

—GYPSY ROSE LEE

•

Early arrivals included Col. and Mrs. Walter Merriam Pratt, the latter, lovely as always, in a blue gown which matched her eyes; Mrs. William Dana Orcutt, wearing gold lame and accompanied by Mr. Orcutt; Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Bradley French, Mrs. French accenting her blonde hair with a flame dress embroidered with gold sequins and as carefree as though the Charlotte Cushman Club's Gardenia Ball, which takes place on Friday evening at the Copley-Plaza and plans for which rest on Mrs. French's shoulders, were no bother at all.—*Boston Traveler.*

Maybe it isn't. Who knows?



THE READING PUBLIC

Lloyd Fitzbury is still looking for the Right Girl. "Will I find her in Hollywood? I wonder," he shrugs. You see, Lloyd Fitzbury is still the same Lloyd Fitzbury who, as plain Wilbur Grimes, came West two years ago to fight the lonely Battle of Hollywood, with no weapons but a six-month contract with options, the frame of a blond young giant, and a prayer in his boyish heart. He remembers—with no regrets or bitterness, to be sure, but he remembers—those lonely months when he was making only a hundred and fifty dollars a week in obscure parts, when nobody believed in Lloyd Fitzbury but Myron Selznick—and Lloyd Fitzbury. Yes, Lloyd Fitzbury has paid for his success. Even now, life isn't all polo, making love to Betty Grable, and attending premières. There have been little bitter lines about his mouth ever since he tried to enlist as a Commando and was found to be four pounds underweight.

"She must be able to laugh at it all," he told your interviewer. "Laugh, laugh, laugh!" He looked like anything but the conventional idea of a successful movie star as he stood, brown and lean in his white swimming trunks, at the edge of his swimming pool, scarcely panting in spite of just having swum the complete length without stopping. "Life is a comedy to those who think, and a tragedy to those who feel." A pity that so young a lad is forced to such a grim philosophy, but perhaps it is all for the best. At least, Lloyd Fitzbury has learned . . .

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE FOAMY FIELDS—III

NORGAARD, the Associated Press correspondent who was with me during a small war that took place at an airfield in southern Tunisia a while ago, often said that the country reminded him of New Mexico, and with plenty of reason. Both are desert countries of mountains and mesas, and in both there are sunsets that owe their beauty to the dust in the air. The white, rectangular Arab houses, with their blue doors, are like the houses certain Indians build in New Mexico, and the Arabs' saddle blankets and pottery and even the women's silver bracelets are like Navajo things. The horses, which look like famished mustangs, have the same lope and are similarly bridle-wise; burros are all over the place, and so is cactus. These resemblances are something less than a coincidence, because the Moors carried their ways of house-building and their handicraft patterns and even their breed of horses and method of breaking them to Spain, and the Spaniards carried them to New Mexico eight hundred years later. All these things go to make up a culture that belongs to a high plateau country where there are sheep to furnish wool for blankets and where people have too little cash to buy dishes in a store, where the soil is so poor that people have no use for heavy plow horses but want a breed that they can ride for long distances and that will live on nearly nothing.

"This horse is young," an Arab once said to Norgaard and me as he showed us a runty bay colt tied in front of a combined general store and barbershop in a village about a mile from the airfield. "If I had had a little barley to feed him, he would be bigger, but what barley we had we have ourselves eaten. It is a poor country."

We used to go down to this village to get eggs when we were too lazy to make the chow line for breakfast or when we felt hungry at any time of day. We'd take them back to the shack a bunch of us were living in and cook them. Solitary Arabs squat along the roadsides all over North Africa, waiting for military vehicles. When one comes into sight, the Arab pulls an egg out from under his rags and holds it up between thumb and forefinger like a magician at a night club. The price of eggs—always high, of course—varies in inverse ratio to the distance from a military post. Near big towns that are a long way from any post the Arabs get only five francs (ten cents at the new rate of exchange) for an egg, but in villages close to garrisons eggs are sometimes hard to find at any price. Norgaard and I followed a standard protocol to get them. First we went into the general store and barbershop, which was just a couple of almost empty rooms that were part of a mud house, and shook hands with all the male members of the establishment. Naturally, we never saw any of the females. Then we presented a box of matches to the head of the house, an ex-soldier who spoke French, and he invited us to drink coffee. The Arabs have better coffee and more sugar than the Europeans in North Africa. While we drank the coffee, we sat with the patriarch of the family on a white iron bed of European manufacture. The patriarch had a white beard and was always knitting socks; he stopped only to scratch himself. Once, as we were drinking coffee, we watched our French-speaking friend shave a customer's head. He simply started each stroke at the top of the cranium and scraped downward. He used no lather; the customer moistened his own poll with spittle after each stroke of the razor. Once, when the customer made a particularly awful face, all the other Arabs sitting around the room laughed. During the coffee-drinking stage of the negotiations we presented the Arabs with a can of fifty English cigarettes. After that they presented us with ten to fifteen eggs. Soldiers who were not such good friends of theirs usually got twenty eggs for fifty cigarettes, but it always costs something to maintain one's social life. One day I asked the barber why the old man scratched himself, and he said, laughing, "Because of the black spots. We all have them, and they itch." With much hilarity the Arabs showed us the hard, black spots, apparently under their skins, from which they were suffering. I judged the trouble to be a degenerate form of the Black Death, tamed during the centuries by the rugged constitutions of our hosts. Norgaard thought that the spots were just chiggers.

THE Germans had come over our airfield on a Monday morning and strafed it and they had come back on Tuesday afternoon and bombed the place. They were going to start an offensive in southern Tunisia, we later learned, so they wanted to knock out this, the most advanced American field. On Wednesday morning the Germans made no attack. That afternoon Norgaard and I decided that we needed some eggs, so we walked down to the Arab village. I carried the eggs home in my field hat, a visored cap which has long flaps to cover your neck and ears when it is cold and which makes a good egg bag. We got back to our shack, which we preferred to call the Hotel Léon, between five and six o'clock. Major Philip Cochran, the airfield's operations officer, who lived in our shack and also used it as an office, was out flying, and Léon, the French liaison officer at the airfield and the titular proprietor of our premises, was out foraging. Jake and Otto, two soldier clerks who worked there during the day, had gone to chow. There was less than an hour of daylight left.

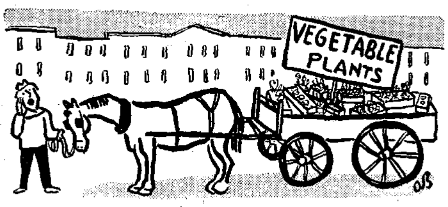
Cochran, who had a fine instinct for divining what the Germans were likely to do, had been sure that they would come over for the third day in succession, and Lieutenant Colonel William Momyer, the commanding officer of the field, had maintained a patrol of P-40's over the field all day. Cochran was among those taking their turns on patrol duty now. In forty minutes more all the planes would have to come down, because the field had no landing lights. And nothing had happened yet.

The walk had made Norgaard and me hungry and we decided to have our eggs immediately. We threw some kindling wood in the stove to stir the fire up and I put some olive oil in the mess tin in which I was going to scramble the eggs. The olive oil belonged to Léon, who went in for *haute cuisine* whenever he could assemble a quorum of majors and lieutenant colonels to act as scullions for him. I took the lid off the hole in the top of the stove, put the mess tin over the hole, and broke all the eggs into the oil. I think there were eleven of them. They floated around half submerged, and although I stirred them with a fork, they didn't scramble. We decided that I had used too much oil, so we added some cheese to act as a cement. Before the cheese had had time to take effect, we heard a loud explosion outside—plainly a bomb—and felt the shack rock. Norgaard grabbed his tin hat and ran out the door to look, and I was just going to follow him when I reflected that if I left this horrible brew on the stove hole a spark might ignite the oil and thus set fire to the shack. I carefully put the mess on a bench and replaced the lid on the stove. I put on my helmet and followed Norgaard out into a kind of foxhole outside our door. More bombs exploded and then all we could hear was the racket of the Bofors cannon and .50 calibre machine guns defending the field. I went back inside, removed the stove lid, and put the eggs on again. Just as some warmth began to return to the chill mess, another stick of bombs went off. In the course of the next minute or so, I repeated my entire routine. Before I finished cooking dinner, I had to repeat it three times more. Finally the eggs and the cheese stuck together after a fashion and I drained the oil off. Then, since no bombs had dropped for a couple of minutes, I poured half the concoction into Norgaard's canteen cup, I put what was left in my mess tin, and we ate.

After we had eaten, we left the shack and started toward the large, round pit, some fifty yards away, which served as a control room for the field. Night had closed in. There had been no firing now for ten minutes, but as we approached the pit, our anti-aircraft opened up again, firing from all around the field simultaneously. The Bofors tracer shells, which look like roseate Roman candles, reminded me of the fireworks on the lagoon at the World's Fair in Flushing. The burst ended as abruptly as it had begun, except that one battery of .50's kept on for an extra second or two and then stopped in an embarrassed manner.

We saw a lot of our pilots clustered around the pit. A corporal named Dick usually stood in the pit talking to our planes in the air by radio telephone, but a major named Robert Christman, the C.O. of one of the post's fighter squadrons, was in Dick's place. I recognized Christman's voice as he spoke into the telephone, asking, "Did you see the gunfire? Did you see the gunfire?" You wouldn't ask a Jerry that if you were shooting at him, so I knew they were firing the anti-aircraft guns to light one or more of our planes home. Christman asked again, "Did you see the gunfire? Did you see the gunfire?" Then he said to somebody else in the pit, probably Dick, "Hold this a minute." He stuck his head up over the side of the pit and shouted in the direction of a nearby dugout, "They say they saw the fire! Cochran's going to lead in and land to show the other ship the way! Lord, how that Cochran swears when he's excited! Tell the ack-ack to hold everything!" The switchboard through which the control room communicated with all the ack-ack batteries was in the dugout. Nothing was convenient on that field. It sometimes seemed that one of the pilots had scratched the whole thing out of the ground with a broken propeller blade after a forced landing.

We could see a plane showing red and green lights slowly circling over the field, descending gradually in long, deliberate spirals, as if the pilot wanted somebody to follow him. Then there was a blast of machine-gun fire and a fountain of tracers sprayed up from a distant edge of the field. "God damn them!" Christman yelled. "Tell them to hold that fire! What do they want to do—shoot Phil down?" The plane coasted slowly, imperturbably lower. It was Cochran's firm belief, I knew, that the ack-ack on the field had never hit anything, so he probably wasn't worried. The plane skimmed over the surface of the field. There was one pitiful red light on the field for it to land by, like the lantern one hangs on the tail of a hobbled donkey to keep him from being hit by a pushcart. "He'll never make it that way," a pilot near me said. "What the hell is he doing? He'll overshoot. No, there he goes up again."



In a minute Christman, back at the phone once more, said, "Cochran went up because the other fellow couldn't see him. The other ship says he saw the gunfire, though. Now he wants a burst on the southern edge of the field only." Somebody in the switchboard dugout yelled, "Come on now! Battery C only, Battery C only! Everybody else *hold* it!" All the guns on the field imme-

CIPHER

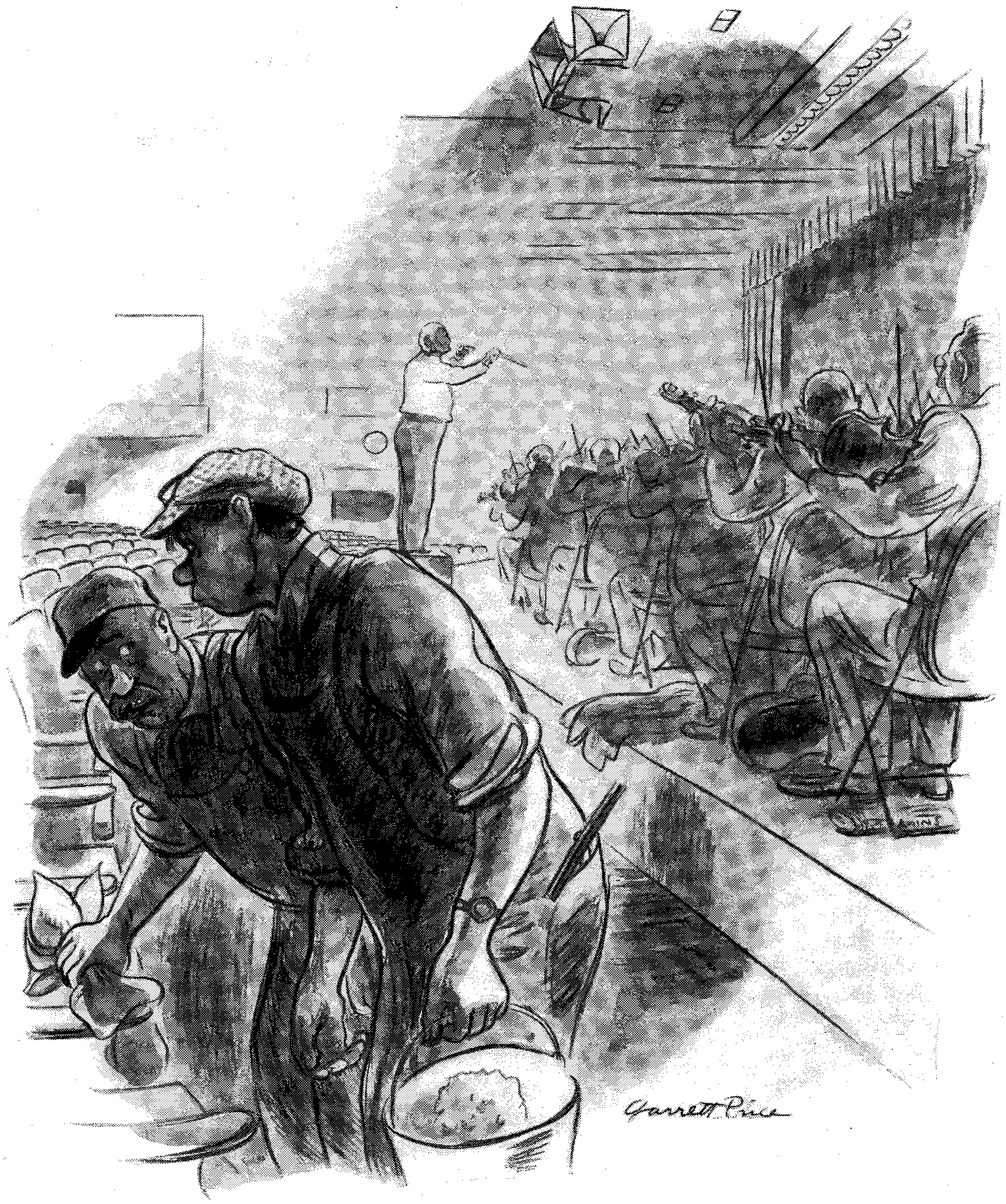
Cobwebs of dusk the mothlike silence fill;
the new moon thrusts a tusk above the hill;
small lights spill lustre on the evening mist;
clandestine call of distant whippoorwill,
the hyla's bells, the cricket's stealthy hist
as drops of water fall,
and like a mourner coming from afar,
a shadow wells along the street's deep hall.

The subtle mouse of night creeps by the curb;
the air is linen-cool, the pavement damp;
a bare branch spells a message on the sky;
the pool of vapor white around the house
no winds disturb.
The loiterer turns and lingers on the corner,
mild fingers of the dark upon his brow.
About suburban villas curl the fumes
that dreams endow, gleams from a magic lamp
stipple the young trees in the vacant park.

He is aware of something odd, surmised,
something he cannot seize,
as one who has surprised the inner wonder
of ancient tombs or heard a sigh that springs
from the ambiguous sod and stirring bough,
felt the vibrations of inaudible things,
a hint of earth's duality, till now
kept under;
his thought is at a giddy brim, as if
one wandering through a long-familiar wood
found stamped before him on the sodden ground
the print of some conjectural hippogriff.

—Peggy Bacon

• •



"I got no complaint about the hours and the pay's O.K., but the damned noise gets me."

• •

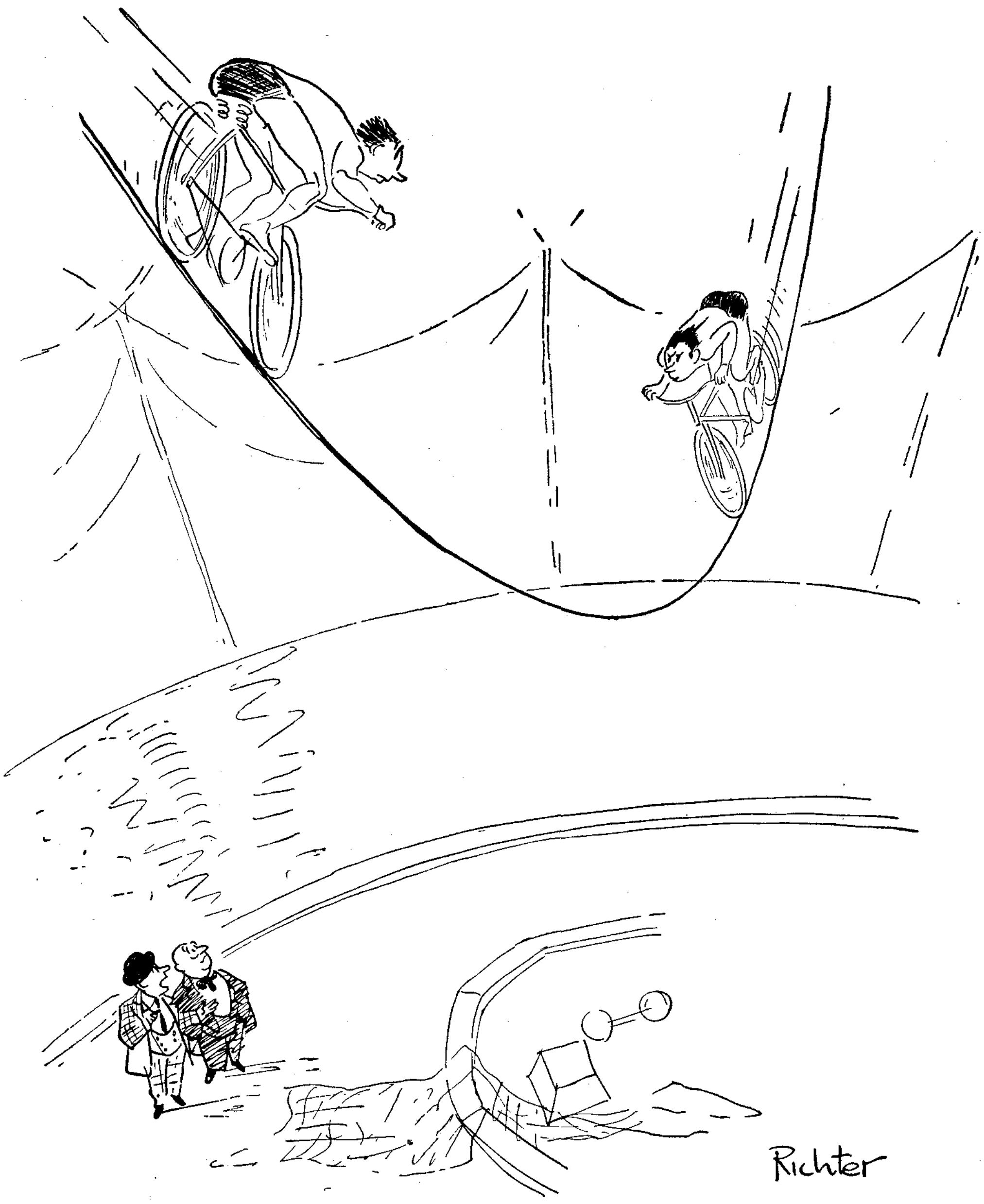
diately fired together. I could hear Momyer's voice yelling in the dugout, "God damn it, I'll have them all court-martialled!" Christman shouted, "He says he saw it and now he can see Cochran! He's coming in!" Cochran was again circling in the blackness above the field. The pilot next to me said, "This is sure sweating it out." I recognized him, partly by his voice and partly by the height of his shoulders, as a fellow the other boys called Horse, a big Texan who wore a square beard.

"Did we get any of theirs?" I asked Horse.

"Yes, sir," Horse said. "Bent got one for sure. He's in already. And a French post has telephoned that another one is down near there in flames and that pilot out there with Cochran had one smoking. He must have chased it so far he couldn't get back before dark. Must have forgot himself. I don't rightly know who he is."

The ack-ack batteries fired again. They apparently did what was wanted this time, because nobody cursed. Christman called up from the pit, "They want one more burst, all together, and then they're coming in!" The message was relayed and the ack-ack fired another salvo. Now there were two planes, both showing lights, moving in the sky above the field, one high and one low. "Cochran's coming in," Horse said. "Look at him. Just like it was day and he could see everything." The lower pair of lights drifted downward, straightened out and ran forward along the field, and stopped. The other lights slowly followed them down, seemed to hesitate a moment, then slanted toward the ground, and coasted into a horizontal. "Good landing," Horse said. "We sure sweated that one." The second pilot to land turned out to be a lieutenant named Thomas, who had become too absorbed in the pursuit of a Junkers 88 to turn back until he had shot it down. That made three Junkers for us, each carrying a crew of four men. I learned that the German bombs had spoiled, to use the airmen's term, two of our planes on the field. A couple of minutes later a jeep that had gone out to meet Cochran's plane brought him to where the rest of us were standing. He is a short, box-chested man, and the two or three flying jackets he was wearing made him look shorter and stockier than he really is. He was feeling good. "I'm sorry I cursed you out, Bob! I was excited!" he yelled down into the control pit to Christman. Momyer, who had come out of the dugout, made as if to grab Cochran and hug him, but stopped in astonishment when he heard Cochran being so polite. It seemed to remind him of something. Looking rather thoughtful, he went back into the dugout and called up the lieutenant colonel in command of the ack-ack, which he had been abusing. "Thank you very much, Colonel," I heard him say. "Your boys certainly saved the day."

THAT evening was a happy one. Léon's shack was crowded with pilots talking about the successful fight and scrambling eggs and eating them out of mess tins. Cochran felt so good that he decided to have his first haircut since he had left New York three months before, so he sent over to the enlisted men's quarters for Otto, who was a barber as well as a clerk, to do the job. Otto is a young man with reddish hair and white eyebrows and a long nose, and he had a habit of getting interested in a conversation between



"You may be seeing the birth of a new act."

• •

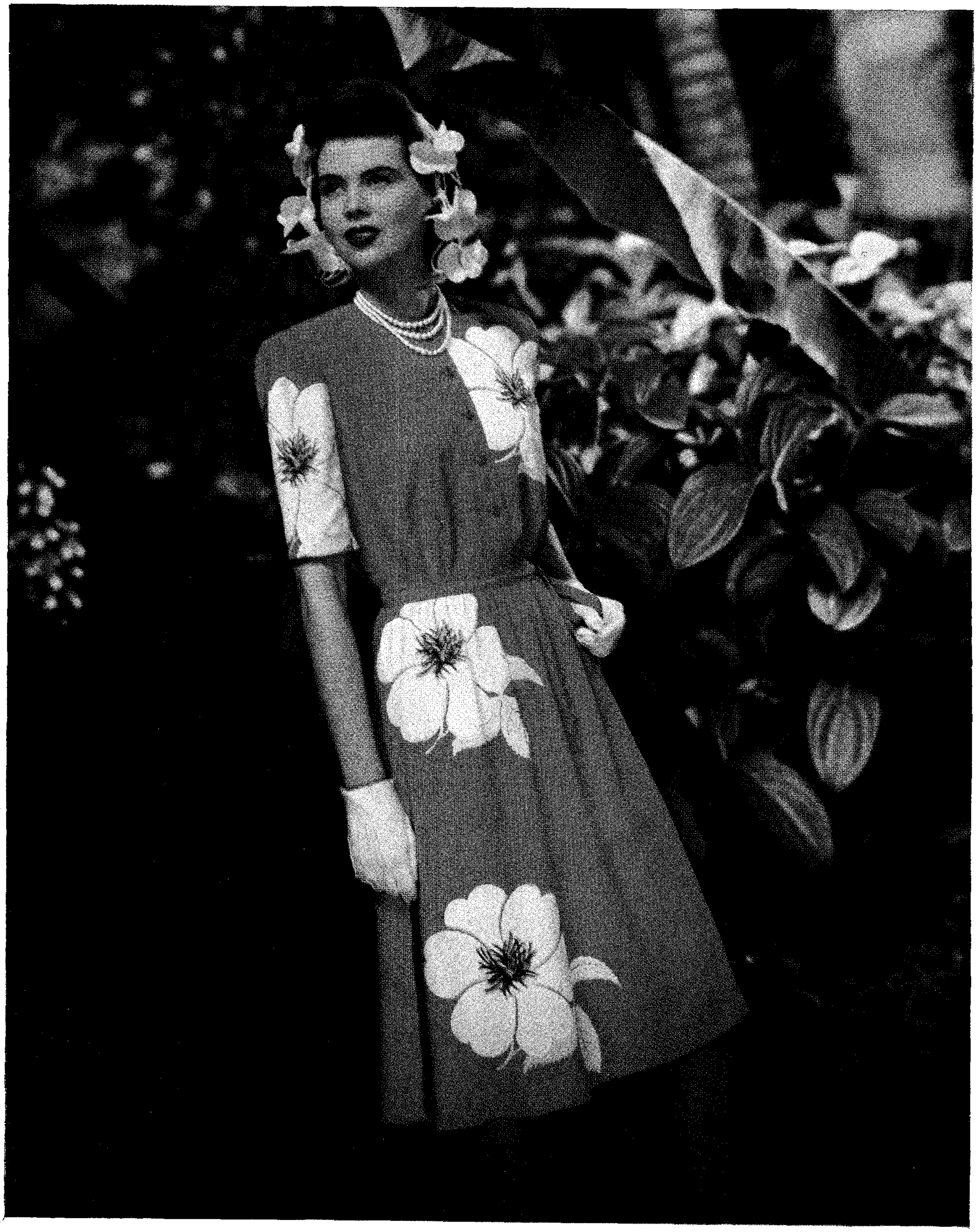
two senior officers and breaking into it. Once, hearing Colonel Edson D. Raff, the parachute-troop commander, telling Lieutenant Colonel Momyer that he could take Tunis with no more than four hundred and fifty men, Otto blurted out, "How can you be so sure?" Aside from this failing he is a good soldier and when he gives a haircut he really cuts off hair, so nobody can say he is looking for a return engagement in the near future.

It was well after dark when Léon came in from his foraging, which had been a success too. "I have bought three small peegs," he announced triumphantly, "and when they are theek enough we shall eat them." He had left them in the care of a *hôtelier* in a town a few miles away. They were subsequently taken, and presumably eaten, by the Germans. At the time, however, Léon thought it a safe *logement* for the pigs. "I have also talked with the aide of General Koeltz," Léon said to Cochran and Momyer, "and he says that in the case any pilot sees any trucks moving on the road of which we have spoken yesterday, he is allowed to shoot without permission." While Otto cut Cochran's hair, we added up the box score of the three-day German attack on the field. The home team felt that it had done pretty well. During the Monday strafing the Germans had spoiled one of our planes on the field and another in the air and had killed one officer, a major, with machine-gun bullets. We had merely damaged one of their fighters. On Tuesday, while they had spoiled two more of our planes on the ground with bombs, we had shot down a Messerschmitt 109 and two Junkers 88's. That meant that we had lost a total of three planes but only one life while they had lost three planes and nine lives. One of our missions had also destroyed a Focke-Wulf 190 on Monday morning and a Messerschmitt had been badly damaged in the dogfight that had accompanied the strafing of our field. Wednesday evening we had destroyed three more planes and twelve men, and the Germans had succeeded only in damaging two planes on the ground, which gave us an imposing lead. "They won't be over tomorrow morning," Cochran said. "Maybe not all day. They'll want to think things over and try something big to make up for their losses and get the lead back. They'll be like a guy doubling his bet in a crap game."

That field had been fought over many times before in the course of history and a corner of it had been the site of a Carthaginian city. Bent, a pilot who talked with a British accent and had once done some digging among old ruins in England, said that every time he flew over that corner he could plainly see the gridiron pattern of the ancient streets on the ground. Horse, the bearded pilot, was irreverent about Bent's claims. "Maybe a couple of thousand years from now," he said, "people will dig around this same field and find a lot of C-ration cans that we've left and attribute them to archeology. They'll say, 'Those Americans must surely have been a pygmy race to wear such small helmets. It scarcely seems possible they had much brains. No wonder they rode around in such funny airplanes as the P-40.' "

Another officer who turned up in Léon's shack that evening was Major (afterward Lieutenant Colonel) Vincent Sheean, who always points out these days that he was once a correspondent himself. He said he had been driving in a jeep on a road near the field when the bombing started, so he had stopped and jumped into a ditch. Sheean had come down from the second highest headquarters of the African Air Forces to see that the French pilots of the Lafayette Escadrille, which had recently arrived at our field, received understanding and kind treatment from their American comrades. A couple of the Lafayette pilots happened to be in the shack when he arrived; they had received so much kind treatment that they could hardly remember the words of "Auprès de Ma Blonde," which they were trying to teach to Momyer on a purely phonetic basis.

THE next day, Thursday, was as quiet as Cochran had said it would be. The Germans left us completely



PRICE BELOW IS SUBJECT TO CEILING PRICE PERMITTED BY APPLICABLE OPA REGULATIONS

Enka Rayon

CHINESE POPPY PRINT BY GLENDALE $25.00

PECK & PECK • New York • Boston • Chicago • Cleveland • Detroit • Hartford
Milwaukee • Minneapolis • Providence • Philadelphia • St. Louis • St. Paul
NEIMAN-MARCUS • *Dallas*
I. MAGNIN & CO. • Seattle—California

206 Madison Avenue • New York

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS

GLENMORE'S
KENTUCKY TAVERN
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF
Distilled and Bottled by
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO.
Owensboro Kentucky
ONE QUART
Welcome Interlude

You will welcome the heartier flavor and mellow richness when first you try Kentucky's finest Bourbon. This whiskey is six years old.

BOTTLED IN BOND KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON • 100 PROOF • GLENMORE DISTILLERIES CO., INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

"BEST PLAY OF THE SEASON"
—*George Jean Nathan*
SIDNEY KINGSLEY'S
The PATRIOTS
presented by THE PLAYWRIGHTS' COMPANY in association with ROWLAND STEBBINS
National Theatre, W. 41 St. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Engagement Ends Sat., May 1
ALFRED LUNT · LYNN FONTANNE
The PIRATE
S. N. BEHRMAN'S Extravaganza
Staged by MR. LUNT and JOHN C. WILSON
MARTIN BECK Theatre, W. 45 St. • Evenings 8:40 Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

"The foremost play of the Season"
—ATKINSON, Times
The Playwrights' Company presents
THE EVE OF ST. MARK
by MAXWELL ANDERSON
CORT THEATRE
48th ST. E. of Broadway
Eves. 8:40. Matinees Wednesday & Saturday

THE THEATRE GUILD'S NEW MUSICAL PLAY
OKLAHOMA!
Based on the play "Green Grow the Lilacs" by LYNN RIGGS
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book and Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2d
Production Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
ST. JAMES THEA. 44th St. West of B'way Matinees Thurs. & Sat.

WIMAN and RODGERS
In association with Richard Kollmar
Present
RAY BOLGER
in
"BY JUPITER"
A New RODGERS and HART Musical Hit
Based on "The Warrior's Husband" By Julian F. Thompson
with
BENAY VENUTA · RONALD GRAHAM · NANETTE FABRAY
SHUBERT Thea., W. 44th St. • CI. 6-5990
Eves. 8:30. Matinees Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

2nd YEAR
CRITICS' PRIZE WINNER
John C. Wilson *presents*
Clifton WEBB ★ Peggy WOOD ★ Leonora CORBETT ★ Mildred NATWICK
BLITHE SPIRIT
NOEL COWARD'S best Comedy
BOOTH W. 45th. Eves. Incl. Sun. 8:40. Matinees Sat. & Sun. at 2:40

DARK EYES
with
EUGENIE LEONTOVICH
ELENA MIRAMOVA
JAY FASSETT
Production by JED HARRIS
BELASCO • 44th St. East of B'way • MATS. WED. & SAT.

GEORGE ABBOTT'S COMEDY HIT
Kiss and Tell
by F. HUGH HERBERT
with JESSIE ROYCE LANDIS • ROBERT KEITH
BILTMORE THEATRE • W. 47th ST.
EVES. 8:40 • MATINEES WED. and SAT.

alone. In the morning the Lafayette Escadrille fellows went on their first mission, covering a French local offensive in a mountain pass, and returned without meeting any enemy aircraft.

The exposed position of our mess shack had begun to worry Major Christman's men after the strafing we had received the Monday before, and he had ordered the chow line transferred to a place called the Ravine, a deep, winding gulch on the other side of the high road along one end of the field. Most of the men lived in the Ravine and felt safe there. They had scooped out caves in its sides and used their shelter halves to make doors. One stretch of the gully was marked by a sign that said "Park Avenue." Sheean and I stood in the chow line for lunch and then took an afternoon stroll along Park Avenue. Afterward I went back to Léon's shack to write a letter and found it crowded, as usual. An engineer officer who had been at the field a couple of days was asking Cochran how he could be expected to get on with the construction job he had been sent there to do if new bomb holes appeared on the field every day and his detachment had to fill them up. "We've been filling up bomb holes ever since we been here, and it looks like we won't get a chance to do anything else," the engineer said. "My colonel sent me down here to build revetments for airplanes and he's going to expect me back soon." Another visitor, a captain in the Royal Engineers, asked him if there were any unexploded bombs on the runways. Men on the field always referred to this British captain as the booby-trap man, the planting of fiendish traps for the enemy being his specialty, and added with respect, "Even the parachute troops say he's crazy." He had made several jumps with Colonel Raff's parachutists to install his humorous devices in places where he thought German soldiers would later get involved with them. The American officer told him that there were several unexploded bombs on the runways and that he had marked off their positions with empty oil drums.

"But haven't you removed the fuses?" the booby-trap man asked with obvious astonishment.

"To hell with that!" his American colleague said with feeling. "They won't do any harm if they do go off. It's a big field."

"Oh, but they'll make quite a lot of noise," the booby-trap man said, still vaguely unhappy.

The American officer looked at the

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE
NOW thru MAY 2
S. HUROK
presents A Gala Spring Season
RUSSIAN BALLET
by the
BALLET THEATRE
featuring
Markova • Massine • Baronova • Dolin
Eglevsky • Tudor • Conrad • Kaye • Lyon
Chase • Semenoff • Laing • Lazovsky
Guest Artists
ZORINA, ARGENTINITA, STRAVINSKY, AGNES DE MILLE
EVES. Incl. Sunday and Opening Night, 85c to $3.85
MATS. Saturdays and Thursday, April 15, 85c to $2.75

MICHAEL TODD'S MUSICAL SMASH HITS!
ETHEL MERMAN
SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS
Book by HERBERT & DOROTHY FIELDS
with ALLEN JENKINS
COLE PORTER SONGS
ALVIN, West 52 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
"Enormously Funny"
—Atkinson, Times
STAR AND GARTER
with
BOBBY CLARK
GYPSY ROSE LEE
PROF. LAMBERTI
MUSIC BOX, W. 45 St. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.
Both Productions Staged by HASSARD SHORT

"ONE OF THE GREAT ENTERTAINMENTS OF ALL TIME", Coleman—Mirror
50c $1 & $1.50 PLUS TAX
Sat. Nights Only, 50c to $2.50 Plus Tax
Sonja Henie & Arthur M. Wirtz present
STARS ON ICE
CENTER THEATRE, Rockefeller Center. CO. 5-5474
Evgs. Incl. Sun. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40—Sun. at 3
No Monday Perf. • Mail Orders Filled

Michael Myerberg *presents*
Tallulah BANKHEAD ★ *Fredric* MARCH ★ *Florence* ELDRIDGE
in
The Skin of Our Teeth
A new comedy by
THORNTON WILDER
with Company of 40 and *Florence* REED
PLYMOUTH, W. 45th. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

Limited Engagement—Popular Prices
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
In the Most Successful Musical of the Century
"LADY IN THE DARK"
BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway at 53 St.
Eves. Incl. Sun. 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:35

2nd YEAR
OLSEN & JOHNSON
in their Streamlined Musical
SONS O' FUN
46th ST. THEATRE, West of B'way
Evgs. at 8:30. • 2 SHOWS SAT. & SUN.
MATINEE & EVENING PERFS. SAT. & SUN.

LE GALLIENNE · SCHILDKRAUT
UNCLE HARRY
"A HIT" Watts • HUDSON Thea., 44th St. East of B'way. Eves. 8:40 • "CLICK" Winchell

Additional Amusement Advertising on page 32

SLOANE IS LIKE THIS

W&J SLOANE
FINE
RUGS

It was only 20 by 80 feet,
but the first Sloane shop in
America had a friendliness
that charmed people in
off the streets. Without it,
we would have missed so much.
Like the visits of Washington
Irving who came in not
alone to browse and buy...but
to berate, invariably, the
quality of the pen-nibs supplied
him to write his checks.

Many's the dignitary who
has come to Sloane in our first
century. But there is none
we are prouder of
than the Maritime Commission
representatives who, on March 20th
of this year, awarded Sloane
the coveted "M" for outstanding
production of war material.

W&J SLOANE
FIFTH AVENUE AT 47TH • NEW YORK
WASHINGTON, D. C. SAN FRANCISCO
BEVERLY HILLS WHITE PLAINS
A Century of Furnishing America's Homes

booby-trap man and Cochran as if they were both lunatics and went out of the hut without saying anything more. "How *extraordinary!*" the booby-trap man said. "He didn't even seem interested." He sounded hurt, like a young mother who has just learned that a visitor does not care for babies.

The booby-trap man looked like a conventional sort of Englishman, with a fair, boyish face and a shy smile. He spoke with the careful accent of the north countryman who has been to a university and he did not himself use the term "booby trap." He preferred to call his darlings, variously, trip mechanisms, push mechanisms, pull mechanisms, and anti-personnel switches. Trip mechanisms, for instance, are the ones soldiers inadvertently set off by stumbling over a concealed wire, and pull mechanisms are those they explode by picking up some innocent-seeming object like a corned-beef tin. The captain was an amateur botanist and seldom went out without a couple of pocketfuls of small devices to set about the countryside in likely spots as he ambled along collecting specimens of Tunisian grasses. I asked him that afternoon how he had started on what was to become his military career, and he said with his shy smile, "I expect it was at public school, when I used to put hedgehogs in the other boys' beds. After a while the hedgehogs began to pall and I invented a system for detuning the school piano, so that when the music master sat down to play 'God Save the King' it sounded god-awful."

"I sometimes try to imagine what your married life will be like, Captain," Cochran said. "Someday the baby will be in the crib and your wife will go to pick it up and the whole house will blow up because you've wired the baby to a booby trap."

"I trust I shall be able to restrain my professional instincts to fit the circumstances of domestic life," the booby-trap man said rather stiffly. He was a man who really took his branch of warfare seriously.

—A. J. LIEBLING

(This is the third of a series of articles about an airfield somewhere in southern Tunisia.)

•

If a fixed white light suddenly becomes visible ahead, how may one determine whether it is a vessel's light or that of a Government lighthouse?—B. G. W.

Answer—Lower your eyes some six or ten feet. If it is a navigation light it probably will disappear from view, but if it is a sailing light it will remain visible.—*The Sun.*

May we kneel?

MAX GORDON HITS
"The funniest show we've seen in three years."
—*Walter Winchell*
THE DOUGHGIRLS
LYCEUM 45th St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-4256
Eves. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40
$2 TOP ALL PERFS.
JUNIOR MISS
MAJESTIC TH., 44 St., W. of B'way
EVES. INCL. SUN. AT 8:40.
MATINEES SAT. 2:40 & SUN. 3 P.M.

HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
3rd YEAR!
A new Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING
FULTON, W. 46 St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40
MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

MOTION PICTURE
RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
Rockefeller Center
Spencer TRACY • Katharine HEPBURN
"KEEPER OF THE FLAME"
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
GALA STAGE REVUE • SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
First Mezzanine Seats Reserved. Circle 6-4600

MADISON SQ. GARDEN
TWICE DAILY
2:15 & 8:30 P. M.
Incl. SUNDAYS
Doors Open 1 & 7
NOW
Ringling Bros AND Barnum & Bailey Circus
Presenting The Greatest Performance in the History of THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH
Tickets Admitting to Everything (incl. Seats) $1.10 to $4.40, Incl. Tax. Children Under 12 Half Price Every Aft'n Except Sat. and Sund.
Tickets at Mad. Sq. Garden & Agencies

"Mad Chicken" at Colombo's
GOTTA DISH!
STEAKS AND CHOPS
302 E. 45TH ST PHONE MU 4-8378.

MARGUERY
Restaurant
NOTED FOR ITS FINE FOOD AND WINE CELLAR
LUNCHEON • COCKTAIL HOUR • DINNER
OPEN SUNDAYS
Park Avenue at 47th Street Tel. PL. 3-3080

FREE Lawrence SADDLE CATALOG
● Pictures, descriptions, prices on Lawrence saddles...standard equipment of Western riders since 1857. Write for your free copy.
SOLD ON EASY TERMS
THE GEORGE LAWRENCE CO., PORTLAND, ORE.

One of the strangest Murders of all time

This is not a pleasant story. We are about to name the murderer in a case that has long been listed as suicide . . . and that murderer is still alive, known to many who read this story.

It happened many years ago. A man named John Fitch was supposed to have taken his own life. The truth is, he was killed — in one of the most reasonless, strange and brutal of all crimes.

He was a shabby man, who tramped through life with the frenzy of a fanatic, clutching a vision under his arm — the plans, designs and models of an invention that would revolutionize this world and bring a new era of wealth and progress to the people of his country . . . They told him that it couldn't be done.

For 15 years he shouted in a wilderness of deaf indifference, hammered at the closed doors of political thought, was branded as crazy, humiliated in public, bereft of funds, and finally killed. They say that he took an overdose of narcotic pills, but John Fitch was murdered.

He was murdered by indifference! Ignorance, stupidity and political blindness killed John Fitch — but not the vision he had offered to the world. It was the plans of a steamboat, designed, built and successfully operated 20 years before the world ever heard of the man named Robert Fulton.

We have a purpose in telling this story. It's simply this: Men are still murdered by indifference. Vision is still the victim of "It can't be done", *perhaps now more than ever before!* And because this is true, we believe that a single fact about Jones & Lamson may be important to you.

Today, the foremost engineers and designers in America are entrusting their plans and problems to Jones & Lamson for counsel, service and technical assistance in the use of precision machine tools.

If it CAN be done . . . and if tools are needed to do it . . . Jones & Lamson engineers and service men are considered among the best qualified in America to help you. Call upon them!

Universal Turret Lathes . Fay Automatic Lathes . Automatic Thread Grinders . Optical Comparators . Automatic Opening Die Heads

J&L JONES & LAMSON **MACHINE CO., SPRINGFIELD, VERMONT, U.S.A.**
Profit-producing Machine Tools

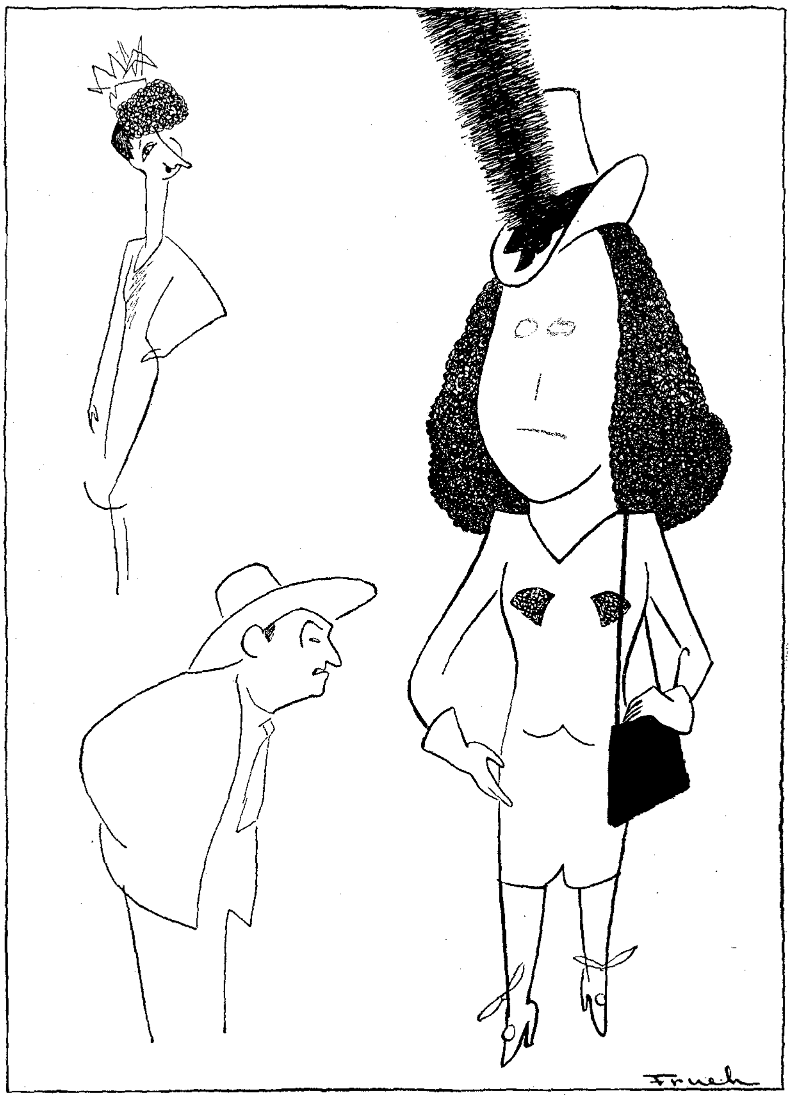
THE THEATRE

WITH THANKS

"OKLAHOMA!," at the St. James, is a completely enchanting performance—gay, stylish, imaginative, and equipped with some of the best music and dancing in a long time. Following the general design of Lynn Riggs's "Green Grow the Lilacs," produced here in 1931, also by the Theatre Guild, "Oklahoma!" is a good deal more than the customary musical rendering of a successful play, which is just a matter of employing two or three formidable stars, two or three hundred appetizing legs, a good dose of Pullman-car humor, and a plot so simplified or distorted that the original author could easily sit through it without being aware that he was in the presence of his own handiwork.

After rereading Mr. Riggs's drama (a very fine and original one, by the way), I can't see that the version at the St. James has omitted anything of consequence. Naturally, there is no special definition of character—though the villainous Jud (Mr. Riggs's Jeeter has been rechristened for obvious reasons) is still a complicated and repulsive piece of work—and there has been some tampering with the facts, especially at the end. On the whole, however, it seems to me that Richard Rodgers, Oscar Hammerstein II, and their associates have heightened rather than diminished their material. Certainly the score is more interesting, if not more characteristic of the old Indian Territory, than the cowboy ballads, from the "Git Along, Little Dogies" and "Home on the Range" album, that studded the original; such additions as the ballet in which the heroine imagines her lover dead at Jud's hands are not only fascinating in themselves but also admirably in keeping with what Mr. Riggs was getting at; and the building up of such secondary characters as the Levantine peddler, firmly not the marrying kind, and Ado Annie Carnes, a sort of Topsie of the prairies, has been done so skillfully that it is hard to imagine how "Green Grow the Lilacs" got along with only offhand sketches of these lovely people.

There is, in fact, so much to admire about "Oklahoma!" that I don't quite know how to sort it all out for you. In "Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'" and "Pore Jud," Mr. Rodgers and Mr. Hammerstein have turned out two songs that are making the members of my family wish more than ever that I could sing on key; the dances arranged by Agnes de Mille are not only lovely and appropriate but also have a humor to be found only now and then in this rather serious-minded art; and the settings by Lemuel Ayres, who may owe a small debt to Thomas Benton and Grant Wood, give the stage depth and brightness and the audience a conviction that these red barns and green fields and yellow roads must be what America really looked like at the turn of the century. The cast is a comparatively modest one—the principals are Betty Garde, Alfred Drake, Joseph Buloff, Joan Roberts, Howard da Silva, and Celeste Holm—but it has been superbly directed by Rouben Mamoulian and I feel nothing but the deepest affection for everybody in it. To the Theatre Guild, which made all these joys available, my gratitude is practically boundless.



"SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS"

The lady with no face and the hat like the plume on a hearse is Ethel Merman, who does a lot to keep things moving in the musical comedy at the Alvin. The other two are Allen Jenkins and Paula Laurence, who may be two of the funniest people in New York.

THE "Ziegfeld Follies," now visible at the Winter Garden, is a moderately hard piece of work to evaluate for the cash customer. It is big, noisy, sometimes funny, more often rather dirty, not especially distinguished either in costuming or stage design, and it certainly makes no contribution to the music of the nation. There are, however, the girls in the customary two sizes, and this may be about all that is necessary in a nation at war.

For reasons connected with my health, which is precarious, I missed the opening performance and finally caught up with the darn thing only at a Saturday matinée. I am obliged to report that the audience seemed to be in ecstasy, a condition not precisely shared by me. The principal performer, as you probably know, is Milton Berle, and your reaction to the "Follies" may depend to a large extent upon your reaction to Mr. Berle himself. My own is divided. When he is playing in a sketch or just kidding along with the audience, I think he is pretty funny; when he makes himself up to look like the later photographs of Oscar Wilde and gives, moreover, a reasonably accurate imitation of that great aesthete, he just gives me a pain in the neck. I liked Mr. Berle in his opening address to the audience and in a number combining the odder features of "Private Lives" and "Hellzapoppin;" I emphatically didn't like him when it occurred to him that it might be amusing to embrace the tenors and acrobats.

In addition to its star and the Girls, the "Follies" contains Arthur Treacher, who has terrible material and seems a little self-conscious about it; Ilona Massey, who sings and sings; a fine dancer called Nadine Gae; a man who impersonates Mrs. Roosevelt and Katharine Hepburn, among others; a nice marionette act; and endless numbers involving rationing and jitterbugs, apparently the burning issues of the moment. As I say, a matinée audience obviously had the time of its life.

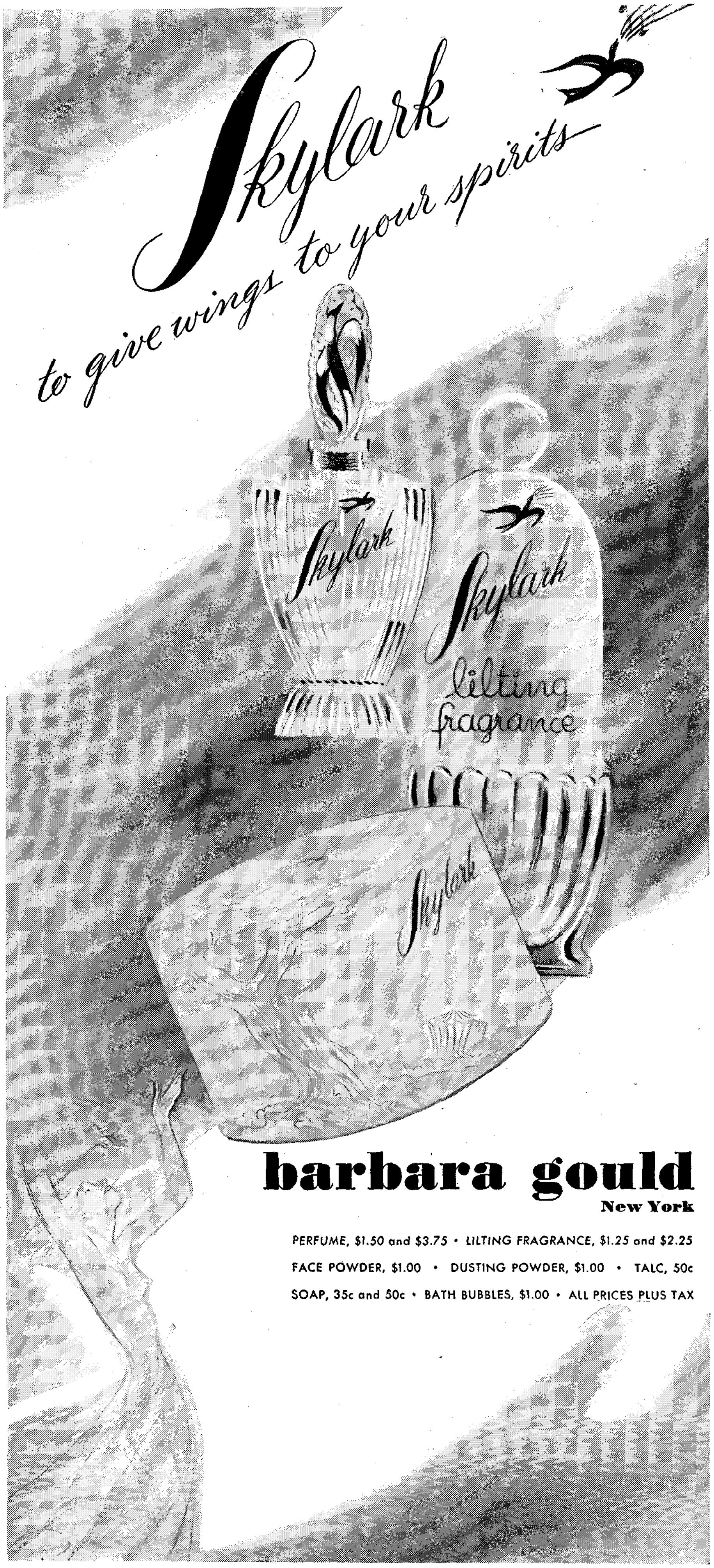
"THE FAMILY," Victor Wolfson's adaptation of a novel by Nina Federova, was withdrawn from the Windsor after five or six performances. I had a careful analogy worked out, proving that practically every character in it had its exact counterpart in "You Can't Take It with You." I seem to be stuck with it. —WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

NON-STOP SENTENCE DERBY

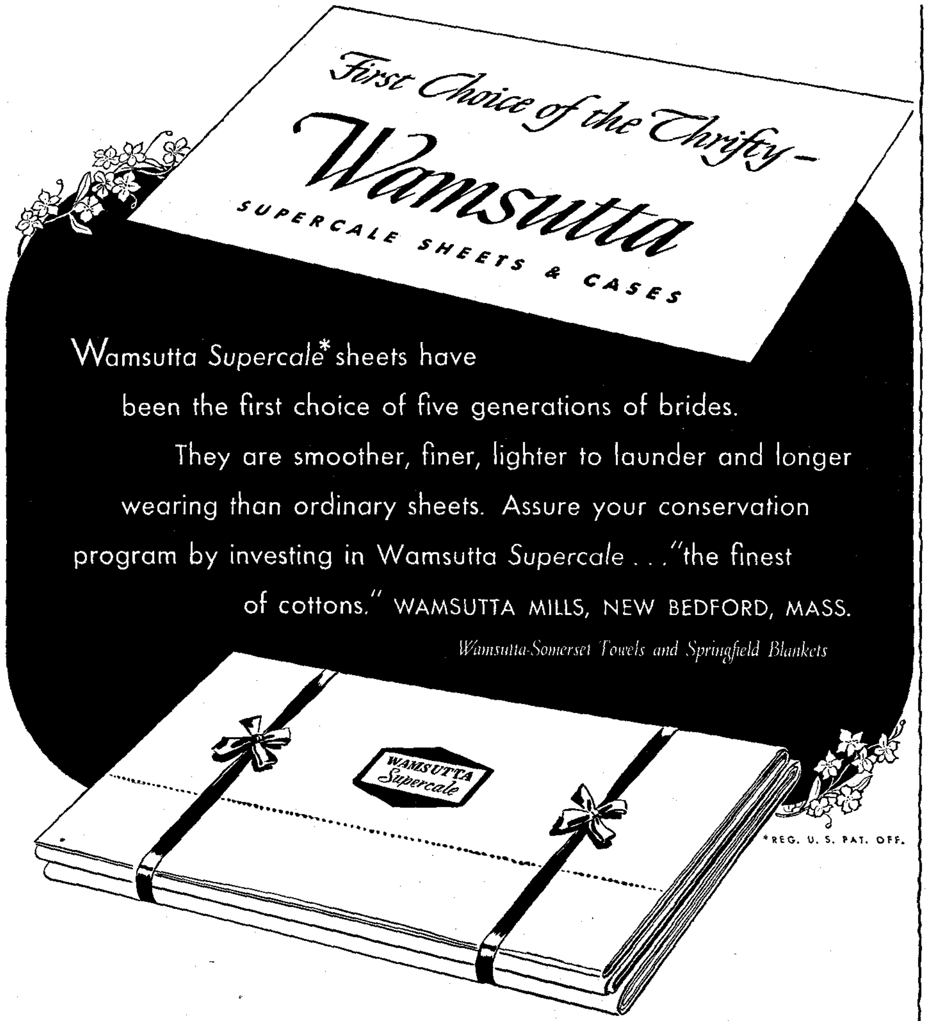
[*United States Code, Volume 50, Section 31*]

(a) Whoever, for the purpose of obtaining information respecting the national defense with intent or reason to believe that the information to be obtained is to be used to the injury of the United States, or to the advantage of any foreign nation, goes upon, enters, flies over, or otherwise obtains information concerning any vessel, aircraft, work of defense, navy yard, naval station, submarine base, coaling station, fort, battery, torpedo station, dockyard, canal, railroad, arsenal, camp, factory, mine, telegraph, telephone, wireless, or



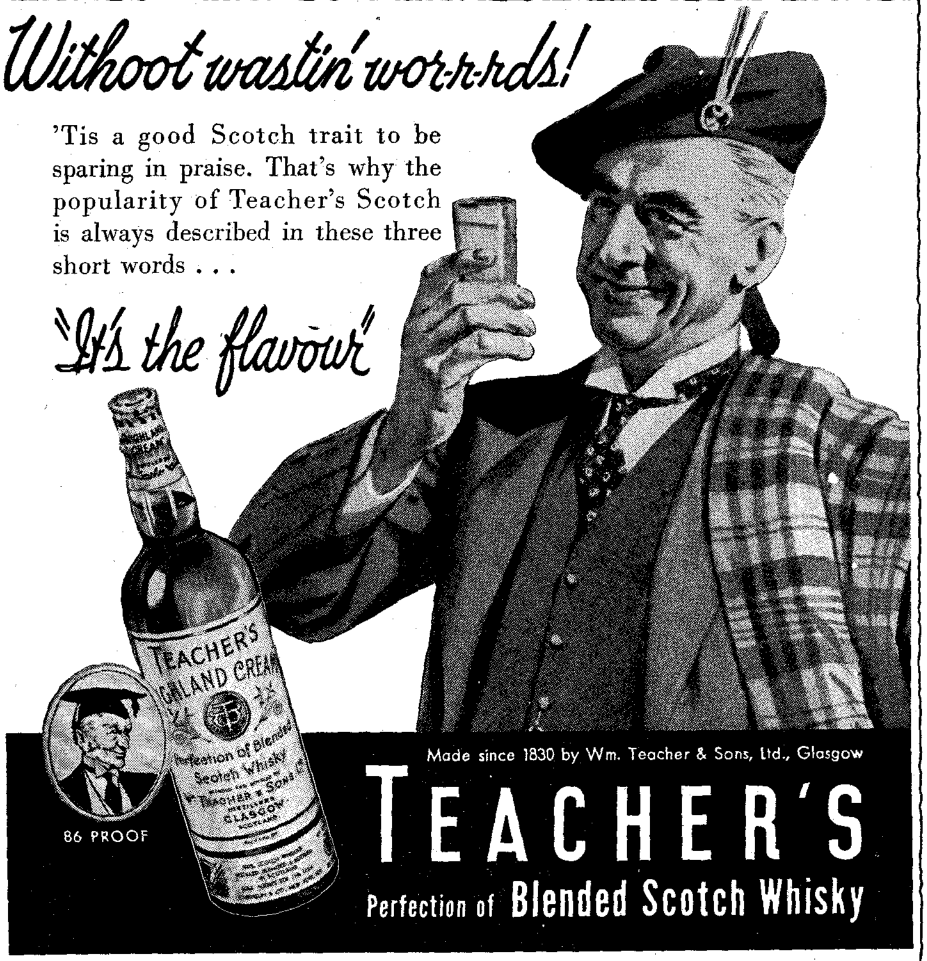
barbara gould
New York

PERFUME, $1.50 and $3.75 • LILTING FRAGRANCE, $1.25 and $2.25
FACE POWDER, $1.00 • DUSTING POWDER, $1.00 • TALC, 50c
SOAP, 35c and 50c • BATH BUBBLES, $1.00 • ALL PRICES PLUS TAX



Wamsutta *Supercale** sheets have been the first choice of five generations of brides. They are smoother, finer, lighter to launder and longer wearing than ordinary sheets. Assure your conservation program by investing in Wamsutta *Supercale* . . . "the finest of cottons." WAMSUTTA MILLS, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

Wamsutta-Somerset Towels and Springfield Blankets


Withoot wastin' wor-r-rds!
"It's the flavour"
TEACHER'S HIGHLAND CREAM
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky
Wm. Teacher & Sons Ltd. Glasgow
86 PROOF

'Tis a good Scotch trait to be sparing in praise. That's why the popularity of Teacher's Scotch is always described in these three short words . . .

Made since 1830 by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd., Glasgow

TEACHER'S

Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky

SOLE U. S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY • IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

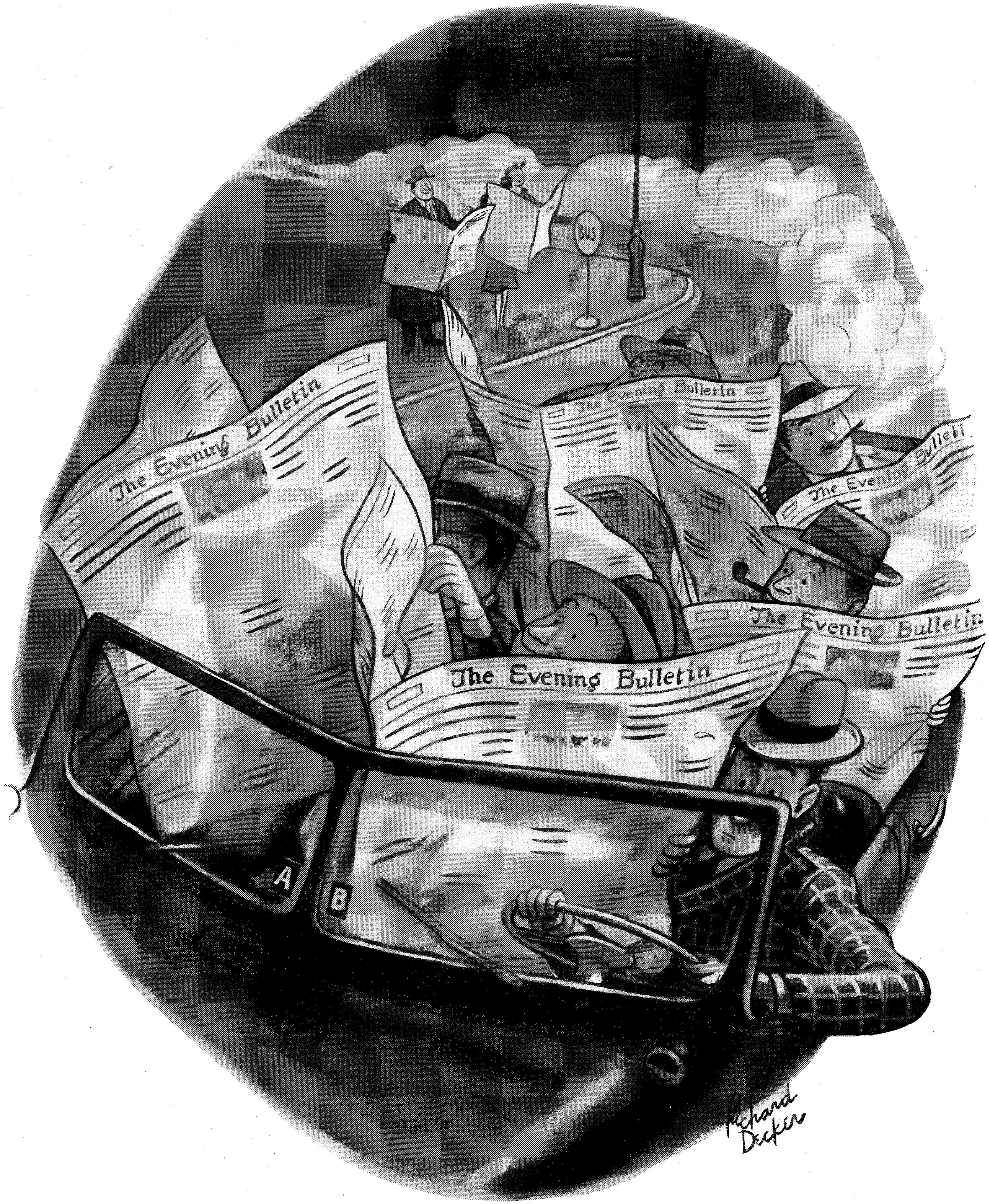
signal station, building, office, or other place connected with the national defense, owned or constructed, or in progress of construction by the United States or under the control of the United States, or of any of its officers or agents, or within the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States, or any place in which any vessel, aircraft, arms, munitions, or other materials or instruments for use in time of war are being made, prepared, repaired, or stored, under any contract, or agreement with the United States, or with any person on behalf of the United States, or otherwise on behalf of the United States, or any prohibited place within the meaning of section thirty-six of this title; or (b) whoever for the purpose aforesaid, and with like intent or reason to believe, copies, takes, makes, or obtains, or attempts, or induces or aids another to copy, take, make, or obtain, any sketch, photograph, photographic negative, blue print, plan, map, model, instrument, appliance, document, writing, or note of anything connected with the national defense; or (c) whoever, for the purpose aforesaid, receives or obtains or agrees or attempts or induces or aids another to receive or obtain from any person, or from any source whatever, any document, writing, code book, signal book, sketch, photograph, photographic negative, blue print, plan, map, model, instrument, appliance, or note, of anything connected with the national defense, knowing or having reason to believe, at the time he receives or obtains, or agrees or attempts or induces or aids another to receive or obtain it, that it has been or will be obtained, taken, made or disposed of by any person contrary to the provisions of this title; or (d) whoever, lawfully or unlawfully having possession of, access to, control over, or being intrusted with any document, writing, code book, signal book, sketch, photograph, photographic negative, blue print, plan, map, model, instrument, appliance or note relating to the national defense, willfully communicates or transmits or attempts to communicate or transmit the same to any person not entitled to receive it, or willfully retains the same and fails to deliver it on demand to the officer or employee of the United States entitled to receive it; or (e) whoever, being intrusted with or having lawful possession or control of any document, writing, code book, signal book, sketch, photograph, photographic negative, blue print, plan, map, model, note, or information, relating to the national defense, through gross negligence permits the same to be removed from its proper place of custody or delivered to anyone in violation of his trust, or to be lost, stolen, abstracted, or destroyed, shall be punished by imprisonment for not more than 10 years and may, in the discretion of the court, be fined not more than $10,000.

•

EPITAPH FOR A COMMITTEE

They hem and haw in fields Elysian,
The buck is passed and then returned,
They can't arrive at a decision—
They never died, they just adjourned.

—Samuel Yellen


BUS
The Evening Bulletin
The Evening Bulletin
The Evening Bulletin
The Evening Bulletin
The Evening Bulletin
A
B
Richard Decker

In Philadelphia—nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

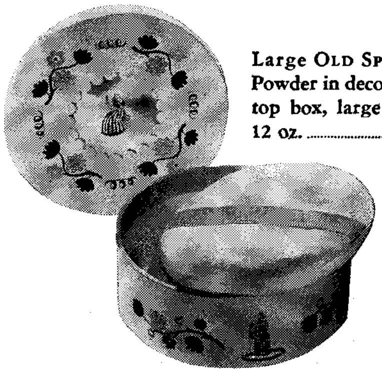
If you should note the suggestion of a smile on the faces of these "car pool" passengers, put it down as nothing more than complete satisfaction with their newspaper. You'll be safe in this, because it is the daily habit of 4 out of 5 Philadelphians to spend an average of 53 minutes reading The Evening Bulletin.

Circulation over 600,000—largest evening newspaper in America.
(Advertisement)

Remember Gift Days with Old Spice

Highlight a holiday—make birthdays more memorable—acknowledge hospitality—with a gift of America's own fragrance. Old Spice Toiletries convey the occasion's sentiment with charm and distinction. Particularly welcome gifts because the contents are daily essentials, the packages decorative.

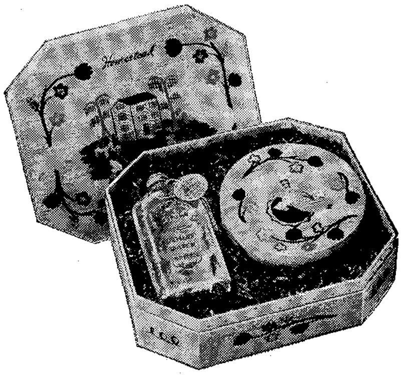
EARLY AMERICAN Old Spice*



Large **Old Spice** Dusting Powder in decorated mirror-top box, large luxury puff, 12 oz. $1.50

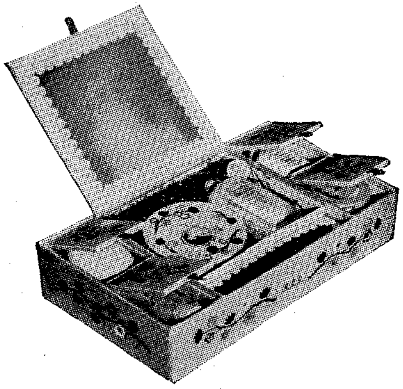
Old Spice Body Sachet, roses-and-spice fragrance to conserve your toilet water........ $1.00

Old Spice Homestead Box, Toilet Water and Dusting Powder "at home" in utility box........ $2.00



Old Spice Smelling Salts, exhilarating olfactory cocktail in antique-type smelling-bottle. Purse-size........ $1.00

Old Spice Vanity Box, mirror lid, Toilet Water, Dusting Powder, Bath Salts, Toilet Soap, Body Sachet, Perfume........ $5.00



Old Spice Sewing Kit, Toilet Water, Talcum, Soap and Bath Salts in guest sizes........ $1.00

EACH A SHULTON ORIGINAL

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. • SHULTON, INC. • Rockefeller Center • 630 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

OF ALL THINGS

WE are warned that it will not be an easy task to get the Axis armies out of Africa. These fellows are well entrenched, well equipped, and not eager to take a boat ride.

•

There are credible reports that the Nazis are demanding that the Italians make full use of their fleet. In all probability the Duce's navy will have to abandon its harbors and its neutrality.

•

An Allied victory in Tunisia, it is said, would enable our armies to get oil from Iran and Iraq. This would put an end to our oil shortage and improve conditions among the depressed A-card classes.

•

The Nazis are feverishly fortifying all possible invasion points. For some reason, the Germans never like to play their war game on the home grounds.

•

The Republicans show no disposition to accept National Democratic Chairman Walker's proposal that next year's presidential campaign be limited to September and October. The G.O.P. insists that this would be too little and too late.

•

New York has recovered from its brief attack of vegetarianism. Meat is plentiful again and everybody is carefree and carnivorous.

•

It is clear that the Ways and Means Committee will have to think up a compromise tax bill. The danger is that the Democrats will collect for 1942 and the Republicans for 1943.

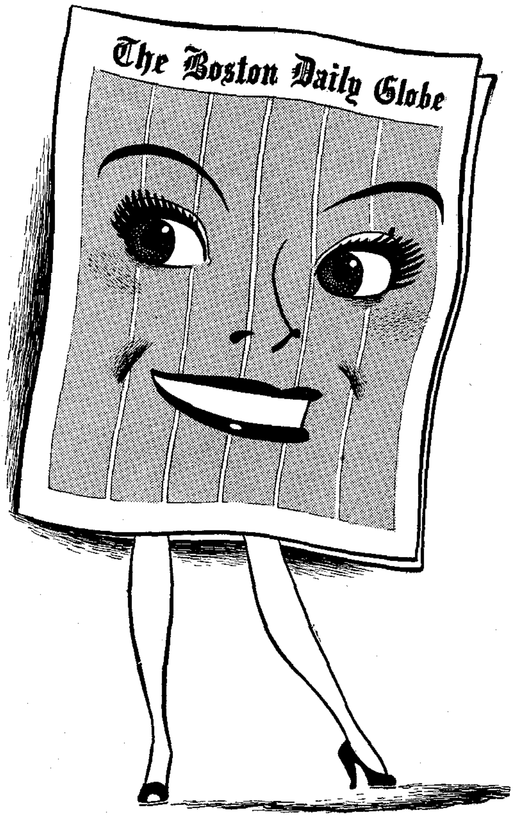
•

A New Haven judge rules that Jack Benny's film "The Meanest Man in the World" may continue to be shown despite the fact it does not portray the legal profession in a very favorable light. Our pleasure-loving people will be glad to learn that it is still legal to laugh at lawyers.

•

The President has vetoed the Bankhead bill in an effort to keep down the cost of living. On the other hand, statesmen on Capitol Hill can rise above such petty considerations as inflation.

—Howard Brubaker



It's BLACK and WHITE

and *really* read all over!

AND WE CAN PROVE IT

FOR L. M. Clark, Inc., set out a while ago to analyze newspaper readership of 23 standard-size newspapers in 11 top-flight American markets.

Two Boston newspapers were studied, 21 others in 10 other cities.

The Clark people, specialists in this sort of thing, took plenty of time and thousands of personal interviews to do the job.

When they got through, they really had something.*

And, if you're interested in selling a product, an idea or a name to the people of this rich Boston market, you'll want to see the results of this important readership study before making your final media selection.

Phone or write the office nearest you among those listed below for a copy of "Confessions of America's Most Exasperating Newspaper — According to the Research of L. M. Clark, Inc."

***P. S.** *So had we. THE BOSTON GLOBE was first in Boston, first in the nation, in the two big indices of the Clark Studies — "Reader Traffic on Advertising Pages" and "Reader Observation per 100 Lines of Advertising."*

The Boston Globe

MORNING • EVENING • SUNDAY

JOHN B. WOODWARD, INC.
110 East 42nd Street
New York, New York
Ashland 4-2770

Russ Building
San Francisco, California
Exbrook 2164

Park Central Building
Los Angeles, California
Van Dike 3782

C. A. COUR
Globe-Democrat Building
St. Louis, Missouri
Garfield 1212

OSBORN, SCHOLARO, MEEKER & CO.
360 North Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois
State 4107

General Motors Building
Detroit, Michigan
Trinity 2-7810

Your Advertising Story will be BETTER READ in the BEST READ Newspaper

GABRIELEEN

the **soft, wide** permanent
that really **lasts!**

JOHN FREDERICS' HAT

So that you can do your hair to match any fashion picture, and have it fall into place day after day almost by itself, Gabrieleen has created the soft, wide, extra-long-lasting "permanent"... the Gabrieleen with Adepsol Wave It's an important improvement that will make you a new person, and Oh! how you'll adore hair that's just no responsibility at all! Selected salons now give this superior "permanent. Gibbs & Company, U.S. Distributors, Offices in Principal Cities.

GABRIELEEN
permanent wave with Adepsol

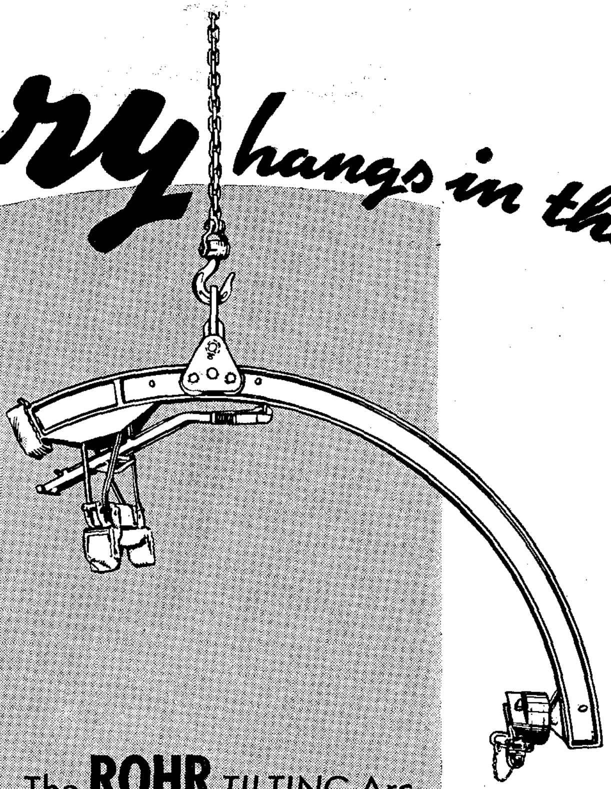
THE ART GALLERIES

Soutine, Kokoschka, Quirt, and O'Keeffe

WHETHER you like Expressionism or not—myself, I'm sometimes staggered by its excessive emotionalism—you can hardly afford to disregard it. There is no gainsaying the fact that this same emotionalism, and the violence with which it is expressed, have a powerful appeal for the younger artists. Next to Cézanne and Picasso, perhaps, such Expressionists as Rouault and Soutine have a stronger and more direct influence on the younger generation than any other artists, and though the influence is usually absorbed as the men grow older, there is still something impressive about a movement that can reach so effectively across seas and through time; it had its rise in Germany, remember, away back during the first World War. I've never entirely understood its appeal for Americans; there is something florid, insistent, and over-obvious about the style that I can't quite reconcile with my own conception of our native temperament. But it's my belief, too, that the artists, en masse, are always right—how can they be wrong when it's they who produce the art that we others argue about?—and if Expressionism is something that interests large numbers of them at the moment, then Expressionism is something we'd do well to study too.

Meantime, we have shows this week by two of the acknowledged European masters of the style, Soutine and Kokoschka. The Soutine exhibit, at the Bignou, isn't really a major affair, I'm afraid. To begin with, there are none of those big flower paintings of his, to my mind one of the most important expressions of his talent. There's a small picture called "Red Gladioli" that is rather nice, but it has little of the fiery and flaring vigor he puts into the larger ones. There are far too many of his landscapes, on the other hand, and this, certainly, is a genre at which he never excelled; almost all the landscapes shown are of Mediterranean scenes and done in his most flamboyant style of the early twenties, and the distortions they contain seem to me not far short of grotesque. There is one fine portrait, the oddly Cézanneish "The Village Boy," as well as an interesting study of a

Victory hangs in the balance.



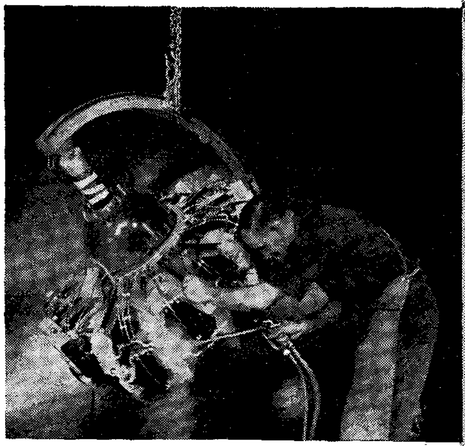
ROHR

PARTS ✩ ASSEMBLIES

The **ROHR** *TILTING* Arc is typical of American ingenuity which is swinging the production balance further in favor of the Allies. It is just one of the many specially conceived devices and methods by which Rohr Production Fighters speed their thousands of tasks to ready Rohr equipped planes for the war front.

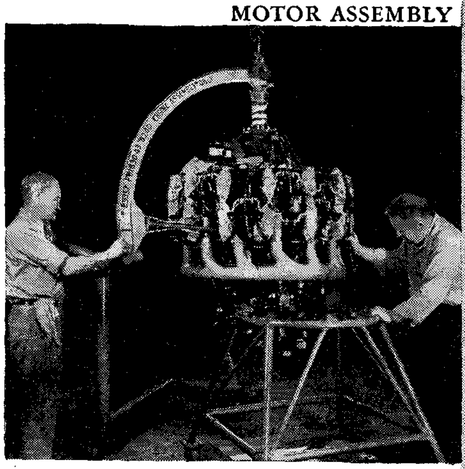
The Rohr Tilting Arc enables *fewer* men to turn out *more* work in *less* time and with *less* fatigue. It suspends heavy aviation motors in so delicate a balance that the pressure of a workman's hand moves them to any position within a 90° arc. Its application to fields of final assembly and advanced base repair increases its win-the-war service immeasurably.

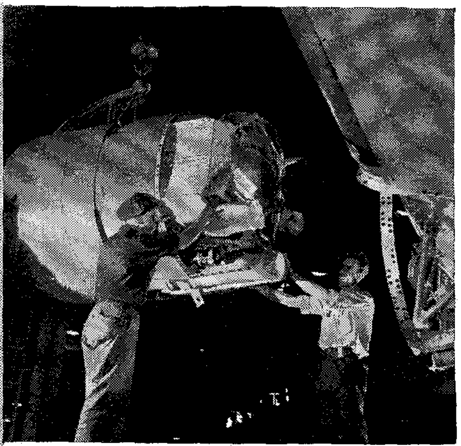
HELPING TO WRITE
THE STORY OF TOMORROW



CLEANING A MOTOR

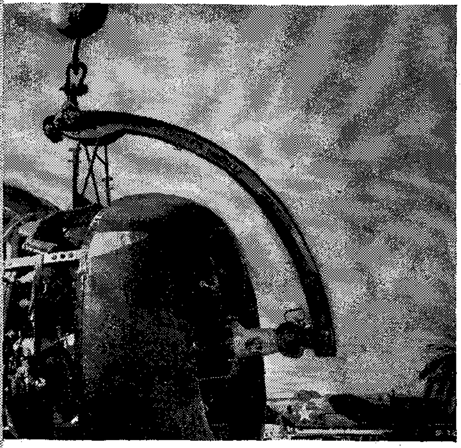
MOTOR ASSEMBLY





MATING A WING

FIELD SERVICE



ROHR AIRCRAFT CORPORATION *CHULA VISTA, CALIFORNIA*

Olga
TRITT
589 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y.
BOOKLET ON REQUEST

Gold ring with either
Cabochon emerald, sapphire
or ruby . . . $125.00

SPRINGTIME AT
THE HOMESTEAD

VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS

Famous for Southern Service

OVERNIGHT FROM
EASTERN POINTS

MINERAL BATHS, ETC.
AT THE HOMESTEAD SPA

For booklets, rates. etc., address
The Homestead Hot Springs,
Virginia, or our New York office in
the Waldorf-Astoria, PLaza 8-2289

woman called "The Red Dress," somewhat reminiscent of the more famous one now in the Modern Museum. But the best painting in the show, and the one that really justifies it, is "The Beef," a picture of a steer's carcass dressed for butchering. Boldly, firmly painted, it's a brilliant example both of Soutine's technical mastery and the ease with which, underneath his occasional rodomontade, he can call forth evocative texture and strong form.

The Kokoschka exhibition is at the St. Etienne, and by contrast it's a much more rounded show. There's less violence in his work than in Soutine's, and perhaps a shade less real talent. Starting with a vague affinity for Cézanne, he soon allied himself with Expressionism, and he has more or less remained in that camp ever since, though for the last ten years or so he has been moving toward greater delicacy of treatment and a firmer, more deliberate design. All these phases are well covered in the collection—the Cézanne period by the large, rather wistful "Dancing Couple," the extreme of his Expressionist mood by the dazzling "Girl with Parrot," and the later phases by a whole string of landscapes and figure studies. I liked the "Girl with Parrot;" wild in color as it is, it's an extremely well-thought-out canvas, and it has a basic solidity about it that is compelling. But Kokoschka has come to be best known in recent years, and quite rightly, for his landscapes, and there's a group of them in the show. "Prague," "Toledo," "Vienna"—they're all distant views, and their great charm is that in them Kokoschka conveys almost better than any other painter the feeling of mystery and hazy, suffused color such scenes always have for the onlooker.

AT the Museum of Modern Art, they are showing a large collection of contemporary Latin-American art, acquired partly through gifts but mainly through purchases made out of the Museum's Inter-American Fund, which was set up a year ago. All the big names are represented; as I ran through the list, it was brought home to me how singularly rich in really accomplished artists the nations to the south of us are. Siqueiros, Orozco, Rivera, Tamayo, Matta, Carlos Merida, Jesus Galvan, Torres Garcia, Portinari—these are men who in varying degree have attained international importance, while even little Cuba has, in Wifredo Lam, Carlos Enriquez, and Amelia Peláez, a group of painters who are highly talented. They're all in the show,

THE
WEDGWOOD
ROOM
ALEC TEMPLETON
At Supper
THE KING SISTERS
At Dinner and Supper
CARMEN CAVALLARO
And his Orchestra
MISCHA BORR
And his Orchestra alternating at Supper
Cover from 10:30, $1...Fri. & Sat., $2
SUNDAY DINNER-DANCE
MISCHA BORR and his Orchestra
Selective Dinners (No Cover)
THE
WALDORF
ASTORIA

Distinguished entertaining
calls for a distinguished
liqueur.

de Kuyper's
DELECTA
AFTER-DINNER Liqueur

DE KUYPER
DELECTA
After Dinner Liqueur

Enjoy this great after-dinner liqueur, straight or half-and-half with brandy. You will be delighted with its delicious taste and distinctive bouquet. Made in America.

ANNO 1695
National Distillers Prod. Corp., N. Y. 86 Proof

along with an even greater number of others more or less unknown to us, and the collection has great sparkle and originality.

Walter Quirt, an artist who in the past has changed his style almost as often as most men change their pants but who nevertheless has always remained interesting, is having, at the Associated American Artists, what is probably the best show of his career. He reveals certain changes from his most recent manner, and there are odd and no doubt accidental echoes of such disparate painters as Abraham Rattner and Stuart Davis in a number of the pieces. But behind all this there is much that is and has always been Quirt's own—the sense of nightmarish movement cast ironically in terms of medieval pageantry, the playing-card knights and warriors tangled in unreal battles, and the swirling, elliptical design—and the persistence of these images in his work makes one think that he has at last found a set of symbols that are adequate to his expression. I liked best his "Eternal Pageant," a painting that for all its emphasis on abstraction is somehow reminiscent of the battle scenes of Paolo Uccello. Another, called "How the Rabbit Lost Its Life," a kind of glittering kaleidoscope of heraldic figures, is swell too.

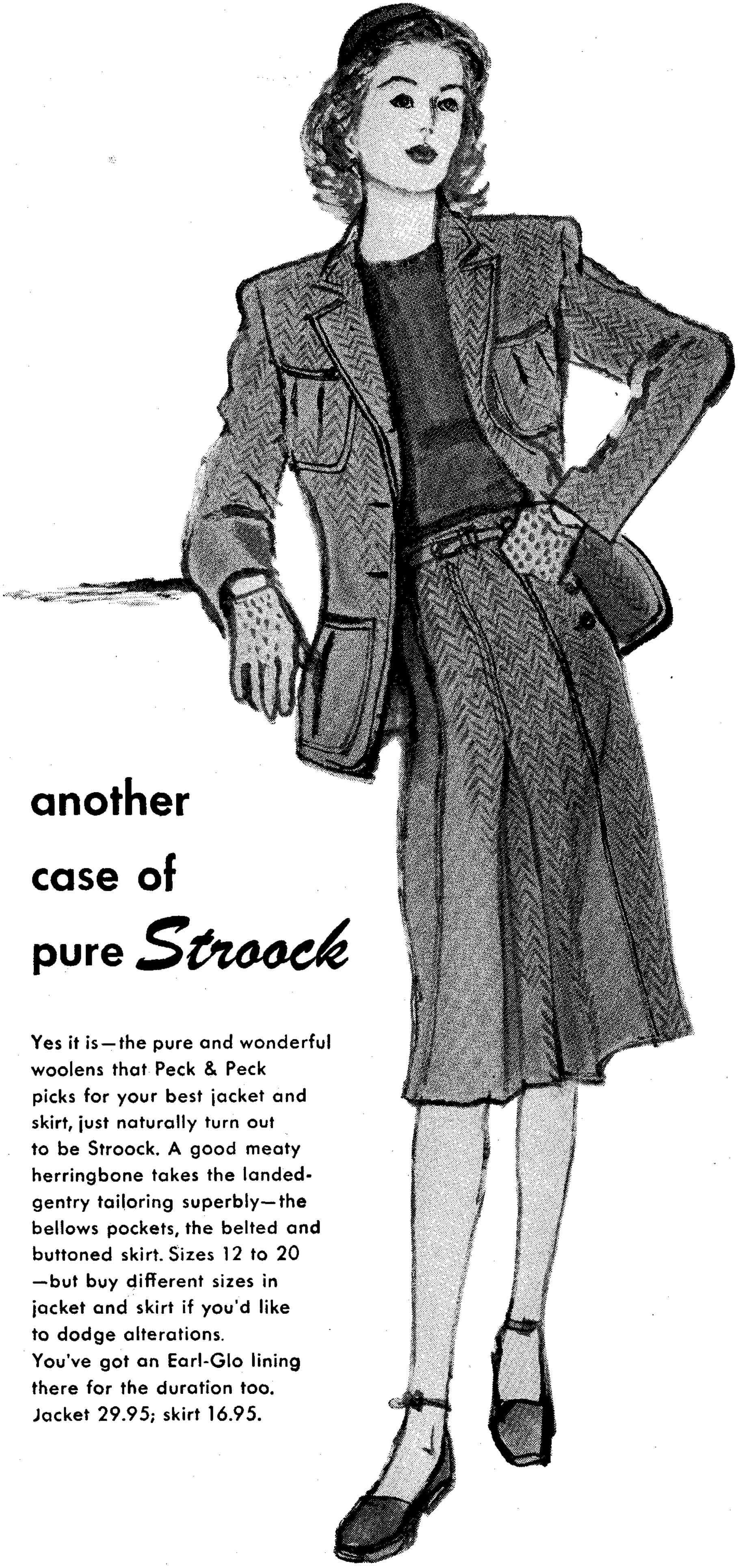
A few very early pieces by Georgia O'Keeffe have been included in the exhibition of her paintings now at An American Place, and in a way it may have been a mistake. All the rest are recent, and the contrast is not entirely to their advantage. Miss O'Keeffe has attained greater skill, greater technical fluency through the years; what she has lost is passion, and as a result a good many of even her most pretentious compositions are oddly lacking in appeal. Only a few, like the "Feathers" and "Feathers—White and Grey," for example, have that ear-to-the-ground air of her earlier ones, as if she had actually listened to the flower or the shell she was painting and had heard its faint, innermost pulse beat. The rest—the big "The Pedernal," "My Back Yard," and so on—seem emotionally thin indeed.

—Robert M. Coates

•

Georgetown—Wanted tenant with social background and sense of color to lease my home for 1 year.—*Adv. in the Washington Star.*

Sense of time, too.



another case of pure Stroock

Yes it is—the pure and wonderful woolens that Peck & Peck picks for your best jacket and skirt, just naturally turn out to be Stroock. A good meaty herringbone takes the landed-gentry tailoring superbly—the bellows pockets, the belted and buttoned skirt. Sizes 12 to 20—but buy different sizes in jacket and skirt if you'd like to dodge alterations. You've got an Earl-Glo lining there for the duration too. Jacket 29.95; skirt 16.95.

PECK & PECK

NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO • DETROIT
MINNEAPOLIS • PHILADELPHIA • ST. LOUIS

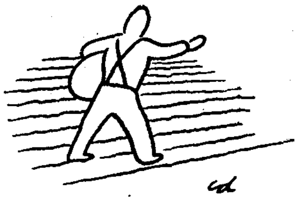
THE ARMY LIFE

XXIX—THE NATIVES

ONE of the permanent effects of this war, no matter what happens at the peace tables, will be a decline in movies with South Sea Island settings. American soldiers who have returned from the Southwest Pacific will be unable to refrain from laughing out loud at the alluring women and romantic scenery exposed to their knowing, skeptical gaze, and Hollywood will have to change its line. If Dorothy Lamour and her luscious colleagues want to get out before it's too late, I'd suggest that they toss aside their wrap-arounds and dress themselves in Central European finery. This would assure them of a chance, for a while at least, to impersonate, imaginatively, seductively, and no doubt profitably, the belles of one of the few areas American soldiers have not yet thoroughly explored. Nobody in the movies or anywhere else is going to get very far trying to convince Americans who have been in New Guinea, for instance, that it is a garden spot or that its ladies are lovely, passionate flowers. I have seen a lot of them and have seen a lot of American soldiers near them, but I have not seen any soldier so much as hold hands with one of them. Some of us, admittedly, have stared with interest at their eccentric shapes, but it has always been in a purely academic way. For the men of Papua, the women there may have a certain charm, but to us transients they are an unseemly bunch. I'm sure that they would say, and have said, the same of us.

LEAVING the gross subject of sex aside, I'd say that the better we American soldiers have come to know the permanent residents of this island, the more we've appreciated them. At times they have been our sole supply lines, as valuable as a railroad and somewhat surer. A railroad can always be blown up. When Japanese planes come toward a procession of native carriers, however, they merely dive into the jungle. Sometimes, to be sure, they remain there for two or three days, but almost invariably they come out again. Each group of natives working for us has a military organization of its own. The ranking member is a native police boy, often proudly wearing corporal's stripes, who carries an old-fashioned rifle. I have never seen a police boy fire his weapon and have no idea whether or not it is loaded, but it commands vast respect among his mates, who are unarmed and carry only a rolled-up fibre sleeping mat, a handful of tough vines, a long pole, and forty pounds of Allied impedimenta. Each group is also supervised by an Australian belonging to an organization called Angau—Australian New Guinea Administrative Union, I think the letters stand for—who tries to soothe his men when the Zeros approach, accompanies them up and down the difficult trails, and makes sure that none of them is carrying more or less than his allotted load of forty pounds.

Before beginning a jungle march, we dump into a pile the extra equipment we can't carry ourselves, and the natives gather around it like children examining gifts, while the Angau man, without the aid of scales, judiciously lifts each object and estimates its weight. Most of the natives, after receiving their assignments, work in pairs, toting eighty pounds between them. They tie their load to a pole with their vines, put the pole on their shoulders, and then stride swiftly down the trail. They are incredibly fast. One day, when my company had to move thirteen miles, the natives started off just as we did. We were still about four miles from our destination, panting unashamedly, when we met the natives strolling back with their poles and rolled-up vines, heading for home as if they didn't have a care in the world. Covering twenty-five miles a day for ten days in a row apparently doesn't strike them as anything noteworthy, but, in view of the fact that their wives act as porters when their own families move, I imagine they don't find the work agreeable.



The majority of the natives we have encountered are friendly and loyal to the Allied cause. By their standards of physical beauty we are certainly no more handsome than the Japs, but they are on our side. For one thing, they are well paid, and for another, they have sensibly concluded, even without benefit of military commentators, that the white star of the Americans is the advisable one to get hitched to. Furthermore, they just don't like the Japanese. When bringing one of our wounded back from the front lines, four of them will carry the litter gently and a fifth will walk alongside, holding a palm leaf over the injured man's face. They take no special pains when given the task of hauling back an enemy casualty. Some natives have been employed by the Japs, who, at the time of their initial landing at Buna last summer, coerced one whole local tribe into coöperating with them and in addition imported native carriers from New Britain. We captured half a dozen of these natives one afternoon, and when they were brought to our headquarters a couple of hours later, the natives who were there took delight in spitting on them.

The captive natives looked wilder than our own. They were liberally streaked with white paint, appeared cannibalistic, and would have fitted in perfectly with any casting director's preconceived notions of medicine men. Our carriers go in less heavily than they do for bodily adornment. Some of our men, though, are tattooed here and there, many of them wear flowers in their bushy hair (the women, however, do not), most of them dye their teeth a sickly reddish brown with betel-nut juice, and a few, evidently dudes, treat their hair with this same clinging substance, causing it to turn an astounding reddish-orange color.

WE scarcely consider the natives curiosities, probably because they are no odder than anything else in the vicinity. They are, besides, a comparatively subdued group, never pounding tom-toms, indulging in orgies, or dancing until all hours. Every now and then, to be sure, we hear shrill, frightening cries and assume that one of them is beating his wife, but the practice doesn't appear to be any more prevalent here than back home and is apparently condoned by the victims. Both men and women are notably modest. Although they wear practically no clothes, they nevertheless, for example, bathe as demurely as our dowagers. I have never seen a native older than eight or nine, in or out of the water, completely naked.

Comparatively few of the natives understand English, but it doesn't much matter, since we rarely have an occasion to engage them in prolonged conversation. The Angau men are well versed in their gruff dialect and serve as interpreters whenever we have any important messages to convey. Several of the police boys, moreover, are slightly better acquainted than their compatriots with our language and can usually pass the good word along. In emergencies, or quandaries, we can always fall back on sign language. I have rarely heard anyone here talking to anyone else in pidgin English. There are a handful of

FRAGRANT ENCHANTMENT

That you may walk in beauty . . .
creating an aura of loveliness
heart-stirring as spring moonlight . . .
these exquisite Chanel accessories to charm . . .

CHANEL
GARDENIA
HAND SOAP
CHANEL
CHANEL
CHANEL
CHANEL
Nº 5
CHANEL
TOILET SOAP
Chanel
Chanel
Chanel
CHANEL
BATH
CHANEL
SOAP

Chanel Face Powder, perfumed with No. 5 or Gardenia . . . $2.00 • Chanel Lipstick . . . $1.50 Lipstick Refill . . . $1.00 • Chanel Bath Soap, perfumed with Gardenia . . . 1 in box, $1.50 • Toilet Soap, perfumed with No. 5 . . . 3 in box, $3.00 • Hand Soap, perfumed with Gardenia . . , 4 in box, $2.00 • Visitors Size Soap, perfumed with Gardenia . . . 12 in box, $3.00 • Perfumes . . . $2.75 to $25.50

All prices plus tax

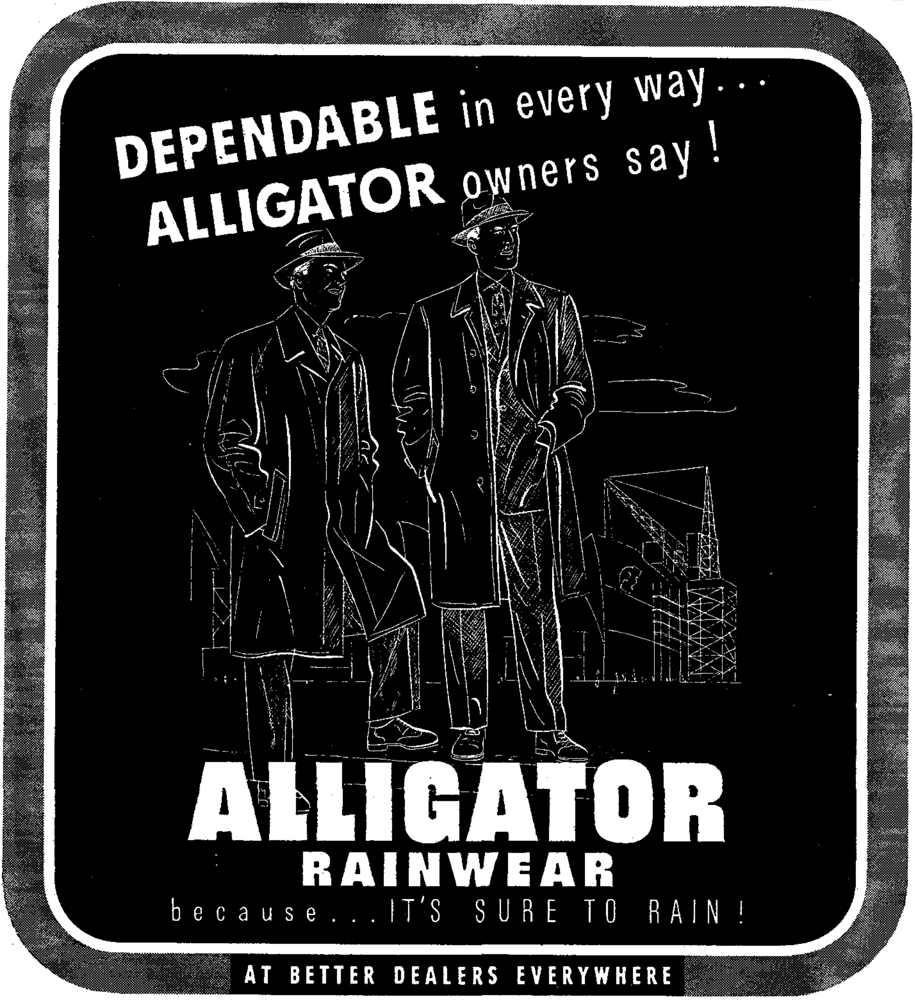
by CHANEL

No. 5 Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Chanel, Inc., N. Y., Distributor.

DRY SACK
Sherry
Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. 2 PARK AVE. N.Y.
IMPORTERS SINCE 1877
DRY SACK (SHERRY) Shipped & Bottled by WILLIAMS & HUMBERT LONDON ENGLAND
"Sherry Sir?"
The Most Famous Wine of a Famous Producer
WILLIAMS & HUMBERT

Dry Sack is the one sherry that appeals to all sherry lovers. It has the qualities a connoisseur looks for—a fine balance between dry and sweet; a mellow, nutty flavor. If you can afford the best this is the sherry that will make your palate glow. It's delicious at room temperature or slightly chilled. Try a glass in a restaurant. We believe you'll enjoy it and be proud to serve Dry Sack Sherry in your home.

JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., N. Y.



DEPENDABLE in every way...
ALLIGATOR owners say!
ALLIGATOR
RAINWEAR
because...IT'S SURE TO RAIN!
AT BETTER DEALERS EVERYWHERE

natives who can even manage our irregular verbs, which they have learned to do from missionaries, but they are otherwise thoroughly un-Anglicized, or un-Americanized. For instance, they never use mosquito nettings, without which we wouldn't dream of going anywhere unless we absolutely had to. The natives just let the mosquitoes bite them, and accordingly most of them have malaria from time to time. Many of them are sprinkled with sores which have a tendency not to heal and which turn into itching, festering, tropical ulcers. Some of the natives, too, are afflicted with a strange skin disease that covers their bodies with grayish scales. We sedulously avoid those so decorated. The natives, by the way, don't believe that by constant exposure to malarial mosquitoes they will acquire immunity; they just don't care. This attitude was shared by one Australian I know who has lived in New Guinea for twenty years as the overseer of a rubber plantation. He once told me that he never bothered with a netting and never took quinine as a preventive against malaria. I asked him if he didn't get sick. "Certainly," he said. "How often?" I asked. "Oh, every three weeks or so," he replied.

That the natives and the Americans basically have little in common is perhaps best proved by the fact that the former regard bully beef as a treat and gobble up the stuff as eagerly as we would go for breast of guinea hen. However, they seem less concerned than one might expect with white man's magic, showing practically no interest in our radios and cameras. Unlike all natives of fiction, they are neither excited nor terrified when someone attempts to snap their picture. They just take photography for granted. Also, instead of standing around gaping when we turn on the radio, they listen contemptuously a moment or two and then walk away. The natives are no fools.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

ODD NUMBERS. By Herbert McKay. Macmillan.
Arithmetic, notes Mr. McKay,
arithmeticians, not of arithmetic,
derella of mathematics, the
drudge who does the dirty and
is usually regarded as the Cin-
dull work. This is the fault of
and this Cinderella has glass slippers. The author proves his
point with illustrations of arithmetical processes that lead to
"results that are interesting in
themselves."

Every day's a Red Letter Day when you wear Dorothy Gray

Red Letter Red

JUST to *wear* this rich jubilant red on your lips will make *any* day a holiday. *Red Letter Red* gives emphasis to your lips, importance to your face. Like all Dorothy Gray lipsticks... *Red Letter Red* is firm, yet creamy-moist and as indelible as can be. Helps your lips take on a soft, full appeal...makes any costume color look like a fashion! Lipstick, $1. Refills, 50¢. Compact and Cream Rouge, each $1. Nail Polish, 60¢. Plus tax.

Red Letter Hat by
SALLY VICTOR

Red Letter Lips,
DOROTHY GRAY

Find a fresh spring complexion at the Dorothy Gray Salon

If your skin isn't glowing-clear, sweet and smooth... enjoy a treatment at the Dorothy Gray Salon. Specialized to your needs . . . whether your skin is dry, lined, coarsened, or simply weather-beaten. 1 hour, $5. Course of 6, $22.50. Consultation complimentary. Phone: Wickersham 2-6109. Ask for "Appointment Desk."

Dorothy Gray...683 Fifth Avenue...New York City

The spirit of the day is for *simplification.* Dorothy Gray, therefore, now features only 8 shades, keyed to all fashion colors, all complexion types. *Red Letter Red, Smiling Red, Crimson Glory, Nosegay, Siren, South American, Nut Brown Red, Brass Band.*

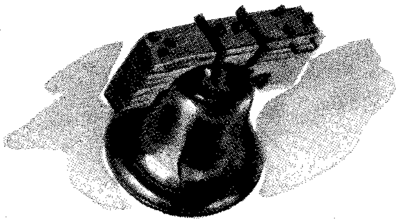
Copyright, 1943, by Dorothy Gray, Ltd.

Dorothy Gray

AMERICAN DESIGN OF BEAUTY

**BUY
WAR SAVINGS
BONDS
AND STAMPS**

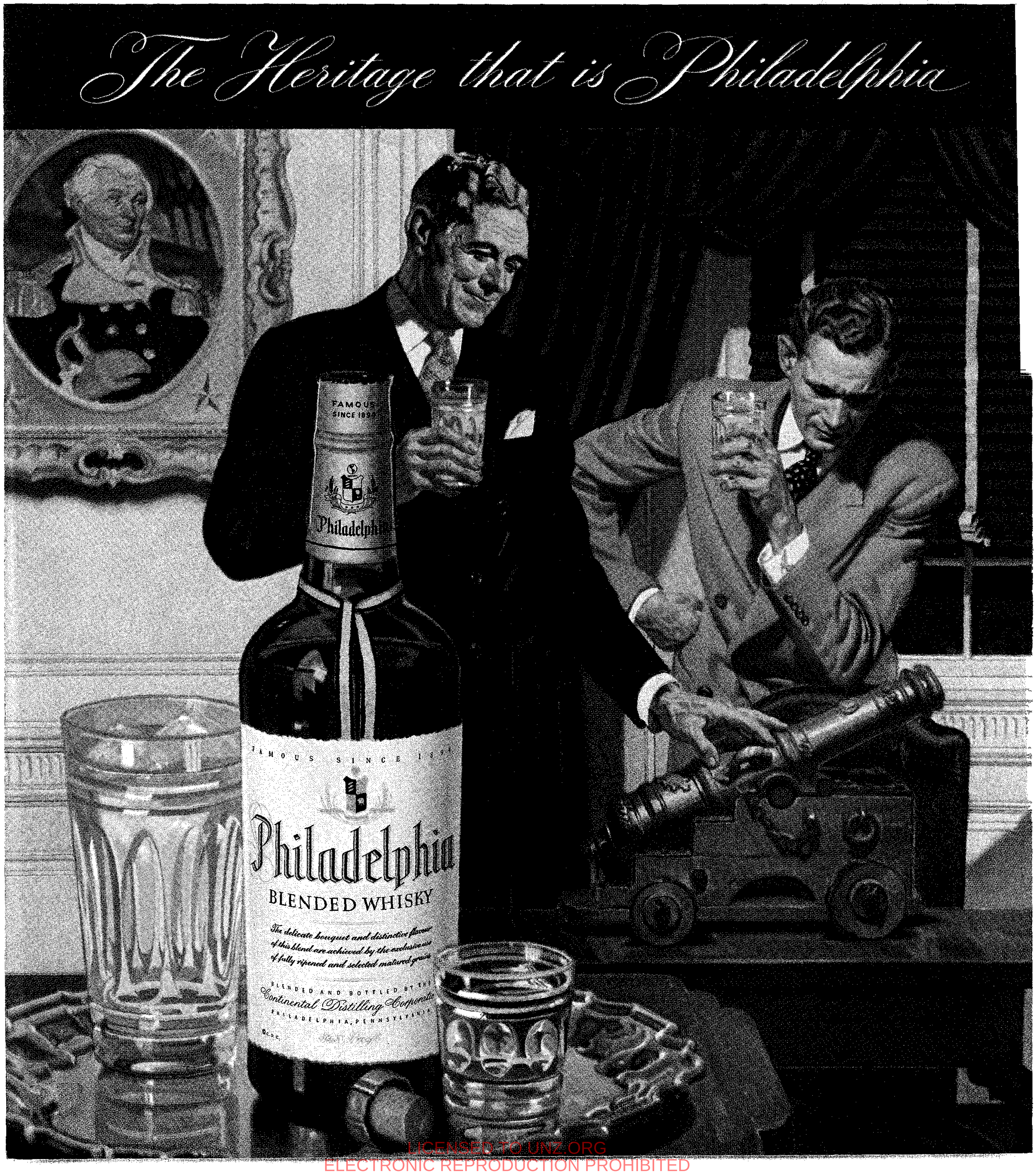
HERITAGE OF HOSPITALITY



FAMOUS SINCE 1894

BIRTHPLACE OF TRADITIONS DEEP-ROOTED FOR CENTURIES IN OUR AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE, PHILADELPHIA IS THE CITY THAT GAVE TO THIS NATION ITS PROUD HERITAGE OF HOSPITALITY. ONLY A WHISKY AS FINE AS PHILADELPHIA IS WORTHY OF THIS PROUD NAME. BASED ON CHOICEST RESERVE STOCKS, PHILADELPHIA IS TRULY A GENTLEMAN'S WHISKY, ORDINARILY RESERVED FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS . . . YET ONE YOU CAN ENJOY . . . REGULARLY AND OFTEN.

86.8 *Proof* • 65% *Grain Neutral Spirits*


The Heritage that is Philadelphia
FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
BLENDED WHISKY
The delicate bouquet and distinctive flavor of this blend are achieved by the exclusive use of fully ripened and selected matured grains
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY THE Continental Distilling Corporation
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Easy Consciences

A COUPLE of weeks ago the British in Hollywood came out with a picture on which they had used a good portion of their motion-picture talent and which covered a sizeable span of their country's history. That was "Forever and a Day," starring C. Aubrey Smith, Merle Oberon, Ida Lupino, Charles Laughton, and others. The story dealt with events from 1804 to 1939 or so. Now the French have come along with "The Heart of a Nation," made in France before the invasion, with Raimu, Michèle Morgan, Louis Jouvet, and a touch of Charles Boyer. The story is about goings on in France from the Franco-Prussian War to the beginning of this one. In neither film is the country involved treated too roughly. The English, in looking back through their diary, so to speak, found that they had led a pretty beautiful life, in spite of a few annoying disturbances from outside. The French, thinking themselves over, have come to the same conclusion. They point out that Germany has given them all kinds of trouble but that there has obviously been nothing to be done about it. They seem to feel that once the current mess is cleaned up Germany will inevitably give them trouble again, too, but in the meantime they will simply have to mind their own business and hope.

Aside from their somewhat narcissistic viewpoint, which probably arises from a natural, wartime need for self-affirmation, the two pictures are not quite similar. The British one went in for the history of an English house and told about the various families that had lived in it through the years. The French one is about a single family and therefore has some of the same characters all the way through. One of these is an uncle played, luckily, by Raimu, who is a very competent clown and nice to have around to lighten up the march of civilization. The film is episodic, of course, and some of the episodes don't amount to much, having been brought in just to mark some milestone, such as the invention of the airplane. Others, however, which have to do with the daily, unhistorical events of family life, are well done. If the

A veil of fragrance for your Easter Bonnet

MILLE FLEURS

With a fresh lilt Mille Fleurs hovers about you .... enchants with spring's sweet promises. Wind yourself in a cloud of fragrance, the fragrance of Mille Fleurs, spirit of a thousand flowers,

5.00 to 24.50
All prices plus taxes

Elizabeth Arden
691 FIFTH AVENUE • NEW YORK

French would like to congratulate themselves on their actors while they are in a self-appraising mood, they may go right ahead.

M. Boyer tells you in a spoken foreword that one print of this film is all that was smuggled out of France, where it was buried for a while until the Germans stopped looking for it. That, incidentally, is all you see of M. Boyer, his only other function being to provide an occasional commentating voice in the background. Also to help out, there are English titles. As in the case of other foreign pictures, previous and current, these titles often reveal too great an effort on the part of the translator to simplify things. In one spot, for example, a boy comes home and starts to tell his father what's been going on at school when his father happens to know he's been playing hooky. His sister, who is standing by and knows that their father knows, says something like "I wouldn't press the point too vigorously if I were you," and her brother is smart enough to realize that the game is up. According to the title, however, the sister says, "Never mind, he knows," so that the audience, not being considered quite as smart as the brother, will know what she's driving at. Still and all, the dialogue is in French, which is a foreign language, so any kind of English titles have a certain usefulness.

—David Lardner

•

Kroger's store in Harrison was the scene of a very pretty wedding ceremony Thursday afternoon, when Sherman Larimer and Mollie M. Atchley, both of Gaither, were united in marriage, Rev. C. R. McCullum performing the ceremony. Jeff Carroll, manager, and Earl Hubbard, clerk, acted as best men. The lady clerk attended the bride. This involved all the Kroger force as Rev. McCullum is in charge of the meat department. The store was closed for ten minutes during the ceremony. At the conclusion of the ceremony a package of Kroger's best rice was opened and the happy couple were showered.—*Harrison (Ark.) Times.*

Most convenient damn wedding we ever heard of.

•

THIS IS WAR

[From the house organ of the Harry Conover model agency]

Lillian Brokal Says . . .

"As my special war habit I make a sincere effort to fall into the required pose immediately and hold it with the minimum amount of moving, thus aiding the photographer to conserve film, flash bulbs and other photographic equipment."

introducing Volunteer

La Cross' new nail polish shade for fingertips off-and-on duty

It's a deep red, stirring as the times, bright as courage. It's bravado for your deft Victory-working hands, a compliment to them, lovely in repose. Wear it round the clock, confident of its continued beauty. For like all La Cross polishes, Volunteer is precision-tested for staying power and color perfection.

60c a ½ oz. bottle plus Federal tax

La Cross

America's Finest MANICURE IMPLEMENTS

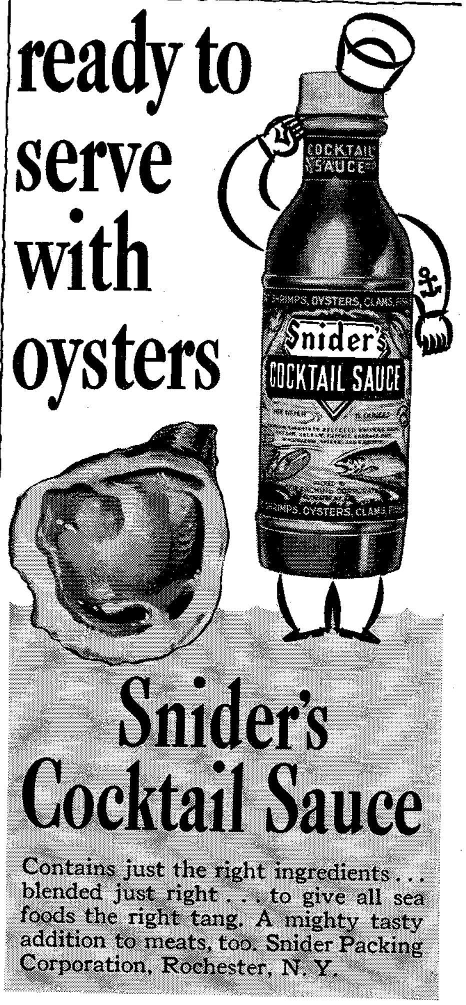
Schnefel Bros. Corporation, Newark, N. J. • Est. 1903

Gubelin Military Watch

The results of a century of fine watch making are embodied in this remarkable "Gubelin" Military Watch. Strongly built—15 Jewels—non-magnetic—sweep second hand—luminous dial. Water-proof stainless steel case . . . Exceptional value $45. *Federal tax included.*

Mail orders promptly filled

E. GUBELIN, INC
Watches and Clocks
336 PARK AVE., NEW YORK


ready to serve with oysters

Snider's Cocktail Sauce

Contains just the right ingredients . . . blended just right . . . to give all sea foods the right tang. A mighty tasty addition to meats, too. Snider Packing Corporation, Rochester, N. Y.

A CHANCE TO GET ACQUAINTED

AS they neared the front door of the Glassers' home, Virginia and Robert Hadley stopped quarrelling. Robert's angry, jerky walk changed to an easy, almost amiable stride. Virginia smoothed out her gloves and adjusted her fur jacket. The rebellious stiffness of her face relaxed in preparation for a smile.

"We're right on time," Robert said. He looked sideways at his wife, and noticed with relief that she was going to make an effort. She hadn't wanted to come; that was the reason they had quarrelled.

"We go there for dinner," she had said, "and then we'll have to have them over here. Why start a thing like that? Oh, I guess they're nice enough people; it isn't that I don't think they're nice. But they're not our type, Robert, even if they *are* old friends of yours. And—well, that house of theirs is atrocious. I mean they're not any fun."

"How do you know? You only saw them once, and Pete's relatives were there and you didn't have a chance to get acquainted. Just because the Glassers can't afford to give cocktail parties or go running into the city whenever a new show opens doesn't mean they don't enjoy themselves as much as that crowd we've been chasing around with. It doesn't mean they're not—" He had checked himself at the point of saying "the salt of the earth." Virginia hated that phrase. He looked at her and thought how pretty she was. He knew how much he wanted this evening to be a success. Perhaps that was why he had been angry, because he cared so much. "—worth knowing," he had finished firmly.

Ever since he and Virginia had got married, three years before, he had been trying to get across to her the fact that their way of living must be regarded as a temporary arrangement, like a honeymoon, like a pleasant but extravagant interlude which would eventually yield to practicalities. They couldn't afford a maid, for instance, but he'd put off getting rid of Sarah because he felt that Virginia hadn't exactly got the feel of housework. Belonging to the country club, too, was beyond his means, but Virginia had made such an issue of it that he had joined. Yet he never paid a monthly bill without being guiltily aware that the club and all it stood for were in the bracket above the one he rightly fitted into.

The war had plunged him more deeply into budget considerations, but in a way he had been almost grateful to the war. There were not going to be any more of those luxuries a pretty young woman like Virginia had got into the habit of thinking she needed. There had begun a shifting of values which would turn people like himself and Virginia back to the simple life in which they belonged. The war might effect the kind of compromise he himself hadn't had the courage, or perhaps the wit, to establish.

"When you get to know Pete and Emily," he continued, "you'll see what I mean." He had to take it easy with Virginia; he wanted her to find out for herself. "Of course Emily's older than you, but she's as lively as they come."

"Yes?" said Virginia. She was thirty-four and Robert was twelve years older. Age had nothing to do with it, though; she frequently liked people of his age better than those of her own. The Eliot Mortimers, for instance, who owned that big place up near the country club. And the Randalls—they weren't in town much, they lived part of the year in Florida, but when they did show up, Virginia always wanted to have them over.

Robert rang the Glassers' doorbell. He could hear Pete coming to answer it. Good old Pete, he thought. They'd had some swell times together, he and Pete. They'd seen a lot of each other years ago, before he had met Virginia.

"Well, *hel*-lo!" When Pete opened the door his voice breezed out to meet his guests. "Come in, come in." He shook hands with Virginia and then with Robert. "You're a sight for sore eyes, you two. Emily—" Emily Glasser came up behind Pete. She looked larger than Robert had remembered, or perhaps it was her dress that made her look that way, a light-colored rayon silk, clean and neat, but out of season and indifferently fitted. Despite her lack of style, she had, Robert thought, a sort of full-blown handsomeness.

"It's so good to see you," she said. She too shook hands with her guests, and she helped Virginia to take off her fur jacket. "My, how pretty." She smoothed the blond fur appreciatively and carried it over to the hall closet. Turning back, she asked, "Do you want to go up to the bedroom?" Virginia said no, that she didn't.

The little house was brightly lighted and Robert felt that it reflected the enthusiasm and contentment of its owners. That was what he wanted Virginia to understand without his having to tell her. It wouldn't have sounded right in words, anyway. Pete and Emily had their ups and downs—Robert knew that—and financially the going wasn't too easy for them, but you knew, watching them, that whatever happened to them was secondary to the fact that they liked being together.

The two couples walked into the living room. A fire was burning in the open fireplace and there was a vase filled with bittersweet on the mantel. Most of the furniture was shabby and unrelated, but it looked comfortable. "No, don't sit there," Emily Glasser said as Virginia chose a chair a distance from the hearth. "Come over here on the couch, where it's warmer."

Virginia sat down on the couch. The light from the fireplace shone flatteringly upon her. She looked slender and fragile in her dark dress, her sheer stockings, her red suède sandals. The rather costly costume clip which Robert had given her for her birthday seemed, against the background of her correctness, less a reproduction than the real thing. Robert smiled at her as he sat down in a chair facing the couch. He was glad to see that Old Fashioneds, Virginia's favorite cocktails, were on the tray already set up on the coffee table in front of the couch.

Emily noticed him looking at them and said, "Our last bottle of bourbon, and I can't think of better company to share it with us. After tonight we're going to be drinking lord knows what." She moved the coffee table closer to the couch. "Now, I want all of you to help yourselves. If you'll excuse me a minute, I've a few things to see to in the kitchen."

"Is there anything I can do?" Virginia asked.

Emily shook her head. "I should say not. You just sit there and keep the men happy."

Pete poured the drinks and Robert passed one to Virginia. He had almost hoped that she would have chosen to go out into the kitchen with Emily; there were things he wanted to talk over with Pete. "Here you are, honey." He watched her as she took a sip.

He wanted to tell Pete what was happening at his office. What was happen-

Taken by storm?

Property values whisk up and down like the mercury in a vernal barometer. Abrupt changes can play havoc with your insurance protection, unless you have a competent broker analyze your risks and bring your fire and valuables coverage up to date. Ask him about Atlantic—its profit-sharing dividends and a 101 year old name for swift, ungrudging loss adjustments.

CONSULT YOUR BROKER

ATLANTIC
Mutual **INSURANCE** *Company*
49 WALL STREET · NEW YORK

Easter Greetings
For Those Near and Far

A colorful egg enhanced with lilies and jonquils . . . filled with boxes of candies, cakes, stuffed fruits, nuts and other Easter confections. **$8.50**

A suggestion from a large group of original Easter Gifts from $2.50.

A special Easter Package for the women and men in the Service . . . unusual assortments of candies, nuts and good things to eat. **$5.50**
Others from $2.50
Parcel Post Not Included

Alice H. Marks
6 E. 52ND ST., NEW YORK PL 3-7282

Easter Greetings
Happy Easter

Surprise Your Husband – this inspired cooking aid gives Gravies and Stews the epicurian touch.

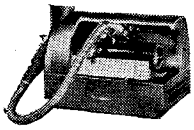
GRAVY MASTER
"SOMETHING" MEN LIKE

GIVES A LIFT TO WARTIME FOODS

RENT A NEW DICTAPHONE*

Make up for manpower shortage by renting new Dictaphone dictating machines. On authority of the W.P.B. new Dictaphone equipment may be rented on a monthly basis, subject to recall on 30 days' notice. Call your local Dictaphone office, listed in your phone book.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



ing was that there was rapidly getting to be no excuse for an office. Pete, he knew, had recently taken a small clerical job with the government. That was what he figured he would have to do, too—that, or find something in a defense plant.

"How's the new job, fellow?" he asked Pete.

Pete grinned and stared into his glass. "Good—and bad," he said. "It's a good job, I guess. I like it. But with prices going up . . ."

"Isn't it dreadful!" Virginia's eyes brightened and she leaned forward a little on the couch. "That's what I keep telling Robert. Everything's twice as high this year as it was last. Our market bills are disgraceful. I blamed it on Sarah at first; I thought she was ordering carelessly. Sarah's a jewel, though. It's just that prices have gone up."

"Food *is* high," Pete agreed.

"And not only food." Virginia's voice tightened accusingly. "I don't think Robert realizes." She looked down at her legs. "Stockings, for instance. Why, last year I paid a dollar fifteen for nylons as good as these. Two-fifty now—imagine! And at that they told me I'd gotten the last of the lot."

"Honey," Robert said, "it's wartime. We'll all have to make sacrifices."

"Who's talking about sacrifices?" Emily Glasser came through the dining room and into the living room. Her walk was brisk and youthful. "Isn't that just like a man?" She smiled at Virginia. She took a cocktail from the tray and tasted it. "Always fussing about something, aren't they! We've got roofs over our heads, and three meals a day, and no bombs falling—not yet, anyway." She toasted her glass to some distant spot across the room, and Pete said to Virginia, "You didn't meet Donnie, did you?"

Virginia shook her head. Her eyes followed Emily Glasser's gesture and

she saw the photograph of a young man in uniform.

"Your son?" she asked. Pete nodded.

"He's in California now, stationed at Indio. We had a letter from him yesterday." He laughed. "His mother, here, she's so proud of him she could bust."

"But of course," Virginia said politely. "Why shouldn't she be?"

Robert's second drink made him feel relaxed and comfortable. After his third he grew unusually mellow. He began to think that this was a nice-looking living room. He was getting old, perhaps, or perhaps it was just that a normal masculine disinterest in changing fashions made him relish the Glassers' place for its resemblance to the one he had lived in when he was a boy. His parents' home had been a lot like this; he'd been happy there and he'd thought of it as pleasant and adequate. Virginia felt differently about furnishings. She had taste in decorating a room but her ideas were frankly luxurious, which was all right, too, he supposed, as long as money and luxuries were available. He'd be the last person in the world to change Virginia. What he hoped was to be able to figure out some sort of compromise.

Emily Glasser was over on the couch now, beside Virginia, and he was glad that the two women seemed to be getting along fine together. He heard Virginia say, "But Indio's near Palm Springs, isn't it? . . . Oh, could I? I'd love to read it. Robert and I were in California two years ago on a vacation and I've been dying to go back ever since."

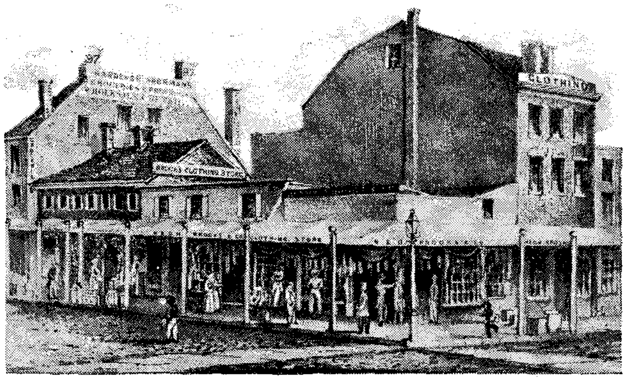
"Hey, you two," interrupted Pete. "There're a couple of starving men here, remember."

"Heavens yes," Emily said, and stood up. "The chicken will be burned to a crisp."

They went into the dining room, and Emily insisted that the three of them sit down at the table; she could manage the serving alone. "It's so much easier that way, it really is."

She brought in a roasted chicken and set it in front of her husband. While he was carving, she went back into the kitchen and returned with a bowl of gravy and a double vegetable dish containing potatoes and string beans. She made one more trip for rolls. "Wait till you taste *those*," Robert said. He remembered Emily's cooking. He liked seeing all the food on the table that way instead of having it served to him, as Sarah did it at home, with interludes of eating between interludes of waiting. During dinner, the conversation was

Brooks Clothing Store, corner Catharine & Cherry Sts.



ON TUESDAY, *April 7, 1818*, Henry Sands Brooks opened a Clothing Store on the corner of Catharine & Cherry Sts., New York. Its convenient Location, easily arrived at by *Gentry and Seafaring Men* alike, promptly invited Inspection of its Wares...including Pantaloons, Fancy Waistcoats, Brass-Buttoned Coats, Sea Captain's Furnishings, Cassimeres, Osnaburgs, and other yard goods & Novelties, such as Choppa Kerchiefs, lately come to port from India. The high Standards of *Quality and Fair Dealing* upon which it was founded have never been compromised...and are maintained today, a century and a quarter later, in the great business which it has become:

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

OFFICERS' UNIFORMS, SUPPLIES & ACCESSORIES

MADISON AVENUE, CORNER FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NUMBER ONE WALL STREET • NEW YORK
BOSTON • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES

They're
both
in the army
now

Popular with Waacs, Waves,
on the Home Front.

Popular with the boys.

OMEGA *Waterproofs, Stainless Steel*
From an outstanding collection of
service watches at 55.00 and up.

BLACK, STARR & GORHAM
FIFTH AVENUE at 48 St., NEW YORK
White Plains • East Orange

Tripler's Moor Park Hat

THIS *distinctive style, a scratch finish felt, is a favorite of sportsmen for town and country wear*

SOFT SHADES OF TAN COVERT, GREY AND DARK BROWN $10
OTHER TRIPLER HATS $5 *to* $20
Mail orders will receive careful, personal attention

F.R. TRIPLER & CO.
MADISON AVENUE AT FORTY-SIXTH ST. NEW YORK

easy and unaffected. The feeling of confidence which had come to Robert over cocktails spread comfortingly until it seemed to him that tonight would be the perfect time to have a talk with Virginia. He must make her see that the way these people lived, Pete and Emily, was the life a lot of others would have to turn to. It was bound to happen. Women would have to do their own work, clothes wouldn't be so important, house furnishings wouldn't be sloughed off year after year like a last season's hat. The country club would be a dead institution.

He thought about these things and he grew so sure of himself that he could hardly wait to say what he had to say. After dinner, when Emily read her son's letter aloud and it appeared that Virginia's interest was more in the place where Donnie was stationed than in Donnie himself, Robert broke in with "You probably wouldn't know Palm Springs now, honey. That hotel where we stayed—remember? I read in the paper the other day that it had been taken over by the Army."

"It was wonderful," Virginia said. "We had our luncheons by the swimming pool. The service couldn't have been more divine."

"Listen to her," Robert said. "That's all passed, dear. That sort of thing is finished."

"Oh, *you* . . ." she murmured lightly. "Robert likes to cry wolf," she told Emily Glasser. Emily had got out some recent photographs of her son and was preparing to pass them around.

"Now, this one," Emily began. "This one was taken his first day in uniform—"

ROBERT and Virginia started for home before midnight. They said goodbye at the doorway and thanked Pete and Emily for the evening. Emily insisted that they come again soon and Virginia promised to telephone. The Hadleys went on down the walk to their car. Robert's hand lingered on Virginia's elbow as he helped her in. "Tired, honey?" he asked. She said no. "Well, how was it?" He had come around the other side of the car. He got in and pulled the door shut behind him. He unlocked the ignition and stepped on the starter. "I mean," he said amiably, "you had a good time, didn't you? You have to admit that they're darned nice people."

Virginia stared ahead of her. "They're all right," she answered. "I never did say they weren't nice. It depends upon what you mean by a good time, though. There are probably thousands of nice people in the world that I don't care about meeting. After all—"

"Listen, darling," he interrupted. "Let's not quarrel."

"I'm not quarrelling." As the car started forward she turned to look at him. She kept her eyes on him for a few moments and her voice was level and unyielding. "I hate poverty and shabbiness," she said. "I hate failure."

Robert felt his hands tighten on the wheel. He was angry, absurdly so, he thought, and he fought to discourage his anger. He managed not to say anything and instead pressed his foot on the accelerator. After a few minutes of silence they were going so fast that he had to use the brakes abruptly for a red light. At the sudden stop Virginia swayed forward a little. Her pocketbook slid to the floor of the car and when she picked it up the clasp brushed by her ankle and caught her stocking. Soundlessly, the threads ripped loose and began a narrow ladder of destruction up the length of her leg to her knee. Virginia stared at it helplessly.

"I'm sorry," Robert said.

Her face drew up convulsively and she began to cry.

"Honey, don't," he said. "It isn't anything to cry about. It isn't that serious."

But she ignored him, staring straight ahead, with the tears running down her cheeks, and after a minute he saw it wasn't any use. He started the car again and they rode home in silence, through the dimmed-out streets.

—Decla Dunning

•

"Irish revolutionary, prophet of a literary revolution, dramatist and stage-director, mystic and oculist..."—*From a book adv. in the Times.*

You don't need to go on. We're satisfied.

•

Aletta Lewis is probably the only white woman who has ever been appointed Chief Virgin to a South Sea Island tribe.

This will not surprise those people who remember her when she taught drawing at Julian Ashton's art school.—*Sydney (Australia) Daily Telegraph.*

Ah, school days, school days!

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK
(BRITISH DIVISION)

[*From "The Bowstring Murders," by Carter Dickson*]

Dr. Michael Tairlaine sat, fondling his grayish spike of beard with his half-closed eyes, brooding over the late summer loveliness of the English countryside.

HAIG & HAIG
Haig & Haig Ltd
EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND
TWELVE YEARS OLD
EIGHT 8 YEARS OLD
HAIG & HAIG
FIVE STAR
Liqueur Blended Scots Whisky
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
HAIG & HAIG
Edinburgh Scotland

Never missed a day
in 316 years

12
YEARS OLD

8
YEARS OLD

Haig & Haig

The Oldest name in Scotch
Famous since 1627

BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY 86.8 PROOF • SOMERSET IMPORTERS, Ltd., NEW YORK

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

AN encouraging new aspect of the fashion business is that changes in style are being dictated by the changes in women's needs and not, as was often the case in other years, by the mystic frenzy of designers in ivory towers. As one example, play costumes inspired by workmen's clothes were brought forth without any particular reason some seasons ago and were considered just too divinely chic for the carefree life of the Riviera and Palm Beach. Well, sturdy, workmanlike clothes are fashionable again, but this time it's because women are working.

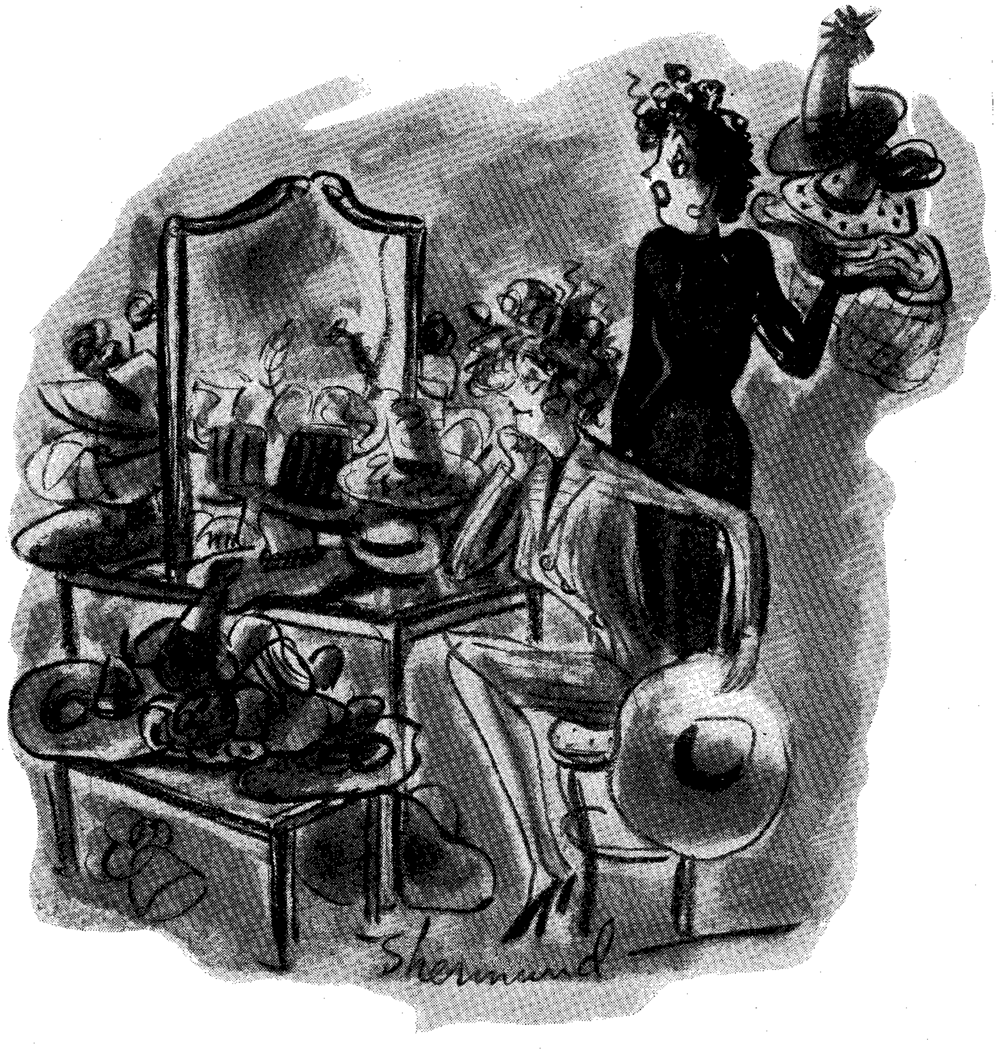
Altman's Garden Shop harbors one such item—a coverall in faded-blue denim, with long sleeves, huge patch pockets, and a fly fastening down the front; it costs $7.95 and is extra wonderful because of its handiness when you have to fix things in the house, the garden, or the automobile. The shop also has the good old wrap-around Hoover apron in striped denim for those occasions when you come home from the office and find that you have just lost another cook to Sperry.

Women who are up to their ears in war jobs around town will be happy about the collection of cotton suits at Jane Engel, 1025 Madison (79th). Among them is a group of meticulously tailored lightweight faded-blue denims with slightly bloused backs and good, long waistlines. Some are double-breasted, with round, collarless necks; some are striped surplice affairs with two buttons at the waist; some have striped jackets with revers to match the solid-blue skirts. All are $10.95 and could go blithely from canteen to cocktails in summer. Engel shows nice checked gingham suits, too, with short jackets and skirts that have slit pockets and pleats to give a trouser effect. Look also at her seersucker suits, which somehow manage to appear citified—a difficult accomplishment.

THERE is considerable enthusiasm for knits that are tailored like tweeds but have a comfortable give when you move. Those champion machine-knit efforts at Martha West, 444 Madison (49th), look smart forever, keep their shape, and still feel as casual as sweaters. The newest suit here has a slightly nubbly surface and consists of a well-cut buttoned jacket worn over a round-necked, belted dress, and it doesn't make you look curvy, a trick that causes golfers and *grandes dames* alike to swear by Martha West. In a deep green, this suit is perfect for anywhere; $69.50. You can buy a skirt to match if you want to wear the jacket as part of a two-piece suit. You can also have the dress in a bright-red-and-yellow overplaid on a ground to match the jacket. Indeed, West's shop is heaven for people who enjoy planning their own combinations. She likes to turn out little hats to match her suits, making them of strips of knit so intricately sewed that they look crocheted. She says that lots of women seem to want frivolous blouses to wear with knit suits, a demand that she stands ready to meet. Look especially at her yellow chiffon blouse with a self-ruffle. Her bouclé sweater blouses can be worn with dinner suits because the lacy knit ruffles toward the throat are so delicate. West also has one of the most imaginative collections of cotton dresses in town, and her tweed suits at $49.95 can't be bettered anywhere at the price.

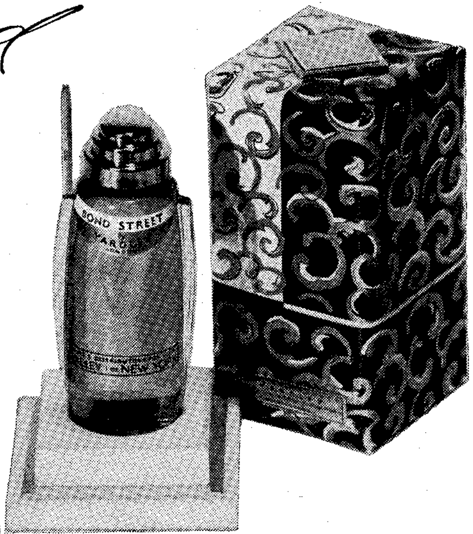
For *grande luxe* in hand-knitting, Aileen Rice, at 16 East 52nd Street, might well be your girl. Her knits are made on steel needles so fine that the result looks like fabric. Vertical ribbing is a specialty here. She will make you anything, from the simplest one-piece dresses to cocktail and short dinner suits. They cost $125 and up, and always look perfect and wear interminably.

Women who care are delighted with the ready-to-wear clothes carried by Mimi Tuthill, at 50 East 50th Street. Things here have good lines and a custom air. On my visit I particularly noticed some print dresses that would go well with either large or small hats; one such is in a navy-and-white polka-dotted bowknot print and sporting an appliqué

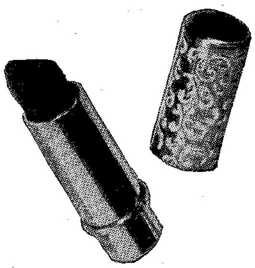


"Of course, lots of women are just going bare-headed."

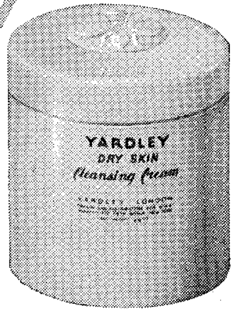
Keep your best face forward



"BOND STREET" PERFUME:
A great formal perfume of rare fragrance
and captivating charm! At your
favorite fine store: $2.50,
$4.50, $8.50 and $13.50.

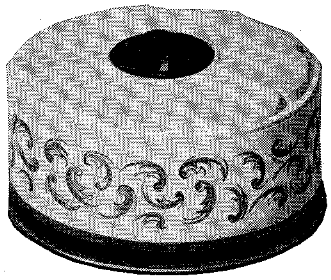


"BOND STREET" LIPSTICK:
Petal-smooth in texture, keeps
your lips soft and inviting.
In 10 shades, at finer shops, $1.
Matching rouge, 55c.



DRY SKIN CLEANSING CREAM:
Keeps your complexion smooth
and fresh. $1; jumbo jar, $2.

YARDLEY "ENGLISH COMPLEXION" POWDER: Mist-blown, subtly
scented with "Bond Street," in ten
radiant shades. At finer shops, $1.



*Beauty, too, is a part of morale . . .
and being beautiful need not interfere
with wartime duties . . . when
"Bond Street" Beauty Preparations
(for you, by Yardley!)
make keeping your best
face forward so time-savingly simple!*

• Diana Foster *will be glad to help you
with your beauty problems. Write her at
Yardley, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.*

with "Bond Street" Beauty Preparations

BY YARDLEY

Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U. S. A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients

SHOPS & SERVICES

SERVICES

GOVERNMENT RATIONS SHOES . . .

Rebuild your favorite shoes for future use. NELSONIZING makes them factory-fresh again. Short shoes made longer—narrow shoes made wider—suede shoes changed to leather—resoled like new. NELSONIZING means shoes rebuilt by experienced factory craftsmen—not cobbled.

HANDBAGS repaired, relined, cleaned and dyed.

GOLFERS—Men's & Women's Golf Shoes rebuilt . . . spikes replaced. Golf Bags repaired.

Mail Orders • Write for Booklet "N"

B. NELSON, INC., 10 East 39th St., New York
Est. Over 63 Years • MUrray Hill 3-6448

SHOE REPAIRS—AN ALTMAN SAVE-IT SERVICE

Shoe Department, Second Floor. Bring your shoes in—we'll make them longer or shorter, wider or narrower; rebind uppers, recondition leathers, redress suedes; reline, resole, add lifts.

B. ALTMAN & CO.
Fifth Ave. at 34th St., N.Y.C. MU. HILL 9-7000

DON'T DISCARD IT—REPAIRIT

When something treasured breaks in two
We can fix it . . . . good as new
JAMES AMSTER
140 East 53rd St., N. Y. C. PLaza 8-1866

ELECTRIC RAZORS EXPERTLY REPAIRED

All makes of Electric shavers—any condition—restored to first-class working order by factory experts; low prices; work guaranteed. Free estimate.
ELECTRIC RAZOR REPAIR SERVICE
480 Lexington Ave. (46th St.), N.Y.C. PLaza 3-3344

SUN LAMPS

A "BACK FROM FLORIDA" SUN TAN

Sun lamps rented and sold. General Electric, Hanovia. Immediate delivery. We ship everywhere. Write or phone for Free Booklet.
Electric Appliance Rental & Sales Company
324 W. 42nd St., New York MEdallion 3-0388

PHOTOGRAPHER

A NATURAL COLOR PORTRAIT IS DIFFERENT!!

The perfect picture for Children, Brides and Men in Uniform. A GAULT Study, whether in COLOR or Black & White is truly outstanding.
GAULT
558 Madison Avenue, N. Y. PLaza 9-6132

RARE STAMPS

WEEKLY AUCTIONS—APPRAISALS

Buying or selling, best results
H. R. HARMER, INC.
World's Leading Stamp Auctioneers
Estab. over 50 yrs. in London. Catalogues free.
32 East 57th St., New York PLaza 3-6482

ART GALLERIES

FOR QUICK, PROFITABLE DISPOSAL OF YOUR art properties, paintings, Oriental rugs, silver, etc., communicate with E. P. & W. H. O'Reilly,
PLAZA ART GALLERIES, INC.
(Auctioneers and Appraisers for over 25 years)
9 East 59 St. (nr. 5th Ave.), N. Y. VO 5-0060

RARE BOOKS

FIRST EDITIONS • EARLY PRINTING

C. A. STONEHILL, LTD.
(of 135-7 New Bond St., London, W.1)
now located at
555 MADISON AVE., N. Y. C.
Catalogues Issued • Libraries Purchased

DECORATORS

DECORATION • ANTIQUES • INTERIORS

The gracious beauty of yesterday ingeniously adapted to modern living.
OLIVIERI
127 East 57th Street ELdorado 5-0413

HAIRDRESSERS

J. SCHAEFFER FOR PERMANENTS

that consider your hair and STYLES created for you at prices as pleasing as
SCHAEFFER SERVICE
590 Fifth Avenue, New York Bryant 9-6165

GURO FOR SUPRECOOL COLD PERMANENT WAVE

Specialist in white, gray, and problem hair—famous for tapered haircut—herb rinse which brings out natural lights and beauty—bestone tinting. Free consultation.

441 Madison at 50th WIckersham 2-1692

MAISON JEANPIERRE

for your GAMINE self-dressing permanent . . . special care given for natural results—welcome any difficult problems, expert advice and consultation free.
Call PLaza 3-6262. 6 East 53rd St., New York

REDUCING SALON

FOR LADIES ONLY

Lose pounds and inches—definite results. Successful reducing specialist. 18 years' experience. Individual attention. Registered physiotherapist.
MARGARET DEUSTER
160 East 48th St., N. Y. C. PLaza 5-0016

FACE—FIGURE

EUNICE SKELLY'S "HOUSE OF YOUTH"

Where Wrinkles, Age Signs, Skin Defects or Excess Weight miraculously vanish! Her new "LEGLAMOUR METHODE" for Heavy Legs and Ankles is the Talk of New York.
743 Fifth Ave. (57 St.), 8th floor PLaza 5-2595

DRESSES AND GOWNS

A COLLECTION OF FRENCH ORIGINALS

Incomparable in material and design. Amazingly low priced for limited time only. Come in while they last. Quality corsets and gowns for 32 yrs.
RONDEAU
817 Madison Ave., N. Y. BU 8-2859 & RH 4-9077

CORSETIERES

"BEFORE-AND-AFTER" MATERNITY CORSETS

Lightweight, easily adjusted BEFORE. Designed to correct to normal lines AFTER baby comes, $25. Other custom-made corsets $15 up.
FRANCEVA, INC.
16 E. 52nd St., N. Y. C. Also Miami Beach, Fla.

BRASSIERES

NO TWO BUSTS ALIKE! BERLE'S CUSTOM MADE

"Delineator" Brassières. Individually designed. Exquisite workmanship. Gives permanent uplift and separation. Request booklet "N".
J. Berlé, 20 E. 57th St., N. Y. PLaza 9-4262

FOODS

"VITAMINIZED" DOG FOOD

Contains wheat germ, dehydrated beef, fish, bone & other vitamins, minerals. 100 lbs. del. $9.25; 50 lbs. del. $5.25. Trial 2 lbs. 29c. Postage extra.
KUBIE'S HEALTH SHOP, INC.
136 E. 57th St., N. Y. C. ELdorado 5-5643

DANCING SCHOOL

"MEET ME AT DeREVUELTA'S"

Wednesday and Friday Coffee Dances (9 to 12 p.m.)—and our Sunday Tea Dances 5 to 8:30; & Buffet Dance 8:30 to 11. Escort unnecessary—instruction included. Private lessons daily 11 to 11.
KEEP FIT AT DeREVUELTA'S, 133 E. 61 St.

UNIFORMS

ARMY—NAVY OFFICERS' UNIFORMS

Custom Made or Ready-to-Wear. Finest quality—quickest delivery—all insignia—accessories—and our famous caps for immediate delivery.
FENN-FEINSTEIN
516 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 264 York St., New Haven

bowknot on one thigh, below which there is fullness in the skirt. A simple navy wool dress and jacket with tailored tabs at the neck to anchor a bright scarf is something you'd love to live in practically all spring. Prices run from $39.50 to $195.

LE BLANC, at 63 East 57th Street, has a clientele that embraces some of the town's most substantial citizens. It's a cheerful little upstairs shop where hats ($25 and up) are made in the great French tradition and where the tendency is to rely on cunning folds and expert bows instead of splashes of decoration. Currently Le Blanc's pet material is a Mexican honeycomb straw—a very fine one made of a cactus-plant fibre that weighs practically nothing. She uses it for everything—for calottes with taffeta bows, for turned-up tailored affairs with bright quills, for two-colored cartwheels, and so on and on.

ALTMAN, I find from my notes, rates more than that mention of coveralls and aprons. Customers, evidently conscious of the fact that if you work hard you are likely to get your hands rough, are once again investigating the shop's classic Almonized Beauty Skin Gloves. These are simple, washable capeskin affairs, in a vast variety of solid colors and treated inside with an almond preparation to soften your skin; $3.50. Altman also reports a yearning for the slipper bag of long ago, in which women carried their frail dancing slippers to parties. The modern version, which can be used to hold knitting, packages, or whatever, is fat and round and has a drawstring held in place by plastic loops. It is made of rayon faille in any of a quantity of dark or bright colors and is gay as all getout; $3.95. Now that Sentiment is at a new high, Altman is finding plenty of takers for its 14-carat gold earrings, heart shape and ready to be monogrammed or engraved with a tender message; $15 to $25 a pair. It is further to be noted that the shop has an unusually good selection of gilets (with backs, so they're more comfortable and stay put better). Some are tailored, with looped tabs giving a jabot effect down the front; others have either horizontal rows of tucks and a ruffle at one side or alternating blue-and-white-striped pleated frills. They are $7.95 and $8.95.

ADDENDA: Elizabeth Arden has worked out a new makeup scheme which will give even a tired face a definite glow. This is the result of starting off with a darkish foundation cream and covering it with a powder, called Rose Rachel, that has a decidedly pinkish tinge. Her Victory Red lipstick, paste rouge, and eyelash pomade, doted on by non-mascara users, complete the job. . . . Chen Yu nail polish has its quota of rabid supporters, who cry to all who will listen that it lasts as long as or longer than anybody else's. They are especially enthusiastic about this polish in Burma Red, a rich, deep-red shade. . . . The hairdresser discovery of the week is Elizabeth, at 41 East 60th Street, who boasts that the lanolin permanent wave she gives is as soft as they come. There are friends of mine who say that she is unbeatable at giving permanents to very fine hair. There are no frills about this tiny place—just good hairdressing and, for an extra, Swedish massage and exercise in a little gymnasium in back. . . . Nobody has yet topped the half-hour scalp treatments at the Ogilvie Sisters, 604 Fifth Avenue (49th). Brushing, massage, and a cooling cleansing lotion leave your hair so fluffy that you probably won't need a set afterward; $1.50. The Ogilvies, because of the hairpin shortage, are reintroducing the marcel wave (for goodness sake!) to help people in between permanents. The operator uses an iron that is merely warm and winds the hair as close to the head as a pin curl. It's supposed to last as well as a finger wave in damp weather. The price is $1.50. Lots of young ladies (to whom a marcel is a brand-new thrill, poor things) are just as infatuated with it as those older ones who love a hairdo that doesn't require sitting under a drier. . . . "What we do is zippers. Nothing but zippers." This is the heartening slogan of the Zipper Service, at 19 West 34th Street, which attends to everything from putting a relcalcitrant fastener back on the track while you wait to installing new fasteners on anything from pantie-girdles to luggage. Quick, expert, and inexpensive.—L. L.

MARKETS AND MENUS

Humble Greens

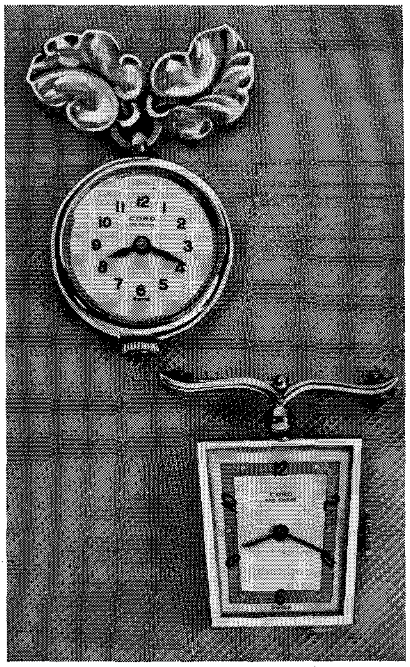
THIS is going to be a great year for the botanists. That is to say, this *ought* to be a great year for the botanists, because everyone who knows what is good for him and still has access to the country should be sitting at their feet right now, asking eager, respectful questions about those perfectly edible greens which in happier times we called weeds.

Admittedly it will be a bitter pill for industrious Victory gardeners to see some shiftless country dweller stroll over to an uncultivated field or an untrimmed roadside one day this spring and gather a mess of milkweed as succulent and tender as any asparagus that has been made to grow by toil and patriotic enterprise. That is exactly what can happen, though, if the shiftless one keeps an eye open and knows enough to catch his milkweed just when the young shoots have pushed up to no more than six inches or so out of the ground. Once gathered, the stems are dealt with exactly like asparagus, except that the cooking water should be changed twice to do away with the milky juices. The date of the milkweed miracle depends, of course, upon where you spend your spring. I first ate the dish in northern Connecticut in the middle of a backward May and I still remember it with delight.

What with the war and all, I daresay that local markets won't be getting their customary supply of fiddleheads, those tiny fronds of common brake fern which are grown as a commercial crop in Maine and which enterprising vegetable dealers have carried for several seasons. If the lack turns you to cutting your own early fern tips, that will be a fine thing, for what you will get is likely to be a fresher and altogether pleasanter green than the vegetable which used to come to town all worn out by the long trip down from Maine. The young shoots of the brake should be cut just as they poke their heads above ground and while they still are folded tightly into that fiddlehead shape which gives them their name. They are good boiled and eaten as a hot vegetable or in a cooked salad. Even if you don't like fiddleheads so very much, you'll find that serving them provides a satisfying pride and a comfortable sense of living off the land.

Sorrel, that low, forked-leaf plant which at this very minute is probably taking possession of your strawberry bed or some other sacred spot where it has no business showing its face, is almost exactly the same green that used to figure in the *soupe à l'oseille* of the French. It has a fine, acid taste and not only makes one of the best soups in the world but is good made into a purée and garnished with bits of fried toast. Soft-cooked eggs or egg timbales turned onto a bed of creamed sorrel provide as handsome a lunch dish as you could want of a hot day. The fact that sorrel is in season all summer is an advantage or a disadvantage, depending upon whether your tastes run to cooking or gardening.

The leaves of the marsh marigold,



Suit·a·ble Accent

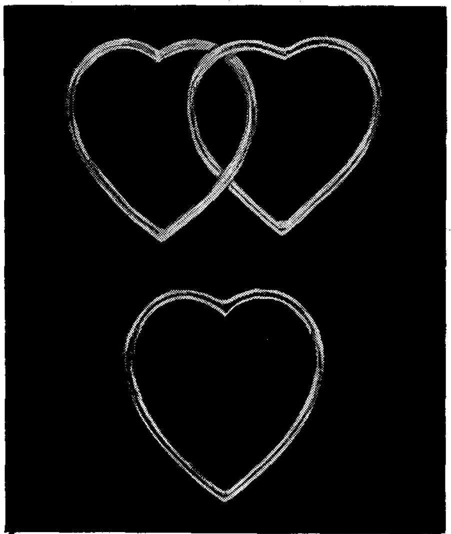
Lapel watches to add femininity to the beautiful tailoring of your new spring clothes.

Twin leaf, chrome and steel case, sterling silver leaf pin, $39.50...Winged Victory, case and pin of chrome and steel, $46.50.

Watches shown slightly larger than actual size.

Prices Include Federal Tax

GEORG JENSEN INC.
667 Fifth Avenue, New York



THESE BRING LUCK!
"WE TWO"
Brooch of interlocked hearts
solid 14 ct. gold $29.50
•
"FROM HIM TO HER"
Brooch single heart in
solid 14 ct. gold $16.50
Add 10% Federal Excise Tax
•
Illustration ⅓ less than actual size
Mail order sent with attractive card with name of donor.

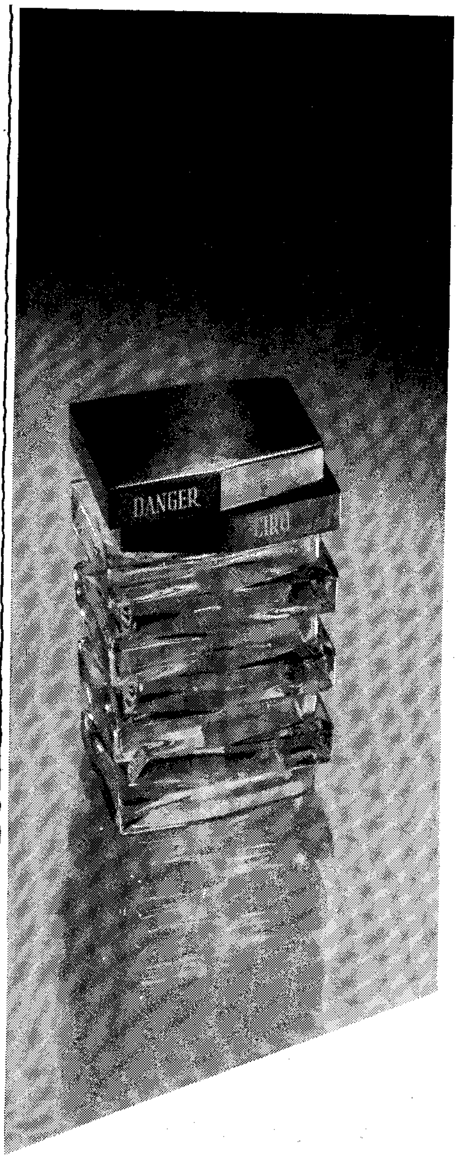
C. M. Fishel
Jewelry of Distinction
535 Madison Avenue New York

She will if you give it:
He will if you wear it:
Surrender
the perfume that spread
Ciro's fame... and many
a woman's!
$5 · $10 · $1750 · $32

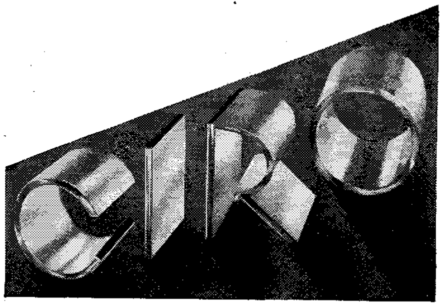
the showy, dark-green plant with a flower like a buttercup, make an extremely pleasant substitute for spinach. Only the tender leaves which spring directly from the ground should be used, and they can be cooked as you would cook spinach. You might want to try adding a handful of wild horseradish tops, which grow in the same wet places where the marsh marigold flourishes, to give a spicy taste to the greens.

IT would seem as if the fiercely personal feud which every right-minded gardener has with dandelions would result in getting these weeds off the lawn and into the salad bowl, but this is by no means always the case. The reason there is such poor teamwork between horticulturist and cook in this matter is that people who tend lawns do not concern themselves with properly harvesting their dandelions as a table crop. Actually, it isn't safe to let anybody interested merely in doing a good job of weeding provide the day's salad, because only the very young dandelion leaves are edible and they must be cut far enough below the ground so that they are partly etiolated. The coarse outer leaves, which the weeder goes after with a vengeance, are too bitter to eat with pleasure. Even the most expertly cut dandelion greens, however, always retain something of the bitterness that is their nature, and those who do not care for the tonic, quinine taste had best forage for other salad. There is, though, a trick of washing the leaves in several rinsings of cold water which will remove some of their harshness. The French used to add a sliced, hard-cooked egg to their dressed dandelion greens, on the theory that this attenuated the strong flavor, but this may have been only a pious culinary convention, with no base in the solid facts of biochemistry.

People who tell you that pokeweed is better than asparagus are, of course, talking nonsense. If no asparagus is available, however, pokeweed shoots, which have a slight, rather pleasant taste of iron, will do very nicely if they are cut when they are no more than five inches above ground. They should be washed and carefully scraped and left in cold water for an hour. After that they can be tied in little bundles and cooked like the asparagus which they are not so good as. Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, in her "Cross Creek Cookery," gives directions for serving boiled pokeweeds with a rich cream sauce, which sounds all right. Herbalists, unconcerned with rich cream sauces, speak



Have you the courage of
his convictions?
Danger
is Ciro's perfume that's
not for the timid!
$12 · $2750



warningly of a poison that develops in poke stalks when they have grown old and tough, so you had better look out.

Wild mustard is more generally accepted socially than any of the edible weeds, perhaps because the timid are reassured by its similarity to the tame variety cultivated in kitchen gardens. The wild greens, which grow in abandoned fields or along roadsides—nearly anywhere, in fact—have a fresh, peppery taste and are especially good when boiled with bacon. If bacon makes too great a strain on the ration book, you'll find that bacon rind, which has only a one-point value, adds the same rich flavor.

Purslane, whose lovely, Elizabethan-sounding name farmers from New England to Georgia corrupt into "pussley," is the low-spreading plant with thick, fleshy leaves and yellow blossoms that obstinately gets into flower beds and vegetable rows. Herbalists give it the cautious endorsement of calling it an "edible" green, but offer no further recommendation. For me a little purslane goes a long way, and I like it best when it is used just to eke out a dish of boiled spinach or when a few very young leaves are tossed with a dandelion salad.

There are undoubtedly dozens of wild green things as good as or better than these, which I have tasted for myself. If you like the idea at all, you will probably look for other weeds and, with the advice—oral or written—of a botanist, get through the summer more wholesomely fed from the crossroads hedge than you would be from the crossroads store. —S. H.

•

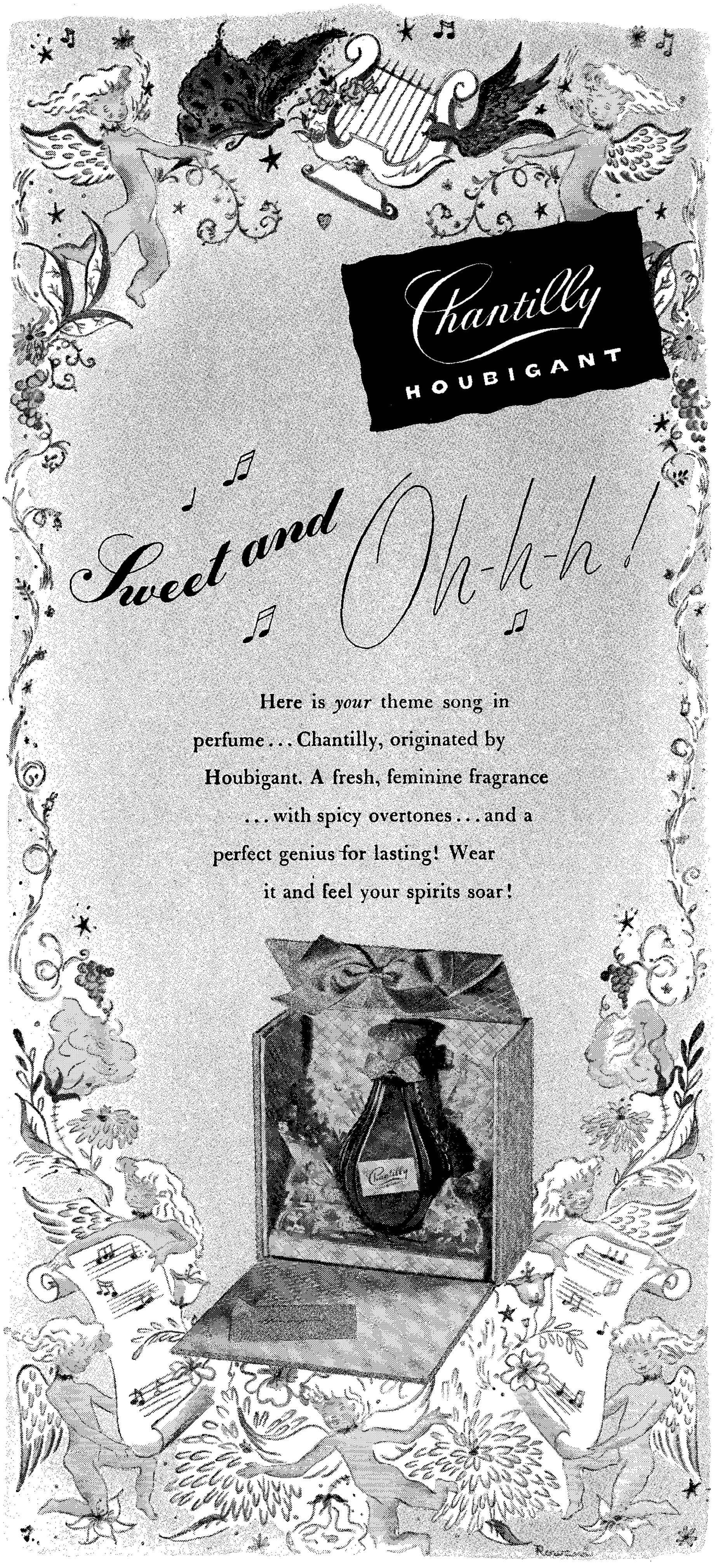
ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From "Psychology for the Fighting Man" in the Infantry Journal*]

Zest. Vigor of Spirit. Love of life coupled with a willingness, an eagerness to risk life itself in a good undertaking. A spirit of high adventure that turns a difficult mission into a rare chance to show the stuff of which men are made.

This is the weapon that makes a military unit unbeatable. Without it the best trained army would be a lifeless automaton incapable of deeds of splendor—unable to put forth that "last full measure of devotion" that brings victory.

Zest depends first upon physical fitness. It demands a sharp appetite that will make a soldier eat plentifully and digest his food. It requires physical exercise that brings plenty of oxygen into the lungs and plenty of red blood circulating to brain and back and hands and legs. If a man is to meet the sunrise with any sort of spirit for the new day, he must have sleep at night, sound and undisturbed by anxious dreams within him or by vermin in his bed.



Here is *your* theme song in perfume... Chantilly, originated by Houbigant. A fresh, feminine fragrance ...with spicy overtones...and a perfect genius for lasting! Wear it and feel your spirits soar!

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

STOPOVER AT BAKU

THE morning I set out from Teheran, the capital of Iran, to fly to Baku on my way to Moscow, I was driven to the nearby Russian-occupied airport in a rattletrap taxi with no glass in its windows. The driver stopped in front of a gate in a barbed-wire fence surrounding the field and I climbed out, lugging with me my duffel-bag, two handbags, and a typewriter. The gate was guarded by a flat-faced, slant-eyed Mongolian, who, by holding the point of his bayonet two inches from my stomach as he demanded my credentials, brought home to me the fact that although I was still two hundred and fifty miles from Russian soil, I was already in Russia. After examining my papers, the guard let me pass through the gate and then, levelling his bayonet at my back, indicated that I should walk toward the hangar. There he directed me to a corner, where I joined a group of men who, it turned out, were to be my fellow-passengers on the flight to Baku.

About fifty yards away a Russian-built Douglas transport plane with big red stars on its wings was being refuelled. When this job was done, a whistle was blown and the guard motioned to us to get aboard—not an easy matter, as there was no one to help with the baggage. We managed, though, and pretty soon the plane got under way. There were nine passengers in addition to myself. One was a very fresh-faced English captain, certainly not beyond his early twenties, and the others were Russians of indeterminate age, all dressed in the warm but rather bunchy uniform of the Red Army. They showed no expression at all in their ironed-out, colorless, Slavic faces, in contrast to the young English captain, who kept his forehead pressed against the window, staring down at the countryside below, his cheeks pink with excitement.

It was cold during the first part of the trip, as our route led over mountains where there was snow. Then the southern shore of the Caspian came into view and the air became warmer. We flew over the Lower Caucasus at no more than two thousand feet, following the western coastline toward Baku. The country below looked smugly prosperous even in war- and wintertime, with fields and orchards all neatly delineated. Then, as we began to come down, the ground darkened and I thought for a while that we must be passing over a leafless forest. The scene grew clearer as we approached, and I saw that what I had taken for a forest was a vast oil field with wooden derricks massed thicker than those in the richest field in Oklahoma. They stood in regiments upon a plain, they were deployed across low hills, they rose out of the coastal waters of the Caspian. This was Baku.

THE airport at Baku is in the centre of the oil field. We were flagged to our parking post at one end of a long line of Russian Douglases and the plane door was opened. I got out and noticed that the uniformed person who had flagged us in was a woman wearing the outfit of the Russian soldier—boots and breeches, lumpy overcoat, and fur cap with ear muffs tied over its top. An old, springless bus clattered up and we piled in for the ride to town. The Russians waited until the English captain and I got in, though, characteristically, they gave no sign that it was for us they waited. The road into Baku wound between the derricks and was puddled with black oil, which formed an iridescent spray as it spurted out from under our wheels.

The city of Baku rises in semicircular terraces from one end of an oval harbor. I have heard that in spring Baku is beautiful, but I was there in winter and the town was cold and gray. The bus stopped in front of the Intourist Hotel, on a thoroughfare near the harbor, and the driver indicated that here was where the English captain and I should get out. We carried our bags into the lobby, which was dark and cold and smelled of cabbage cooked too long, and waited for someone to take notice of us. After a few minutes a boy of nineteen or twenty appeared out of the darkness, smiling shyly. He had a bright-red spot on each cheekbone, which probably explained why he wasn't in the army. "American?" he asked in English, and when I nodded he added, "I thought so. We used to have many American tourists here. I was very young then but I remember them well. They always had a good time." He led us up a flight of dark stairs to adjoining suites on the second floor. My rooms were very good, small but well appointed. I had a bedroom and sitting room and bath and there was a little balcony overlooking the harbor.

The boy said I could have late lunch if I liked. I asked what there was to eat, and he replied, "There is lamb with beets and potatoes, bread and butter, cheese and coffee, and *pirojny*." I said that would be fine and asked him where the dining room was. "I think you will prefer to have your lunch in your room," he said. I said I'd much rather eat in the dining room with the other guests. "You will prefer to have your lunch in your room," the boy repeated, in a tone that was at once polite and final. He suggested that I might like a little vodka, and when I agreed, he left.

I had taken my coat off when I entered the room and now realized that I was cold. I tried the radiator, but there was no heat, so I put my coat back on. That was almost the last time I took my coat off, except when I was going to bed, while I was in Russia.

I was unpacking the few things I would need for the night when the boy came back with an elderly waitress, who was carrying a tray. The lunch wasn't bad, and it was more ample than the boy had represented it, because there was soup, too. This explained that smell of cabbage; indeed, the soup was nothing but cabbage dished up in the water it had been boiled in. The lamb was very tough and gristly, but I think it really was lamb. The potatoes were fried and all right and the beets were beets, not the small and sweet variety we eat but chunks hacked from those cannonball beets sugar is made out of, and TNT. The butter and cheese were good on the heavy black bread, and the coffee, though certainly not coffee, was warm and sweet. The *pirojny* turned out to be a little piece of pastry, quite palatable. The vodka, four ounces of it, was welcome.

THE plane north wasn't leaving until the next morning. I had nothing to do until then, so I lugged a chair out on the balcony, where it was warmer than indoors and not so redolent of cabbage, and settled down to watch the street and the harbor. There wasn't much to see—just a few ships idling on the water and a few people, mostly women, walking purposefully along the sidewalks. I had been there only a short while when the English captain appeared. He said he too had had to eat alone in his suite and was anxious for someone to talk to. His hunch as to why we had not been permitted to go to the dining room was that we, as visitors, were fed better than Russian civilians, who, he had been told, were allowed no such meals as we'd had. "I don't know why they should feed us any better than their own people," he said. "But they do."

The captain thought it would be nice to take a stroll around town, but he didn't know whether such freedom was permitted; the lunch-in-your-room-and-like-it episode might suggest that we were supposed to stay where we were until called for. I said I didn't know, either, but that we might just try and see what happened.

We walked along the dark corridor and down the carpeted stairs side by side, and I found myself making an effort not to tiptoe. At the reception desk two dim figures, bent over ledgers lighted by tiny desk lamps, paid no attention to us, so we pushed through two sets of blackout doors and started walking toward the centre of town. Our way led through a little park along the harbor where a few women were huddled on benches, joggling baby carriages.

Presently we were joined by three small boys, in clothes that were patched but not ragged, who walked solemnly beside us, staring up at the captain, whose uniform they evidently found fascinating. The captain, in turn, evidently found their attentions embarrassing. "Really!" he said under his breath. The boys began to circle around us, walking slowly backward in front of us for a while and then scurrying behind. "Really," said the captain, "if this doesn't stop, I shall have to return to the hotel."

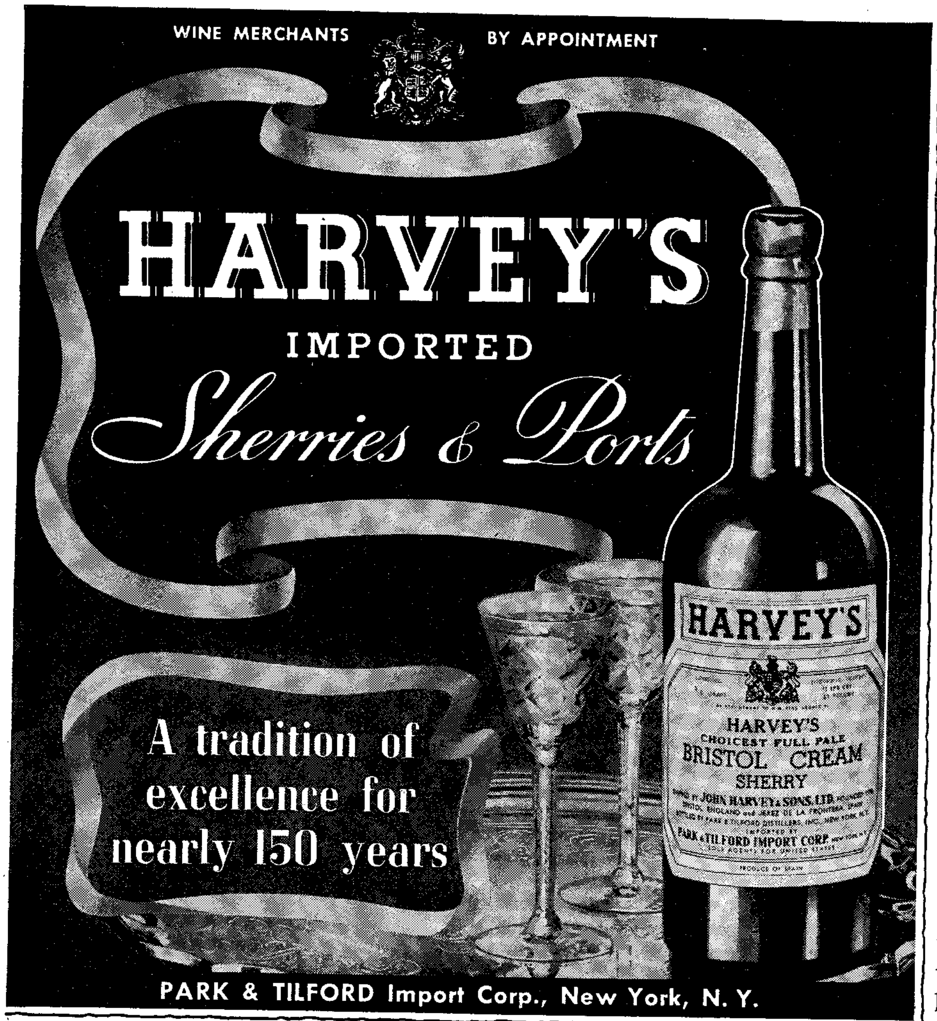
Suddenly one of the boys, who had been holding something behind his back, stepped up to the captain and brought his hand into view. In it was a big red flower, which he held out to the captain as a gift. The captain blushed and he stopped. It was a situation for which Sandhurst had not prepared him and he did not have the poise to meet it. He pointed at me. "Give it to him," he said desperately. The little boy didn't even look at me. He held the flower toward the captain a moment longer

Young-Timers "Penguin"
black rayon-alpaca Two-piece
beruffled white
collar, cuffs
$25

Young-Timers
Fourth Floor
Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK

SAYS WILLIE
THE WHALER,
"A bottle of close-reef from the bark Wanderer is worth being introduced to the gunner's daughter for going deep six."
Whaler Bar
MIDSTON HOUSE
MADISON AVE., AT 38th ST.

Lovely!
LAVISH
DAZZLING
REVUE
BEAUTIFUL GIRLS
DELICIOUS FOOD AT
MODERATE PRICES
LATIN QUARTER
B'WAY AT 48TH ST.
Res: Circle 6-1737


WINE MERCHANTS BY APPOINTMENT

HARVEY'S
IMPORTED
Sherries & Ports

A tradition of excellence for nearly 150 years

PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N. Y.

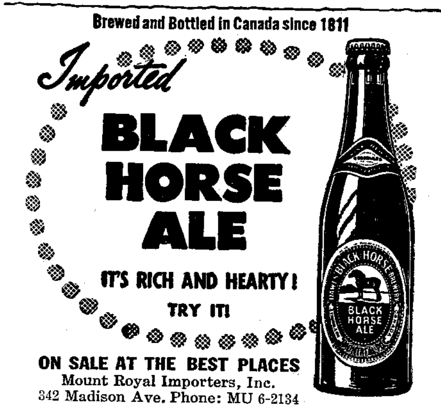
WHAT THIS SAUCE DOES FOR PORK IS REALLY SOMETHING!

ROAST pork shoulder served with Heinz Worcestershire Sauce is a dish you'll long remember! You'll find it's great with everything from steaks to economy cuts!

MADE TO AN OLD ENGLISH RECIPE!

57

HEINZ full-flavored WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE


Brewed and Bottled in Canada since 1811

Imported
BLACK HORSE ALE
IT'S RICH AND HEARTY!
TRY IT!

ON SALE AT THE BEST PLACES
Mount Royal Importers, Inc.
342 Madison Ave. Phone: MU 6-2134

Dorothy Ross SINGS and PLAYS in the 23 Room
CONTINUOUS ENTERTAINMENT
NO COVER-NO MINIMUM
COCKTAILS FROM 23¢
HOTEL GEORGE WASHINGTON
23 LEXINGTON COR. 23RD ST.

and then turned and walked away, followed by the others.

THE captain and I walked on silently, and I noticed a single drop of perspiration bulge out from under his cap and run slowly down over his temple and cheek. Neither of us mentioned the flower incident again. We were now on a waterfront street, where we began to pass men, and it occurred to me that up to that point we had seen scarcely any men in Baku. The men we saw now were not pleasant to look at, for, as it turned out, we had happened upon a hospital and rehabilitation area for wounded Russian soldiers. Legless men in wheelchairs gave directions to blind men who pushed them. Men without arms leaned to take a cigarette with their mouths from comrades who had arms but were lacking other parts. There were men without faces, too, and men without minds.

About a block of that was all the captain and I could take. Then we turned without a word and walked back. At the first corner we came to we decided to head up into town away from the harbor and then return to the hotel. Dusk was already deepening rapidly and we wanted to get back before dark, as we knew the city was blacked-out all night. We didn't quite make it. We were about a block from the hotel and it was very dark when the air-raid sirens started. The only light we could see as we backed against a building wall was a moving splutter of blue where a trolley arm scraped against its overhead power line. But the English captain and I both knew all about air raids. It was the first time we had felt at home that day.

—W. W. CHAPLIN

•

WHICH COLUMN OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER D'YA READ?

Married now to Frances Howard, and known thruout the screen colony for his devotion to his wife, Goldwyn leads one of the most irreproachable private lives here. He doesn't drink or smoke, walks an hour daily. Gas rationing means little to Sam. He loves to walk, and so does Frances. Hardest thing for them is to walk home from the studio, because so many friends stop and try to pick them up. But Sam keeps walking, and weighs the same as he did 20 years ago.—*Chicago Sunday Tribune, Graphic Section, page 3, column 1, January 24th.*

He [Goldwyn] relies 100 per cent on only two people—his wife and his chauffeur. One or the other drives him to and from the studio, or wherever he wants to go.—*Chicago Sunday Tribune, Graphic Section, page 3, column 2, January 24th.*

NO FLOWERS

EARLY in March Mrs. Flagg, who spent the winter months of the year in town, got a letter from her gardener. She knew whom the letter was from before she opened it, by the pencilled, laborious handwriting. The envelope had a Connecticut postmark and the letter said:

DEAR MRS. FLAGG:

I enclose receipt for the bone meal from Wyatt's. The geraniums are coming along all right. I ordered some snapdragons and have sowed them. That is all I have ordered so far. If I am going to have any early plants this spring I had ought to order next week. For flowers we need stocks, pansy, petunia, marigold, salpiglossis, zinnia. I will need 10 gals. of Wilson O.K. spray and weed killer and thrip spray and rose spray. I can sow the seed in the greenhouse and grow the plants alone without help. Then all we need to do is get them set out. We hope you are well. I hope you will come up soon and decide about the flowers.

Yours respectfully,
J. B. STEADMAN

Mrs. Flagg wired that she was coming up and not to order anything till she talked to him. She also sent a wire to Gould's Garage, where she had left her car all winter in dead storage.

She took the bus from the station to the village and walked to the garage to get her car. Mr. Gould leaned on the door after he'd run the car out into the road for her. "You opening up the house, Mrs. Flagg?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she said. "But we won't be able to come up so early."

"Hardly any of the summer people are coming up. Barnes' place is on the market. Everybody's scared they can't get no gas and no help."

"We'll all have to do things a little differently," Mrs. Flagg said.

"That's right," Mr. Gould said. "Can't any of us do like we used to. Well, I think she'll run fine, Mrs. Flagg."

IT was noon when Mrs. Flagg got to the house. She parked by the barn and walked down the path to the gardener's cottage. She pushed open the screen door into the kitchen. The air was blue with the smoke of frying buckies. Mrs. Steadman stood by the sink, running the water on a mound of turnips.

"Mrs. Flagg!" she said. "How are you?" She pushed up the window and leaned out and called, "John, come in here! Mrs. Flagg's here!" Then she turned off the water and wiped her hands.

"Glad to see you, Margaret," Mrs. Flagg said. "Did you have a good winter?"

The back door opened and Steadman came in, pausing to scrape his feet on the sill. "Hello, Mrs. Flagg," he said. "I got your telegram. I'm glad you come up."

He looked old, she thought. He must be sixty-five, but he'd looked just middle-aged as long as she could remember. Now his shoulders seemed to have settled heavily into his body and what hair he had left on top of his head looked like the colorless fuzz on a baby robin. She put her handbag on the oilcloth-covered table and sat down in the kitchen chair Margaret pushed toward her. "Everything all right?" she asked.

"Yas," he said slowly. "Yas, everything's all right. This winter's been hard on everybody. Margaret hurt her foot."

"Oh, I'm sorry," Mrs. Flagg said. She smiled sympathetically at Margaret and then turned back to him. "Well, sit down, Steadman. I want to talk over with you how I thought we'd better do things."

"I got a list made out," he said. He reached behind the clock on the shelf over the stove and brought out a sheet of blue-lined copybook paper. Then he sat down and spread it out on his knee. "I got a lawn mower lined up. Can't buy a new one and you can't sharpen the blades on the old one no more. But I can get one from Prescott's place. They want to sell—rather let the lawn grow up than pay somebody to mow it."

Mrs. Flagg plunged hurriedly. "We won't need it," she said. "I thought we'd let our lawn go, too. You won't have any time for mowing. I hate to have it spoiled, but I guess we'll just have to."

He looked at her blankly. "Not mow the lawn? You can't do that. It takes ten years to get grass like that. It would be all right for people that only have a little patch anyway, but we couldn't let ours go."

Mrs. Flagg tried to keep her voice gentle. "I know all that, Steadman, but we'll just have to sacrifice, that's all. You're going to be working alone, you know. I can't afford another man this year, even if we could get one. You'll have all you can do with vegetables. Now, what did you plan for vegetables? I'd like a lot of potatoes that we can keep for winter."

"Vegetables?" Steadman said. His voice was keyed to outdoors and he always talked as if a high wind were carrying away his words. It sounded too loud in the small kitchen. "How'm I going to raise vegetables?" he demanded. "It'll take me two weeks to get the covering off the flower garden. I got a lot of trimming and fixing to do. And when I move the sets from the greenhouse, I got to start spraying right away. Where'll I get the time for vegetables?"

"But we've got to have them, Steadman," Mrs. Flagg pleaded. "This isn't just like any summer. Things are different everywhere."

He looked away and said, "We got no place to grow vegetables."

"I thought of that," she said. "I thought you could just spade up the flower beds and take out the perennials and you'd have the ground all ready."

Now he turned to stare at her. "You mean put vegetables in the flower garden? Not grow flowers?"

"That's right," she said. "We're not going to have any flowers. We've got to grow things to eat if we're going to get along."

His face set in bewildered stubbornness and he crumpled the paper in his hand. "Mrs. Flagg," he said, "I've worked on the place thirty years. I'm not a vegetable gardener. I grow flowers."

Mrs. Flagg knew she would have to say it now. "Look, Steadman. What you've done for thirty years doesn't matter any more. It doesn't matter what anybody's done for thirty years. Everything's got to be different. You can't eat flowers. Nobody's got time for flowers. And you're not a gardener any more, either. You're a plain farmer. If you can't raise something to eat, you're no use. You're no use to me or to anybody else."

Steadman opened his mouth and shut it again. He looked at the crumpled list in his hand. Mrs. Flagg put out her cigarette in a clam shell on the table and rose.

"Eat your dinner now, Steadman," she said quietly. "I'll come back this afternoon and we'll figure out what we can grow. I'm going up to the house now. Goodbye, Margaret." She turned, and the screen door banged behind her.

Steadman sat still. "After thirty years she don't want no flower garden," he said. Then he began smoothing out the paper on his knee. "I got snapdragons started, anyway. She don't have to see them till they're all set out."

—FAITH FAIR

•

MEN-WOMEN as paper box help. Setter-up, stripper and turner in.—*Adv. in the Troy (N.Y.) Times-Record.*

Turn *who* in?

Marlboro
America's Luxury Cigarette
IVORY TIPPED
MARLBORO
CIGARETTES
PM & Co
THE MILDNESS OF AMERICA'S BEST
THE RICHNESS OF THE ORIENTAL LEAF
PHILIP MORRIS & Co. LTD. INC.
MADE IN U.S.A.
MARLBORO CIGARETTES

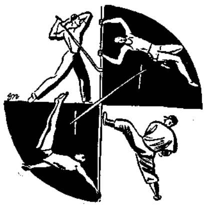
Because of *him* she knits. Because of him, foregoes all costly luxuries. But distinguished MARLBOROS* cost mere *pennies* extra! One delightful luxury she still *with clear conscience* demands!

FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
SAVINGS
BONDS
STAMPS

*IVORY TIPS—PLAIN ENDS—BEAUTY TIPS (red)

NOTES ON SPORTS

Turgid Tank



IT'S hard to think of a less satisfactory body of water in which to hold the A.A.U. swimming championships than the New York Athletic Club pool, which is where they were held last Friday and Saturday. The Central Park reservoir might have been worse, but at least in the Park there's room for a few spectators. At the N.Y.A.C., some members of the crowd were hanging from the window ledges and others could find out what was going on only by a sort of grapevine which stemmed from the people in the front rows. Furthermore, the pool is what is known as slow, and the times throughout the meet were consistently high. A slow pool is not that way because bottles and tin cans are floating around and obstructing the swimmers but because of certain structural peculiarities which cause a heavy backwash off the sides and ends. In any case, there are college pools in and not far outside town which are not slow and which have a reasonable seating capacity. All in all, the proceedings last week tended to make you so surly that you were doubly gratified when one of the officials fell into the pool on Saturday.

Other highlights of the meet were the defeat in the 150-yard backstroke of Adolph Kiefer by Harry Holiday, of Michigan; the middle-distance swimming of Bill Smith, the Hawaiian from Ohio State; the decisive victory of Alan Ford, of Yale, in the 100-yard free-style; and the highly aesthetic diving of Frank Dempsey, also of Ohio State. Kiefer had not been beaten in eight years and might not have been this time if he hadn't dubbed his last turn. Then again he might have been, because Holiday broke the pool record, which had been set by Kiefer in 1940. Smith, the Hawaiian, won the 220- and 440-yard free-style easily, in spite of a Hawaiian trick of zigzagging down his lane, bumping into the ropes on either side. Boys from the Islands, where swimming spaces are wide and open, have always resisted the confinement of indoor pools with lanes. A fellow named Sergeant Kahanamoku, brother of a fellow named Duke Kahanamoku, went to Andover some years back and broke all the local records in time trials. He didn't do the team any good, though, because in meets he was always disqualified for cutting across the paths of the other contestants on his way from one corner of the pool to the other. On the other hand, Ford, the 100-yard winner on Saturday, doesn't seem to be handicapped by his early conditioning at all. He comes from the Canal Zone, where, it is reasonable to suppose, he trained by swimming up the Canal locks like a salmon. In the A.A.U. meet, however, he showed that he is perfectly at home on a level plane, never once leaping out of the water in the middle of a race.

The other spectacular performer, Dempsey of Ohio State, won both the low- and high-board diving in a very artistic manner. He appeared for every one of his dives with his blond hair newly combed, while the rest of the boys let their coiffures go all to hell.

WELL, major-league boxing is out of the Garden for some time, the circus having moved in until the end of May and the chances being that most of the big fights after that will be out of doors. The patrons got plenty of action last Friday night, though, to tide them over the coming famine. It was provided by Beau Jack and Henry Armstrong, two fighters who believe that the best offense is a constant offense and don't seem to mind getting hit, at least for the first three or four hundred times. There were those who said that Armstrong, who lost the decision, had slowed up since the heyday when he held three championships, but there was certainly enough power left in him to cause some bad moments for the Jack bettors, not to speak of Jack. What won for Jack was his ability to alter his conduct to conform with circumstances. Ordinarily he fights just like Armstrong, weaving in and throwing punches steadily at close quarters. Against Armstrong, though, he knew enough to stay away and jab and be fast on his feet. When in Rome, sometimes it's sounder not to do as the Romans do, or the Italians either, for that matter.

—D. L.

•

CRAB MEAT DELIGHT

1 Can Geisha crab
6 slices Wonder bread
4 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons Globe A1 flour
2 cups Golden State milk
¾ teaspoon salt
6 Unlaid eggs.

—*Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.*

As to the crab—uncaught, of course.

"FIRSTS" A ZENITH HABIT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A GOVERNMENT official was being shown a new idea in the Zenith laboratories. In passing, he commented upon the outstanding manner in which the radio industry was effecting the rapid and continuous changes necessitated by war requirements. A Zenith official replied—he said:

"... the answer is easy. Radio and Radionics represent a trigger-quick, fast moving business. Concerns that couldn't 'change over-night' are out. In this industry, we're used to fighting with new ideas—only—now we're 'fighting' Japs and Germans instead of each other."

In that statement is evidenced the condition that made possible Zenith's attainment of industry leadership. Ever increasing public acceptance of Zenith name and product resulted from a never ceasing stream of Zenith "firsts"—new features—new devices and new sets which enabled us to truthfully say to the public:

"ONLY ZENITH HAS THIS"

Today you find as commonplaces—essentials—of most radio sets—features first introduced to the public by Zenith—such as—

"FIRST"
Push Button Tuning ...
Years—yes, *years* ahead of the industry—(1928) a *Zenith set embodied push button selection of the* station desired. Our slogan in 1928 was "Push *the button—there's your station."*

"FIRST"
House Current Sets ...
"Way back when" (1926) all home radios were operated from batteries until Zenith offered the first set run by house current.

For over seven years, Zenith Radio Corporation has advertised on our short wave sets—"Europe, South America or the Orient Every Day or your money back."

Below—A Few New Zenith "Firsts"—"Frozen" by Zenith Changeover to War Production

"FIRST"
Long Distance
Push Button Portable ...
1942 saw the national introduction of a revolutionary new portable—the Zenith Trans-Oceanic. Without increase in size or weight it gave *push button* operation for foreign and U. S. short wave stations—tuned in the same way as locals—and standard broadcasts too. It contained a disappearing fish pole antenna plus dual Wavemagnets—operated from battery or house current—was born of Zenith pioneering in LONG DISTANCE RADIO RECEPTION.

"FIRST"
Safety Auto Radio ...
The only auto radio you can operate WITHOUT TAKING YOUR EYES OFF THE ROAD—or—YOUR HANDS OFF THE WHEEL—the Zenith Safety Foot Control Auto Radio. This remarkable new radio was on the FORD, NASH, MERCURY, LINCOLN-ZEPHYR, HUDSON and WILLYS. The Zenith Foot Control Radio which can be seen on any of the above cars will give you a "preview" of "*tomorrow's radio today.*"

—AND THESE ARE JUST A FEW OF THE MANY ZENITH "FIRSTS"—

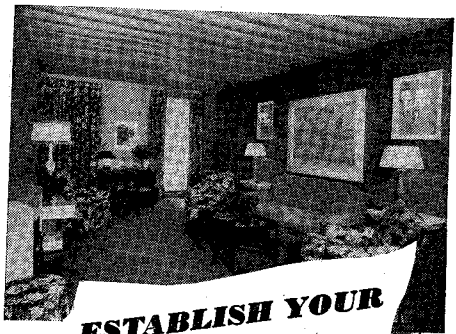
"MILITARY SECRET"
Today all Zenith production centers on war needs. What we are making is a military secret. But three things we *can* tell you. *First*...we are dealing with the thing we know—Radio—and Radionics exclusively. *Second*...we are learning every day—gaining new knowledge which will reflect itself in Zenith civilian products when the time arrives. *Third*...we now know—by first hand experience—that our Army and Navy are more than "up-to-date"—they are alert and progressive in thought and action—almost unbelievably so. This fact is a great reassurance to us here *as citizens*—it commands our complete confidence as it would yours if you knew what we know.

RADIONICS
the New Miracle Industry
Four great industries are destined to lead this country back to normalcy after victory is won. Planes and Radionics are two of the four. Radio—never a necessity on ship or train—is as essential as the engine itself to that great new form of individual and mass transportation—the airplane.

1917 WAR RUN BY TELEPHONE
1943 WAR RUN BY RADIO

—a Zenith Radio Dealer near you is giving reliable service on all radios—regardless of make.
ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION—CHICAGO
•
BETTER THAN CASH
U. S. War Savings Stamps & Bonds

ZENITH
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
•LONG DISTANCE• RADIO
RADIONIC PRODUCTS EXCLUSIVELY—
WORLD'S LEADING MANUFACTURER

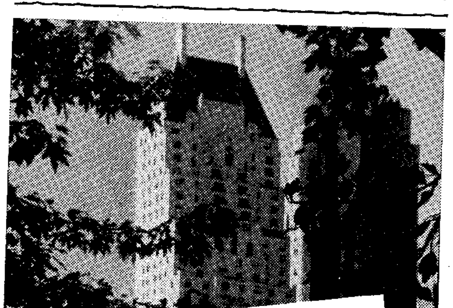


ESTABLISH YOUR HOME FRONT
at the Beverly

• You'll like the quiet and convenience of living in this charming residential hotel in the East 50's. Spacious one to five rooms attractively decorated...large closets ...serving pantries. Many apartments with terraces. Moderate rentals. Furnished or unfurnished.

Wallace K. Seeley, General Manager

The Beverly Hotel
125 EAST 50TH ST. • NEW YORK



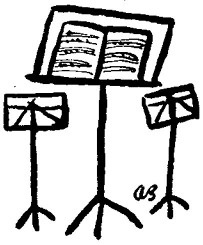
'TIL VICTORY COMES
HAMPSHIRE HOUSE will continue co-operating in the war effort while maintaining its standard of service and cheerful surroundings for those who need a relaxing environment during these trying times.

SINGLE ROOMS FROM $8
DOUBLE ROOMS FROM $10
SUITES FROM $16
Circle 6-7700
VINCENT J. COYLE, Managing Director

Hampshire House
CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, NEW YORK, N. Y.
Douglas L. Elliman & Co.
Management

MUSICAL EVENTS

Portraits and Essays



THE catalogue of music about Lincoln, which is no slender leaflet, has been enlarged by Aaron Copland's "A Lincoln Portrait," composed at the suggestion of André Kostelanetz and introduced to Carnegie Hall last week by Serge Koussevitzky, the Boston Symphony, and Will Geer. Mr. Copland's "Portrait" begins with an effective atmospheric section, designed to indicate something of Lincoln's personality; next, there is a bright episode in which "Camptown Races" and "Springfield Mountain" bounce about fetchingly. So far, so good—and very good, too. Then Mr. Copland turns the proceedings over to spoken quotations from Lincoln's writings, with music serving as background for these excerpts. There's nothing wrong with this part of Mr. Copland's music, but it is secondary to Lincoln's words, and the net result is something like a picture that hasn't been finished. Mr. Koussevitzky conducted the skillfully written score with his customary brilliance and Mr. Geer intoned the lines in an accent that probably was intended to convey Lincoln's geographic background.

Originally, Mr. Copland had thought of devoting his portrait to Walt Whitman, but he was dissuaded by Mr. Kostelanetz. It just happened, however, that Whitman received musical attention at one of the concerts which offered the Lincoln portrait. The Whitman entry was "A Free Song," William Schuman's secular cantata to words adapted from Whitman poems. Mr. Schuman's familiar orchestral craftsmanship and sensitivity were apparent in this music, but somehow it didn't always make its points. Setting Whitman for chorus seems to be a troublesome venture; the experiment rarely has been a complete success. The chorus on this occasion was a combination of the Harvard Glee Club and the Radcliffe Choral Society, which sang enthusiastically.

Mr. Koussevitzky also had on the program an American composition without speakers or singers—Private Samuel Barber's first "Essay for Orchestra," which had had its New York première by the N.B.C. Orchestra and Arturo Toscanini in November, 1938.

The Little-Big Shopping Bag

Adjusts to shopper's requirements! Well-tailored and very smart, it's a handbag (about 7" x 7½") with an ingenious side opening into which small parcels may be dropped, or, by unbuttoning felt flap, it becomes a generous 18" x 18" Victory shopper for large packages and groceries. Made of Campus Crash with brown-and-green cat-tail decoration, sturdy green felt handles. Honey-blonde or black. *(Exclusively ours)*.......$2.50

Hammacher Schlemmer
Request new Spring Housewares Booklet "NI"
145 EAST 57TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Here's Food for Thought

Although complying with every government regulation, there's no rationing of the variety and quality of our tempting dishes. Here in Early Americana atmosphere you can enjoy the best of everything Uncle Sam says you may have.

THE WHITE TURKEYS
220 MADISON AVE. *at 37th Street* MU-3-1581
ONE UNIVERSITY PL. *at Washington Sq.* AL-4-3677

The Lombardy
A Residential Hotel of Charm and Dignity
- Suites from one to four rooms available for immediate or Fall occupancy.
- Furnished apartments by Dorothy Draper.
- LONG OR SHORT TERM TENANCIES • FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED • ALL WITH SERVING PANTRIES
- UNSURPASSED CUISINE
- PREMISES HEATED BY NEW YORK STEAM CO.

111 East 56th Street, New York
PLaza 3-8600

The "Essay" is communicative, attractive music that stands up well under repetition.

TO the portraits, cantatas, and essays of the week, you can add a one-act musical production in the form of a zarzuela, "The Wind Remains," by Paul Bowles, who adapted the book from a play by García Lorca and wrote the music. It was part of the third of the Museum of Modern Art Serenades. The libretto seemed rather baffling, which may have been due to the stylized activities on the stage as well as to the material itself, but Mr. Bowles' music was ingratiating stuff and it was well sung and played under the leadership of Leonard Bernstein. Mr. Bernstein also did a knowing, sturdy job with Silvestre Revueltas' colorful "Homage to García Lorca," which had its first New York performance at this concert. For good measure, there was an Argentinita ballet, "El Café de Chinitas," which was especially effective on the intimate stage.

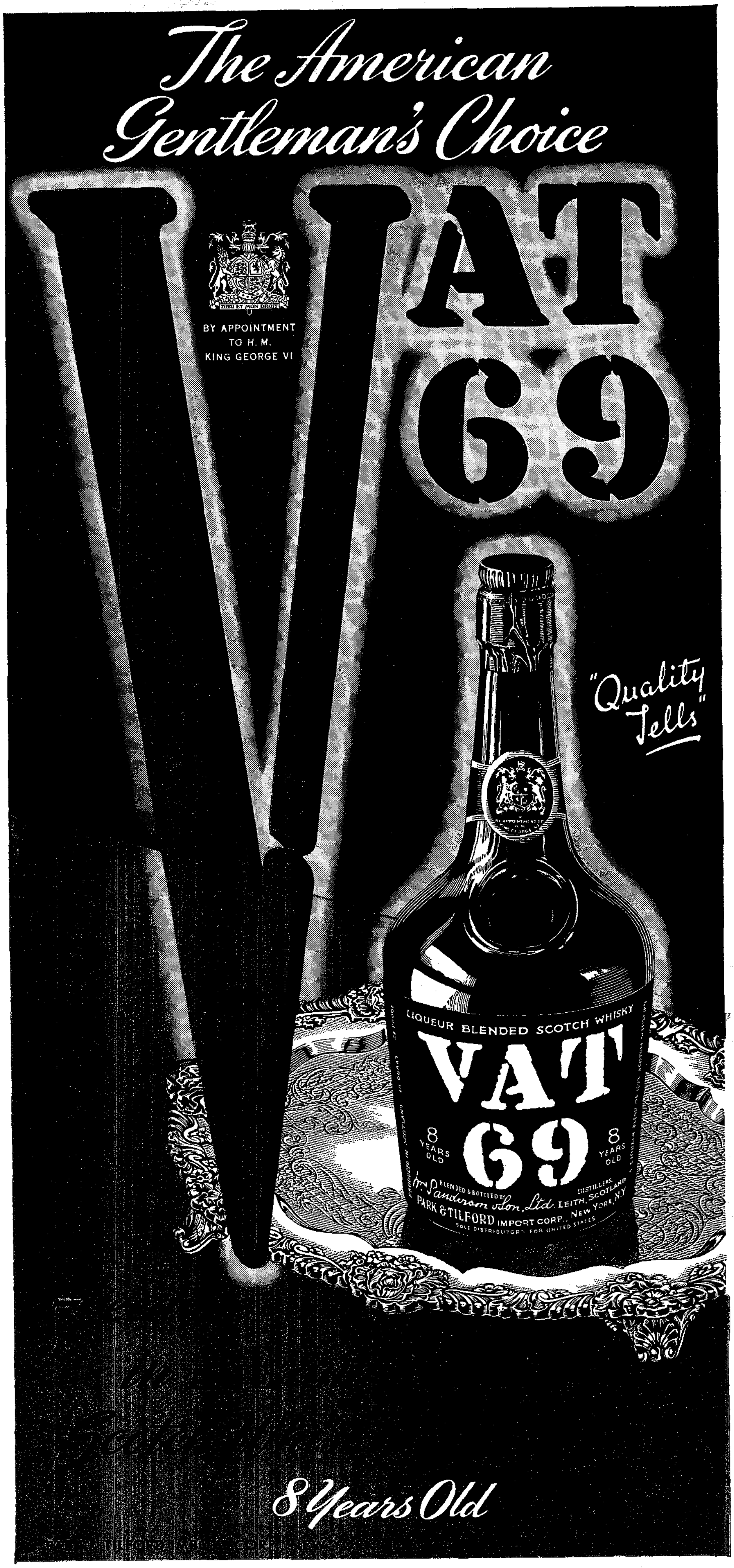
There also was a "Symphonic Picture" in the week's revelations—Robert Russell Bennett's orchestral arrangement of eleven excerpts from George Gershwin's "Porgy and Bess," led by Fritz Reiner at the Philharmonic-Symphony concerts. This was a model demonstration of how to arrange many varieties of Gershwin melody, and the joinings were ingenious and entertaining. Mr. Reiner conducted with just the right sprinkling of pepper and schmalz, and the audience had a grand time hearing these swell tunes.

BALLET is back at the Metropolitan. The present incumbent is the Ballet Theatre. A couple of visits indicated that the troupe was doing handsomely with the standard repertoire and that the crowds were shattering their palms in approval. The first novelty, "Helen of Troy," was buffo business that began freshly but didn't build much, though the cast included none less than Vera Zorina. This production counted among its assets a parody of "The Afternoon of a Faun," and if a ballet company can get giddy with so established a classic, maybe we'll see a swing "Swan Lake." —ROBERT A. SIMON

POPULAR RECORDS

Toodle-oo to Murder

DUKE ELLINGTON is currently celebrating his twentieth year as a band-leader, and Victor, by way of


The American Gentleman's Choice
VAT 69
BY APPOINTMENT TO H. M. KING GEORGE VI
"Quality Tells"
LIQUEUR BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
VAT 69
8 YEARS OLD
Wm. Sanderson & Son, Ltd. LEITH, SCOTLAND
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N.Y.
8 Years Old

Amazing Professional Mothproofing Method now available for home use

MOTHS WILL NEVER EAT THIS SUIT
LARVEX

NO ODOR · NO WRAPPING · NO STORING AWAY

Just a few minutes spraying with LARVEX—and Mrs. Neal has saved her husband's new suit from moth holes *for a whole year.*

WHY? Moths will actually starve to death before they will eat LARVEXED clothes, sofas or rugs!

This is the professional mothproofing method used by leading woolen mills, laundries and dry cleaners.

And, LARVEX is inexpensive—only 79¢ per pint, $1.19 per quart. Drycleaning won't impair its year-long protection. Use LARVEX—*be safe!*

LARVEX IS DIFFERENT

QUICK! A few minutes with LARVEX will mothproof a woman's coat for 12 months!

. . . CHEAP! Just *one* LARVEXING will mothproof this $89 upholstered chair *for a year!*

SURE! See this spectacular display at your Larvex dealer's. A covered dish showing treated and untreated cloth with live moth worms. Proof right before your eyes that moth worms will not eat Larvexed fabrics!

LARVEX
One Spraying mothproofs for a whole year

At All Drug and Department Stores
Larvex, New Brunswick, N. J.

ONE SPRAYING MOTHPROOFS FOR A WHOLE YEAR..

LARVEX
Registered Trade Mark

throwing him a little party, has brought out a four-disc album (P-138) of his recordings, which constitutes a miniature survey of his career. The set is called "A Duke Ellington Panorama" and contains eight performances, all strictly in the Ellington tradition, no matter in what category the music itself may belong. The album goes all the way back to "East St. Louis Toodle-oo," which Ellington recorded in 1928, when Bubber Miley, his famous "growl" trumpeter, first broke loose with the raucous style that has since worked its way at one time or another into practically every band in this country. Then there are "The Mooche" (1929), the justly distinguished "Mood Indigo" (1931), and others, right up to "Dusk" and "Warm Valley," both of which were recorded in 1940.

It doesn't take an expert to spot in this set those aspects of the Ellington style which have scarcely changed since the leader got under way and to detect certain highly individual touches which he has picked up here and there as he went along. It is pretty generally agreed that the Ellington band, as it now stands, is just about the best darn band in the business, and even in the earliest of these records the listener will find a certain adroitness the like of which it would be hard to beat today.

ONCE in a while Dinah Shore takes a fling at jive, or something that is reasonably close to it. The lady's latest effort in this field is her recording of "Murder, He Says" (Victor 20-1525). The song itself, as you may be aware if you've heard it, is a kind of satire on all the frenetic jive talk that's going around these days, and this may explain why Miss Shore was willing to tackle the thing, since ballad singers don't like to sing jive—even if they can—unless they are able to kid it a bit. In any case, she does a smart job of slapping the rhythm around, at the same time getting the words over in an effective manner. The other side of the record presents Miss Shore at her ballady best in the familiar old "Something to Remember You By." Both accompaniments are by Gordon Jenkins and his orchestra, and they're first-rate.

AFTER a slump of several weeks, the output of good dance records has picked up again. Some of the best are noted in the following list, in which hot performances are indicated by an asterisk:

VELVET MOON and PRINCE CHARMING*—Harry James and his orchestra. The in-

I've Tried Them All
...but on land or sea SHEFFIELDS get my call. Their unsurpassed flavor and aroma single out this well-packed oval for highest honors.
SHEFFIELD English Type No. 5 CIGARETTES
SHEFFIELD TOBACCO WORKS · NEW YORK
SIMPSON, STUDWELL & SWICK LTD., Successors
IMAGINE THIS QUALITY AT POPULAR PRICES!

To a New Yorker who wants room to dance...

You'll love the Iridium Room, especially during the week. Larry Keyes & Theodora Brooks and their bands play continuously . . . show tunes, waltzes, sambas.

CONTINUOUS MUSIC • INFORMAL • NO COVER

IRIDIUM Room
AT THE ST. REGIS FIFTH AVE. & 55th ST.

206 Madison Ave. • New York • AS 4-3118

troduction to "Velvet Moon" tends toward the symphonic—a characteristic of more and more James arrangements lately. Before long, though, the band settles down to its routine of supplying highly listenable sweet music of the sort that goes with potted palms and colored lights. On the other side the boys make "Prince Charming" bounce a little and the leader's trumpet takes wing on a few measures of high ones, right up to the stratosphere. (*Columbia 36672*)

That Old Black Magic and I Don't Want Anybody at All, If I Can't Have You*—Charlie Barnet and his orchestra. "That Old Black Magic" is a fairly lengthy song, and consequently most bands do the chorus just once and off to the showers. Barnet and his men, however, while giving the piece a swell beguine tempo, manage to squeeze in a few extra bars of repeat after Frances Wayne has sung her chorus. "I Don't Want," etc., grows from some nasty trumpet growls to a hot symphonic finale, to all of which Huck Andrews seems to be oblivious as he delivers a serene version of the vocal. (*Decca 18541*)

Brazil and Chiu Chiu—Xavier Cugat and his orchestra. Mark up another pair of corkers for Cugat and his orchestra, who again make it plain what Latin-American music is all about. "Brazil," an engaging samba, goes along at express-train pace, with a choral group keeping up the whole way, and "Chiu Chiu," a guaracha-samba, is full of those Hispanic sound effects pounded out with maracas, sticks, drums, and xylophones. Lina Romay does the vocal, assisted by the chorus, and, considering the speed of the tempo, does it quite well. (*Columbia 36651*)

Half a Loaf Is Better than None* and Now I Know—Lionel Hampton and his orchestra. In "Half a Loaf Is Better than None," the musicians responsible for the bass beats frantically sock them out as if nothing else mattered, though Rubel Blakely, by his sedate singing of the vocal, proves they're wrong. "Now I Know" gets the special Hampton rhythm treatment for melodies of the sweet sort, meaning that nothing is done to break the flow of the tune. (*Decca 18535*)

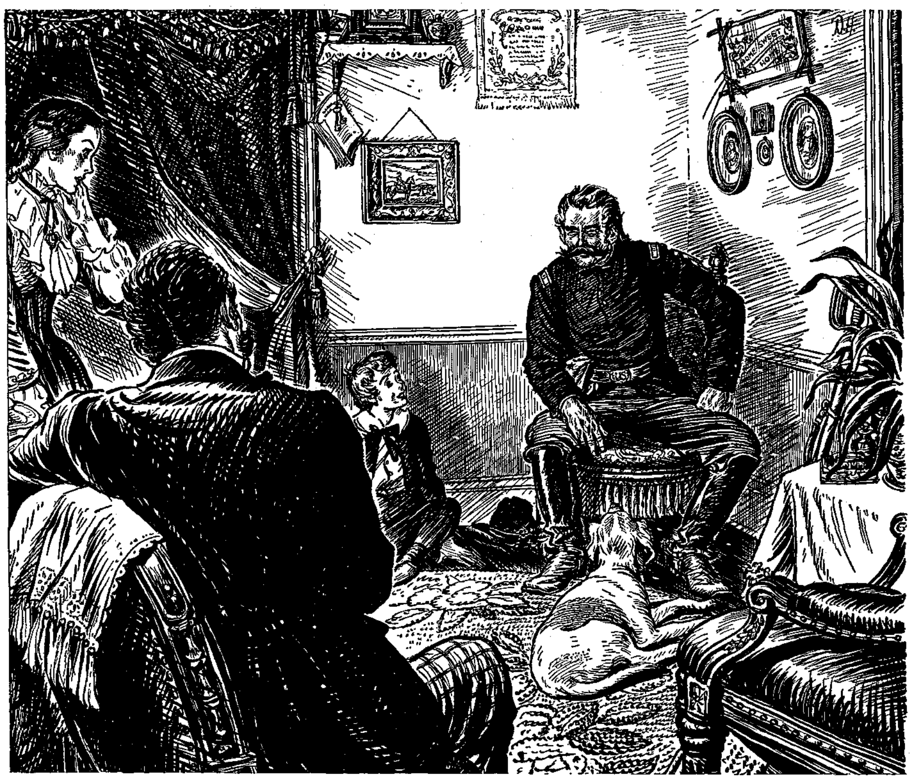
Cabin in the Sky (Vaughn Monroe and his orchestra) and Taking a Chance on Love (Sammy Kaye and his orchestra). Both of these songs are from the show and film "Cabin in the Sky" and both are rather easy to take as melodies, especially in the arrangements served up here. Monroe, of course, does his own singing in "Cabin in the Sky," and the vocal business in the Kaye version of "Taking a Chance on Love" is done by a trio known as the Kadets. These two numbers, by the way, were recorded when "Cabin in the Sky" was a Broadway musical and were released at that time on separate records, so don't say you weren't warned if you find the performances familiar. (*Victor 20-1527*)

—Offbeat

•

Dear Mrs. Northcross: Your column in the Times-Herald is very interesting. I read it every day. Please tell me at what age should a girl be told some of the things about life. My daughter is 11 and I don't think she knows just what to expect. Should a mother tell her young daughter everything? Also please send me the name of the product to clean waffle irons.
—*Washington Times-Herald.*

Tell your little girl life is a dirty waffle iron.



The Curious Belief of Captain Cahill

The weathered granite headstone up on Prospect Hill says he was born in 1838. But he looked older than forty when I first met him . . . a saber-scarred man . . . two years after the Custer Massacre.

He was my mother's oldest brother and I but a child. But the memory of his curious belief lives with me still.

He ran away in '57, with nary a note or a word from him for twenty-one years. Then he walked in, on leave, a Civil War veteran and captain of cavalry, home from the Indian wars.

He spoke seldom and then softly. And, curiously, he always sat in that corner of a room where his glance could command all doors and windows.

"Why? Because," he answered my mother's query, "sixteen years of warfare have taught me that, to survive, *I must never turn my back on the front.*"

Today, how many of us share this belief . . . the conviction that, if we are to survive, we must never turn our backs on the front . . . the front where our boys battle for their existence and ours?

How many of us realize the importance of sacrificing to support that front?

How many of us are *doing* something about it by purchasing our *full* share of war bonds—*every week, every pay day*—and ALL *we can possibly afford?*

FACTS ABOUT WAR BONDS

1. War Bonds cost $18.75, for which you receive $25 in 10 years—or $4 for every $3.
2. War Bonds are the world's *safest* investment—guaranteed by the United States Government.
3. War Bonds can be made out in 1 name—or in 2, as co-owners.
4. War Bonds *cannot* go down in value: If they are lost, the Government will issue new ones.
5. War Bonds can be redeemed, in case of necessity, after 60 days.
6. War Bonds begin to build up interest after 12 months.

Don't Turn Your Back on the Front . . . BUY BONDS

THIS ADVERTISEMENT SPONSORED BY
HOFFMANN-LA ROCHE, INC.
Makers of Vitamins and Medicines of Rare Quality • Roche Park • Nutley, N. J.
Published in cooperation with the Drug, Cosmetic and Allied Industries

BOOKS

Whittle and Punch

“We Can Win This War,” Colonel W. F. Kernan’s follow-up to his “Defense Will Not Win the War,” is the most disturbing book our side has produced since the beginning of the struggle. It is chockfull of bad news, but because the bad-news monger is a patriot and not a defeatist, I pass on his message and urge its consideration by all citizens who refuse to allow the optimistic headlines to do their war thinking for them.

Briefly, Colonel Kernan is sure we can win this war but is equally sure we are not winning it now. We are not winning because, in his opinion, we are still thinking defensively rather than in terms of a strategical offensive that will upset the equilibrium of the Axis. Unwilling to take risks, obsessed with sticking to the calculable, cursed with the routine of administration (as he puts it, “the paunch that walks like a man, the belly that is sometimes mistaken for a warrior”), we, according to the Colonel, are fighting a war of attrition leading to defeat.

This, he thinks, is *not* a global war. The road to Tokio does not lead through the Solomon Islands but runs straight out of Berlin. He is convinced not only that our Solomon Islands campaign was a strategical wild-goose chase but that it was exactly what the Japs wanted, just as they want to keep us engaged in the Aleutians. Colonel Kernan believes that “the real strategic objective of Japan is the deflection of American strength in the Pacific until Hitler is strong enough to take on a full-dress American attack in the Atlantic theatre.” The Axis strategy is to keep us dispersed globally so that we cannot concentrate in Europe. Instead of being proud, he feels, we should be ashamed of the fact that our soldiers are fighting on a dozen fronts.

Colonel Kernan goes on to argue that our North African invasion, however successful, is a strategical error, for it cannot, he thinks, disrupt the Axis equilibrium in the Mediterranean theatre. “We must abandon the method of ‘whittle’ and take up the method of ‘punch,’ ” abandon the rim-of-the-wheel strategy and go for the hub.

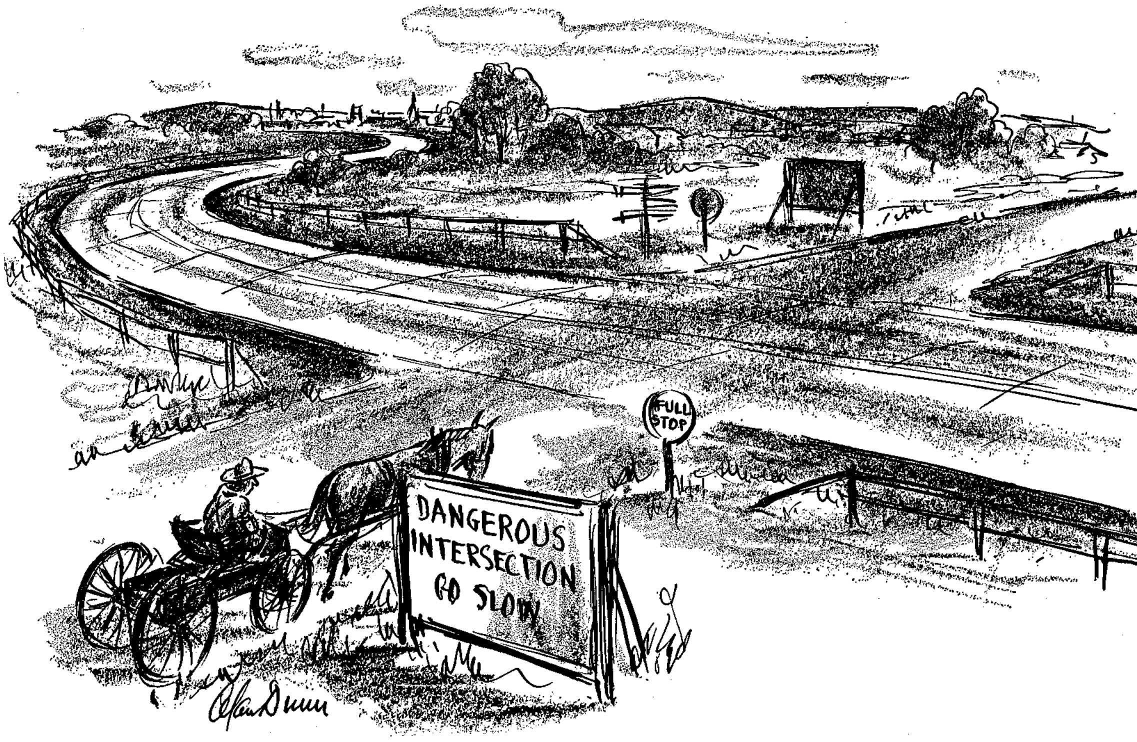
The hub, the heart of Germany, can be reached not by bombing (Kernan has no patience with Seversky thinking) but by a land-army invasion up through Italy, through the Aegean and Salonika, through Austria, or through Toulon and southern France.

Kernan’s final warning shows that he possesses more than a narrowly military mind. A strategical revolution in our leaders’ thinking must come as a result of a spiritual revolution within ourselves. “We must understand that this war has its place and meaning within the direct line of Christian civilization, is in fact a continuance, an extension, of the long-continued fight between barbarism and the forces of evil which western man has waged for 2,000 years.”

I am not competent to say whether we can win the war by following Colonel Kernan’s military prescription, but I am convinced that we will lose it unless we agree with his moral and historical insight. We will lose it though we launch a hundred invasions, and each of those hundred a triumph.

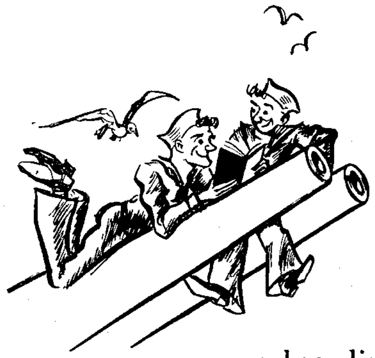
D. W. Brogan’s “The English People” is one more notable book on the subject by non-Englishmen. Cohen-Portheim, Maurois, and Renier are some other examples that come quickly to mind. Mr. Brogan is a Scotch-Irishman who has travelled widely here and in France and so has to some extent been protected against insularity. I do not mean that he is detached. It is apparent that for all his irony and pleasing show of racial objectivity, he is pretty well committed to the Englishman’s cheerful view of things, which is (Mr. Brogan’s own statement) that the whole world is trying unsuccessfully to be English. His is the kind of book, intelligent, learned, mildly conservative, that Englishmen would themselves recommend to us. His basic object, he says, “has not been the pretentious one of giving out bad and good marks, but of explaining some odd features of English life to Americans.” Somehow or other the explanation seems nevertheless to involve the awarding of quite a few good marks, often deserved, however.

Mr. Brogan starts with the premise that the Englishman’s Englishness is ineradicable. This does not mean that the Englishman cannot change; it means that the type and tempo of the change are functions of his Englishness. For instance, he is changing—but how slowly, from the rash and impetuous American viewpoint—his educational system, which to our innocent eyes has always seemed caste-ridden and money-dominated. It is interesting that Mr. Brogan devotes a long and extremely informative chapter to English educa-



Just Published

Alexander WOOLLCOTT



The one-time editor of *Stars and Stripes,* the anthologist of the *Woollcott Readers,* made it his business to find out what service men like to read. The result is one great volume (compressed to pocket size) full-packed with grand reading for men in action. (And for civilians, too!) There's prose and verse, humor and drama, sentiment and toughness—selected from the most entertaining and most memorable in American letters. It's the one book that every service man will want—and that every one of them has room for! THE VIKING PRESS $2.50

AS YOU WERE

A Portable Library of American Prose and Poetry Assembled for Members of the Armed Forces and the Merchant Marine

The new volume of a major work in American biography and history

Lee's Lieutenants

A Study in Command

Vol. II

From Cedar Mountain to Chancellorsville

by

Douglas Southall Freeman

author of "R. E. Lee"

A superb panorama of men and battles. The military biography of Stonewall Jackson, and of Jeb Stuart, Ewell, Longstreet and many others. A narrative that fires the blood.

With 8 portrait photographs and 32 military maps. 760 pages, $5.

at all bookstores

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

"A constant delight."
—*N. Y. Times Book Review*

"New in American writing." —*St. Paul Dispatch*

"Hilariously funny."
—*Detroit Free Press*

"High-spirited, rowdy."
—*Philadelphia Inquirer*

SNOW ABOVE TOWN

By Donald Hough

This cheerful chronicle of a winter in the Grand Tetons is in the best tradition of American story-telling. Read it for uncommonly new experiences, engaging laughter, sparkling freshness —but most of all for downright enjoyment.

$2.75 • NORTON

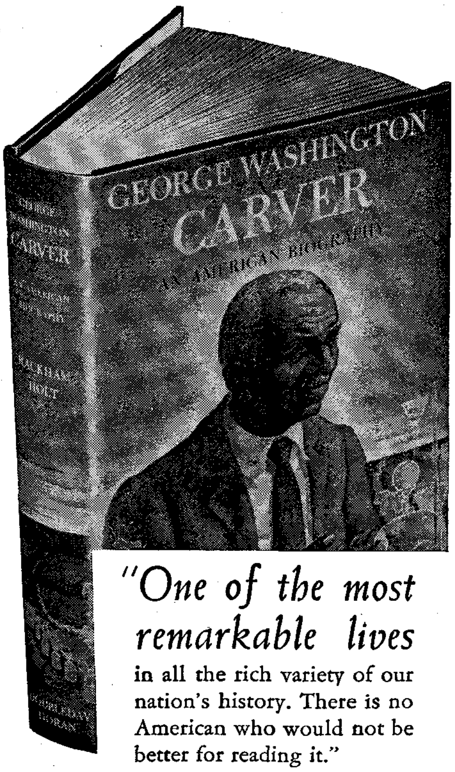
tion without more than a casual mention of its content. English education doesn't seem to have much to do with actual teaching and learning, just as, if I read Mr. Brogan correctly, the Church of England, a truly remarkable institution in many ways, doesn't have a great deal of contact with religion.

The chapter on England as a democracy is perhaps the most valuable one. Those of us who are tempted to scoff at English rituals should take note of Mr. Brogan's wise comment: "Change anything except the appearance of things is the favorite English political method." As for the class system that to us is so absurd, Mr. Brogan is sure the English like it. (This may be so, but Mr. Brogan forgets to mention that the folks on top probably like it better than those on the bottom.) Mr. Brogan tells us that Englishmen are not interested in equality, as we are, but in liberty, which we often are not.

Other subjects to which he devotes many learned but not heavy pages are the moral solidarity of the Empire in times of stress ("sentiment, it has been found in the British Empire, will bear heavy strains, but not light ones"), India, the English at war, and English relations with the outside world.

An attentive reading of his book cannot fail to convince any unprejudiced mind that the defects of the English character do not in any way decisively hinder our coöperation with the English in war and in peace. The English may seem odd, but they have one splendid and basic thing in common with us: they are human. This, unfortunately, can scarcely be said of all races.

"Summary of the World Federation Plan," by Ely Culbertson, is ready for the armchair planners. This advance sketch of the new Culbertson system is a remarkably detailed and ingenious blueprint for world organization. Its two prime features are the Quota Force Principle—this calls for a world police army made up of contingents from groups of nations —and the Regional Federation. There are eleven Regional Federations. I note with interest that the Germanic one is to include the Netherlands, Austria, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Finland. The Germanic Federation, in addition, is to be awarded the Belgian Congo, Angola, and southern Sudan. Naturally Mr. Culbertson assumes that Germany will not dominate this Federation. Still, I wonder just what the Hollanders and the Norwegians,



"One of the most remarkable lives in all the rich variety of our nation's history. There is no American who would not be better for reading it."
—*Dorothy Canfield*

GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER

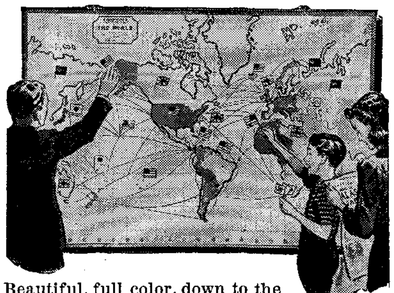
by Rackham Holt

Illustrated
$3.50
Doubleday, Doran

NOW—You, Too, Can Own A

"Field Marshal's War Map"

With Paper Flags Marking Each Day's Shifting Tides of Battle



Beautiful, full color, down to the minute World Map, 43" x 28½", is mounted on heavy, lacquered map-pin board, ready to hang on wall; with 80 colored paper flag markers of warring nations. As regions are captured and retaken, you move these in accordance with each day's headlines. Interesting and attractive combination.

Price, $2.49, postpaid

C. S. HAMMOND & CO.

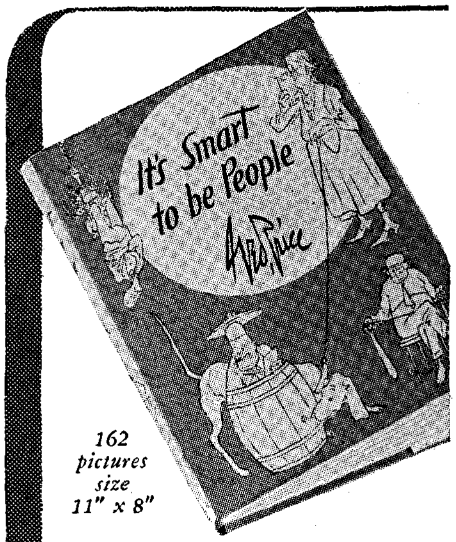
80 Lexington Ave., Suite 414, N. Y. C.

25c additional West of Mississippi

Our Men Need Books

★ That book you've enjoyed—pass it along to a man in uniform. Leave it at the nearest collection center or public library for the 1943 VICTORY BOOK CAMPAIGN. ★

Send all you can spare!


It's Smart to be People
Geo Price

162 pictures size 11" x 8"

the new book by the one and only

GEORGE PRICE

Famous *New Yorker* artist

A hilarious bookful of cartoons, including the latest episodes in the life of the gent who's been up in the air for years.

Foreword by S. J. PERELMAN

A book of gay frenzy for only $2.

FARRAR & RINEHART, Dept. N. Y.
232 Madison Avenue, New York

Please send..................copies of
It's Smart to be People @ $2.00
(plus 2c. N. Y. City Sales Tax)
☐ Enclose check. ☐ C.O.D.

Name...
Address..
City..........................State...................

TO KEEP WHAT YOU OWN...

Put a CASH'S WOVEN NAME on it!

Replacements are harder and harder to get. Mark your things with your own name, woven to order by *Cash's*, and prevent most losses. Cash's are a favorite identification with the armed forces as well as at home. Ask your Dept. Store for CASH'S or write us. *Due to our volume of military business PLEASE place orders for Camp and School EARLY!*

TRIAL OFFER: *Send us 15c for 1 Dozen of your FIRST name.*

CASH'S 13 Chestnut Street
South Norwalk, Connecticut

PRICES	THREE DOZEN $1.50	NINE DOZEN $2.50
	SIX DOZEN $2.00	TWELVE DOZEN $3.00

RADIANTLY BEAUTIFUL GUILD PLAYING CARDS
POPULARLY PRICED AT BETTER STORES
GUILD WESTERN PLAYING CARDS

Western Playing Card Co., Racine, Wis., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

for instance, would think of such a setup.

Carl Van Doren, who has a firm grip on the American Revolution and no intention of relaxing it, tells in "Mutiny in January" the story of a little-known and extremely interesting episode in our early history. In January, 1781, at a time when the national fortunes were precariously balanced, eleven regiments (about 1,700 men) of the Pennsylvania Line mutinied at Morristown, New Jersey. Poor pay and excessive privation were the reasons—by no means unjustifiable—for the walkout. The consequences might have been ruinous, since for a moment it seemed as though disaffection might sweep contagiously through the whole Continental Army. Within a month, however, the difficulties were arbitrated and possible disaster was averted.

Drawing on newly discovered documents, Mr. Van Doren narrates the episode in almost too copious detail. Like his massive "Secret History of the American Revolution," this more modest work is full of spies and plots and complex evidence that our Revolution was also our first Civil War. It is a definite if miniature contribution to our understanding of the perils and difficulties that attended the birth of the Republic. —Clifton Fadiman

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

What of the Night?, by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. Seven short stories, all of them about the war and all but two concerned with the London blitz. The old-fashioned decorum of the author's style does not adapt itself to the violence of the background and the tales turn out slow-moving and a trifle flat. A not so good try by a writer who has done much better.

Golden Wedding, by Jo Pagano. The story of an Italian emigrant family and its rise from the coal mines of Colorado to comfortable middle-class security in California. Parents and children row violently and continually, yet a sense of profound blood unity pervades the book. The family's doings are the whole story, without any attempt at extraneous plot. The novel ends at the parents' golden wedding in a grand finale of sentiment, paper streamers, red wine, and unshakable family solidarity. An almost photographically authentic picture, told in honest, pedestrian prose. How well you will like it depends

90 Years Ago . . .

Out-of-towners marveled at New York's swank Crystal Palace—the World's Fair of 1853.

But, hidden by the brilliance of the newly invented typewriter and the safety elevator, was another exhibit, another world which visitors preferred not to see: the thousands of children who ran like animals through the city streets, homeless, unwanted.

The Crystal Palace, height of material perfection, was loudly acclaimed by the general public; yet only a handful of public spirited citizens had full realization of the tragic lives led in the city's other world. To relieve the appalling conditions of the slum children, The Children's Aid Society was formed in 1853.

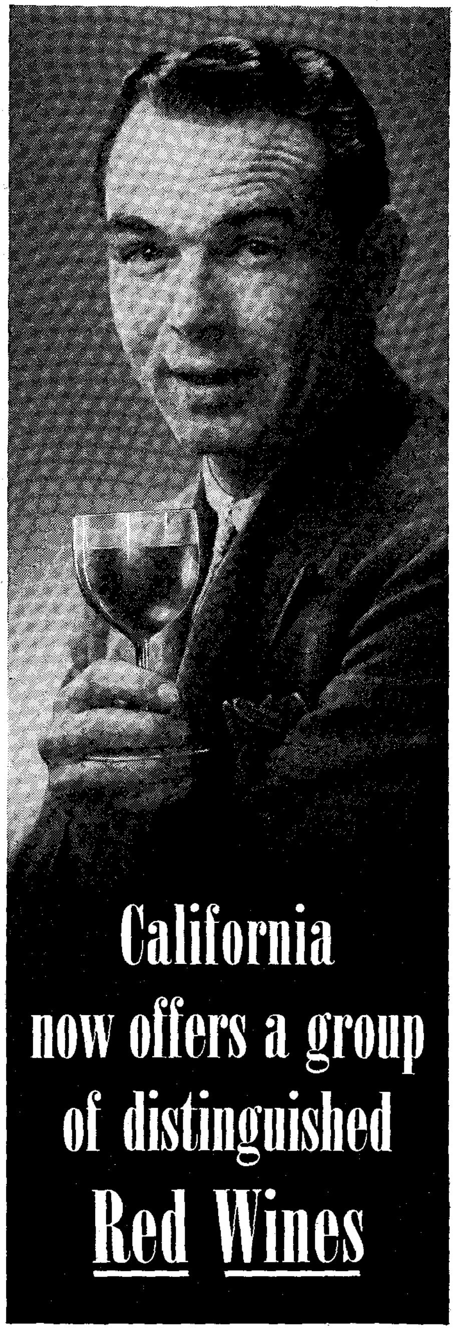
Today, ninety years later, the Crystal Palace is only a line in the history books. But the Society founded for the aid of New York's unfortunate children is still with us . . . more conscious than ever before that the city's youngsters must be helped.

To help them your gift is needed.

Give now!

THE CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY, 90th year of service to children • Make checks payable to Edwin G. Merrill, Treasurer • 105 East 22nd Street, New York City

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



● Red table wines of distinguished character—natural companions to the hearty, full-flavored red meats and pastes—are being produced in California today. We wine growers commend them to lovers of food and wine everywhere.

Go to your wine merchant. Ask him to show you his quality Burgundies and Clarets now in from our state. Ask, too, to see wines like Cabernet, Barbera, Pinot Noir, Gamay and Zinfandel—choice wines named for the grape varieties from which they were made.

Take one of these fine red wines home. Serve it as you might the costliest wine you know...and with its natural companion foods, good red meat or spaghetti. We wine growers believe that you will not be disappointed. Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco, California.

upon how much life with a lusty Italian family you can take.

GENERAL

LEE'S LIEUTENANTS, Volume II, by Douglas Southall Freeman. Second panel in the author's broad-scale trilogy on Lee's general officers in the Army of Northern Virginia. This book takes us from July, 1862, through June, 1863. Jackson becomes the leading figure, up to his death, and the thinning of the senior corps advances many younger men. Chancellorsville is, of course, the showpiece; at the end, the army swings northward toward the crisis of Gettysburg. More readable and more concerned with personality than the earlier volume; a little longer, too, but equally marked by the author's clear organization and unfailing scholarship. Notes, maps, and photographs.

PASSENGERS TO MEXICO, by Blair Niles. The story of the French empire in Mexico, told in the form of a commentary on the memoirs of the period. This makes for a certain scattering of effect, but on the whole the author manages her cast of butterfly romantics and sombre Mexicans with a crisp sense of the drama and the issues involved.

A DOZEN AND ONE, by Jim Tully. Impressions of such highly assorted worthies as Clark Gable, Diego Rivera, Walter Winchell, Henry Armstrong, and H. L. Mencken. Pithy and vigorous, perhaps a bit too vigorous now and then. Introduction by Damon Runyon.

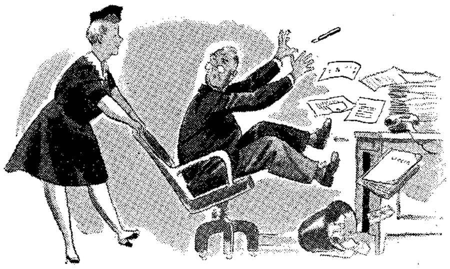
MAN IN STRUCTURE AND FUNCTION, by Fritz Kahn, M.D., translated from the German and edited by George Rosen, M.D. A two-volume human biology clarified by almost 500 illustrations, many of them highly ingenious. Authoritative, full of illustrative detail, rather elephantine in style here and there. Comprehensiveness is the main feature.

EVOLUTION, by Julian Huxley. An up-to-date, over-all study of the subject by a great authority. The author reinstates Darwin, who has received some knocks lately, and carefully summarizes the most recent findings. Not "popular" reading.

•

GIRL IN HAT
AND SWEATER
PLEASES MEN
—*Headline in the Richmond News Leader.*

Men are such amiable scamps!



Get away from it all — for awhile

There's another world waiting for you at Saratoga. A land of peace and rest and do-as-you-please when spring sun floods pine forests and spouting geysers. Where life at The Gideon and a "Restoration Cure" at The Spa combine to melt away war-weary nerves. All the privacy and repose of a great country house. Food that deserves its national reputation. And cooks that know how to add deliciousness to selected or restricted diets! No car is needed. And since The Gideon is now so noted and desirable, reservations should be made early. Privately operated, E. C. Sweeny, Lessee.

THE GIDEON PUTNAM
AT SARATOGA SPA
SARATOGA SPRINGS, NEW YORK
The Spa is Owned and its Health Services Operated
☆ ☆ ☆ by The State of New York ☆ ☆ ☆

The very Quintessence of the Fruit
LEROUX
Blackberry Flavored Brandy
70 PROOF
LEROUX
BLACKBERRY Flavored BRANDY
LEROUX & CO., Inc., Philadelphia New York City
Awarded Gold Medal, Paris International Exposition, 1937

For Distinguished Service

TO YOUR COUNTRY—BUY U. S. WAR BONDS

IN the swiftly changing scene of social life today, maintain your strategic position as an excellent host. Serve DEWAR'S WHITE LABEL. There is no retreat in quality for this veteran campaigner, honoured more than 60 times 'round the world for distinguished service.

HONOURS OF

11th King Edward's Own Lancers

(PROBYN'S HORSE)

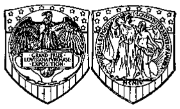
(*Indian Army*)

Lucknow—Taku Forts—Pekin, 1860—Abyssinia—Peiwar Kotal—Kabul, 1879
Afghanistan, 1878-80—Punjab Frontier—Mesopotamia, 1915-18

HONOURS OF

Dewar's "White Label"

Grand Prize... Louisiana Purchase Exposition, St. Louis, 1904. This is one of the more than



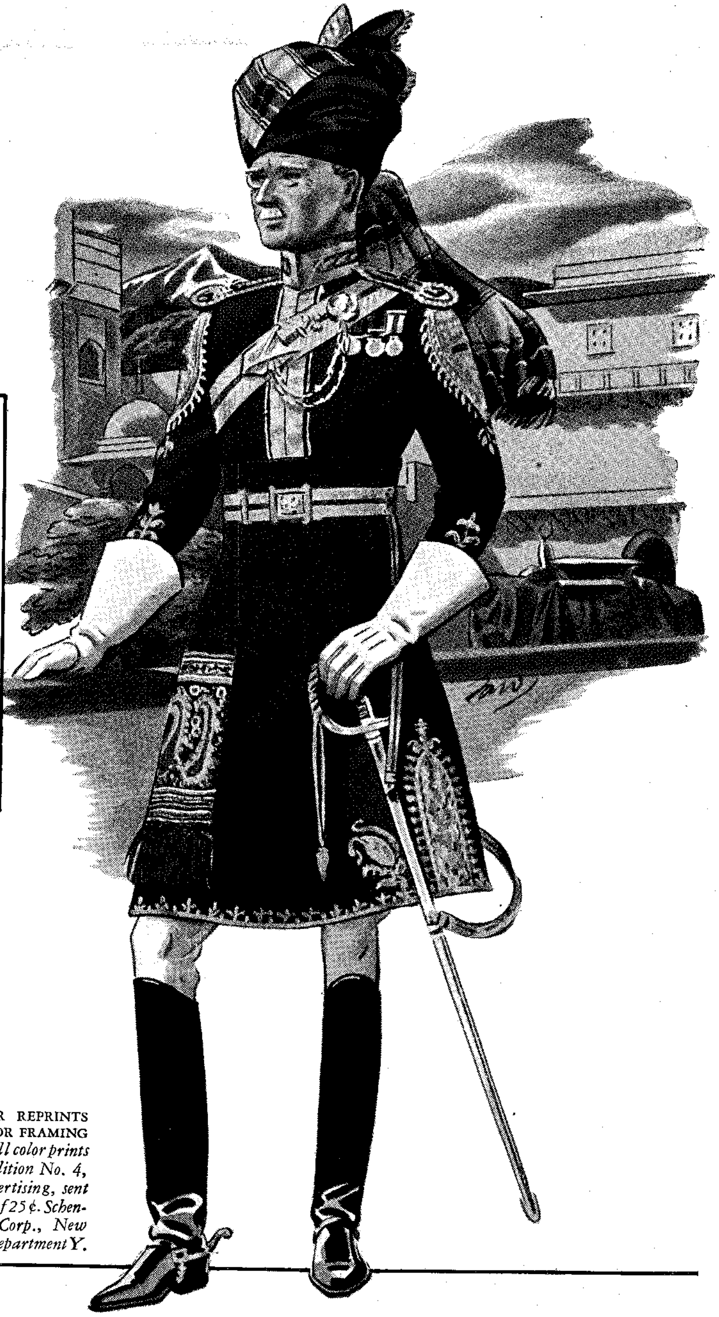
60 medals honouring Dewar's White Label for its Excellence in Scotch Whisky.

COMMAND DEWAR'S... AND BE "AT EASE"

White Label 8 *years old*

Victoria Vat 12 *years old*

also known as Ne Plus Ultra



FULL-COLOR REPRINTS SUITABLE FOR FRAMING *Six 9 x 12 full color prints of officers, Edition No. 4, without advertising, sent upon receipt of 25¢. Schenley Import Corp., New York City, Department Y.*

AWARDED 60 MEDALS
PERTH
EIGHT 8 YEARS OLD
White Label
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
EIGHT YEARS OLD
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
DISTILLERS
PERTH
86.8° PROOF
TWELVE 12 YEARS OLD
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
DEWAR'S
Victoria Vat
Blended Scotch Whisky
TWELVE YEARS OLD
Specially Selected and Blended
BY
JOHN DEWAR & SONS LTD
PERTH
4/5 QUART
SCOTLAND
86.8° PROOF

Dewar's "White Label"

and "Victoria Vat"

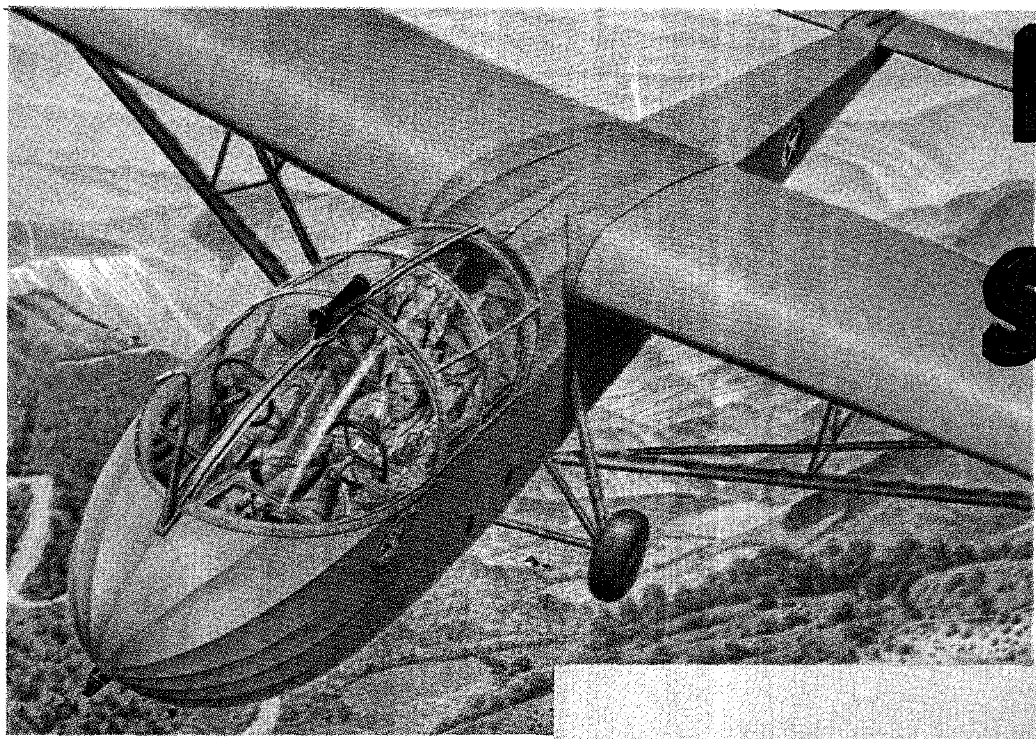
THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

Both 86.8 Proof • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. Copyright 1942, Schenley Import Corporation, New York

Schenley IMPORT

First in the Service

WITH MEN IN THE ARMY, NAVY, THE MARINE CORPS, AND THE COAST GUARD, THE FAVORITE CIGARETTE IS CAMEL. (BASED ON ACTUAL SALES RECORDS IN POST EXCHANGES AND CANTEENS)



They've Got What it Takes

THEY call 'em "cloud hoppers"—these keen, alert glider pilots of the Army Air Force. Like so many Americans, they're learning an entirely new job—and proving they've got what it takes.

On the home front, too, millions are proving that good old American "know how" just can't be beat! And that goes for cigarettes, too. For when you take costlier tobaccos and that priceless "know how" of blending that produce a slow-burning cigarette, you've got *the* cigarette for steady pleasure . . . Camels.

Try Camels yourself—you'll find they give you smoking pleasure that *holds up*.

MEET THE GLIDER PILOT

His insignia is the airman's wings with the letter "G." His cigarette? This pilot at the right gives you an idea why men in *all* the services prefer Camels. Get a package of Camels and see if they don't suit *you* to a "T."

FOR EXTRA **MILDNESS** AND RICH **FLAVOR**, CAMELS HAVE WHAT IT TAKES! THEY SUIT ME TO A 'T'

CAMELS

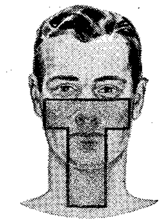
CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

I WANT A CIGARETTE THAT'S EASY ON MY **THROAT** AND HAS LOTS OF **FLAVOR**—AND THAT'S CAMEL. THEY'RE GRAND!

CHARLOTTE GILLAM, General Aircraft Corp. inspector, agrees with service men—Camels are her favorite, too. "From first puff to last, Camels are swell!" she says.

BUY
WAR BONDS &
STAMPS

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina



The "T-Zone" —where cigarettes are judged

The **"T-ZONE"**—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you . . . and how it affects your throat. For your taste and throat are absolutely individual to you. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your **"T-ZONE"** to a **"T."**